# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEB. 3, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

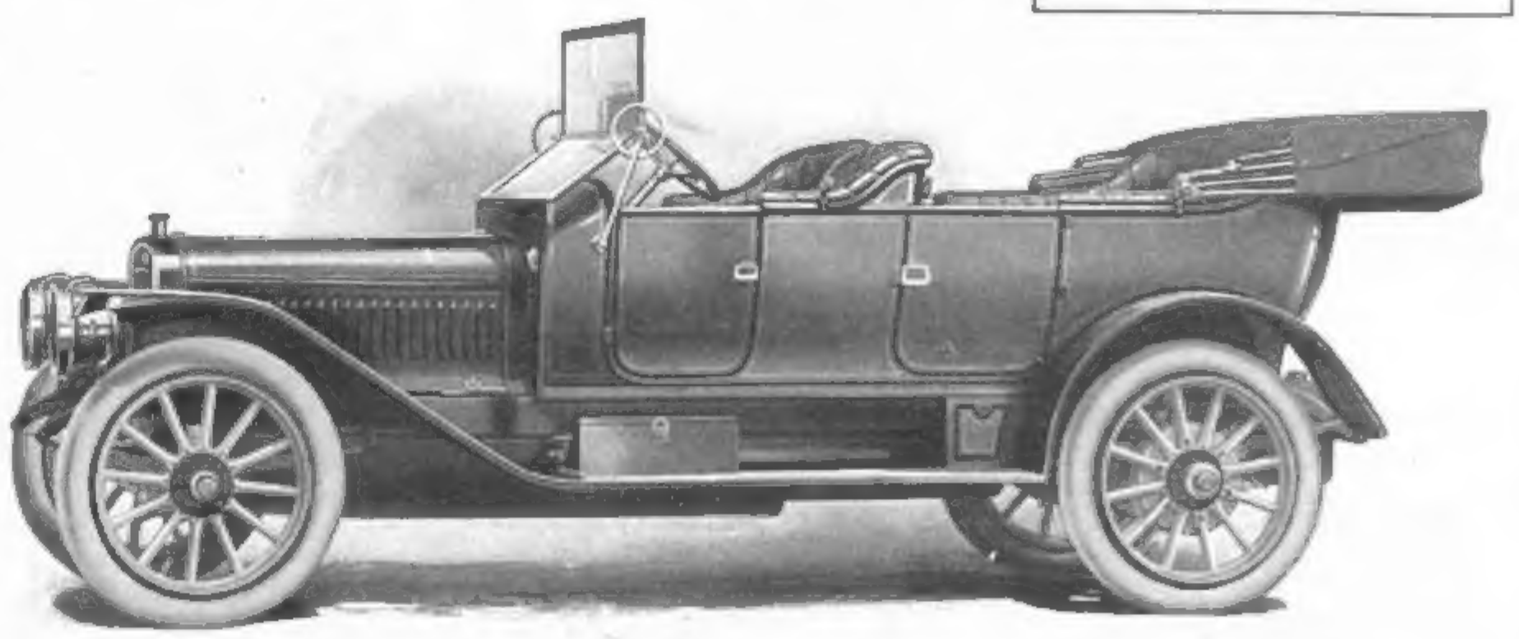
MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

# More Than a Million Miles

The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in **WINTON SIX** advertising to be true without qualification

**Most Exhaustive Automobile Test the World Has Ever Known Stands to the Credit of the**

## WINTON SIX



FOR four years, individual owners have been putting their Winton Six cars through an exhaustive test.

These owners have sent us monthly reports of miles traveled and repair expense incurred, and have sworn to the accuracy of their reports.

The result is a record of direct interest to men who own motor cars and pay repair bills.

For this record shows that, when you own a car as good as the Winton Six, you are practically free from repair expenses and from the annoyance and the humiliation that repair expenses carry with them.

### World's Record Cars

Our complete records cover 170 cars, standard Winton Sixes, manufactured in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911.

Fifty of these cars made the world's lowest repair expense record of 22.8 cents per 1000 miles. We have already advertised these figures.

The natural thought is that the other cars "didn't do as well." But let's see.

### Ran Without Expense

Sworn records show that 46 other cars (cars not included among the world's record cars) traveled 400,000 miles, averaging 8750 miles each, without incurring a single cent of repair expense.

These cars were not placed by the judges among the world's record cars because the world's record cars averaged a greater distance (14,800 miles each), and with so little expense that it was practically nothing at all.

### Poorest Performances

Now consider the worst performances of all.

There were 27 cars whose repair expenses were high—$65.87 per car on total mileage of 300,000 miles, or 11,000 miles each.

Nothing much to be proud of in that record—because the other Winton Six records are so much better.

### Still Other Cars

There were still other cars—47 of them—among the 170. These 47 cars, not otherwise classified, traveled more than 425,000 miles, or 9000 miles each, at a total repair expense of $300, averaging $6.39 per car, or 70 cents per 1000 miles. A fine performance.

Send catalog and Upkeep Book mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

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**To The Winton Motor Car. Co.**
**Cleveland, Ohio**

### Complete Record of All Cars Traveling 5000 Miles or More Each in the Four Annual Winton Six Upkeep Tests of 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911

| CLASSIFICATION | Number of Cars | MILEAGE | | REPAIR EXPENSE | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Total Miles | Average per Car | Total | Average per Car | Average per 1000 Miles |
| Cars making the world's lowest repair expense record . . . . . | 50 | 744,426.2 | 14,888.5 | $ 170.27 | $ 3.41 | $0.228 |
| Cars making the poorest records | 27 | 299,896.1 | 11,107.2 | 1,778.42 | 65.87 | 5.93 |
| *Cars running without repair expense . . . . . | 46 | 402,801 | 8,756.5 | . . . . | . . . | . . . |
| Cars not otherwise classified . . | 47 | 426,668.5 | 9,078 | 300.53 | 6.39 | .70 |
| Totals for four years . . . . . | 170 | 1,873,791.8 | 11,022.3 | $2,249.22 | $13.23 | $1.20 |

*Not included in any other classification.

Average repair expense for 170 cars, traveling 1,873,791.8 miles, is $1.20 per 1000 miles. All these cars were regular stock-model Winton Sixes, driven in the service of their individual owners. Each owner made monthly reports of mileage and repair expense, supported by his sworn affidavit.

### More than a Million Miles

How exhaustive this four-year test has been is shown by the mileage.

These 170 cars averaged 11,000 miles each (more than three times the distance across the American continent), and traveled a total distance of 1,873,791.8 miles.

That's a distance almost beyond comprehension.

It is 580 times the distance from New York to Paris.

Or, almost 75 times the distance around the earth at the equator.

And nearly eight times the distance from here to the moon.

### Wonderful Expense Figures

Sworn reports of the owners of these 170 cars place the total repair expense for this marvelous mileage at $2249.22, which is less than the purchase price of one Winton Six.

The average repair expense for each car was $13.23 for 11,000 miles, or—

Just $1.20 per car per 1000 miles.

And that's less than one-eighth of a cent per mile.

### Expense is the Acid Test

Repair expense is the acid test of a car's merit. As every owner knows.

For the merit that enables a car to keep down repair expense is in the *car itself.*

This test of more than a million miles, participated in by 170 Winton Six cars and 170 Winton Six owners, shows the merit of the Winton Six.

You would be happy if your car were a Winton Six.

### Same Model: Fifth Year

We are the pioneer makers of sixes exclusively.

Our present model is the same car we have made for four years *without a single radical change.* Now in its fifth season.

It is the original self-cranking car: has been a self-cranking car since June, 1907. Our self-cranking motor is no experiment.

This car represents all the quality a motor car can have, and, because we do business on bed-rock business principles, we can sell it profitably at $3000.

If you want to know its worth, compare the $3000, 48 H. P. Winton Six with cars priced as high as $5000 and $6000.

And remember that the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose repair cost is definitely known through the sworn statements of individual owners.

We shall be glad to send you our Upkeep Book that gives the million-mile facts and figures in detail, together with our thoroughly descriptive catalog. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

## THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

*World's First Makers of Sixes Exclusively*

**CLEVELAND—Sixth City**

**Winton Branch Houses**

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW YORK | Broadway at 70th Street |
| CHICAGO | Michigan Avenue at 13th Street |
| BOSTON | 874 Commonwealth Avenue |
| PHILADELPHIA | 246-248 N. Broad Street |
| BALTIMORE | Mt. Royal at North Avenue |
| PITTSBURGH | Baum at Beatty Street |
| CLEVELAND | 1228 Huron Road |
| DETROIT | 998 Woodward Avenue |
| KANSAS CITY | 3324-3326 Main Street |
| MINNEAPOLIS | 16-22 Eighth Street N. |
| SAN FRANCISCO | 300 Van Ness Avenue |
| SEATTLE | 1000-1006 Pike Street |

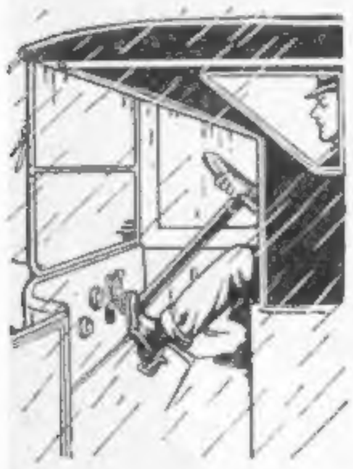
# Chalmers "Thirty-Six" $1,800

*This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car*

## Biggest Value on the Market Because of the Features Listed Below

### You Cannot Get all These Desirable Features in Any Other Medium Priced Car

**Self-Starter**—The greatest automobile improvement in years. Does away with cranking. No need of standing out in the mud or rain to start your car. No more tiresome "spinning" of a cold motor. No more danger of broken arms from "kick-backs."

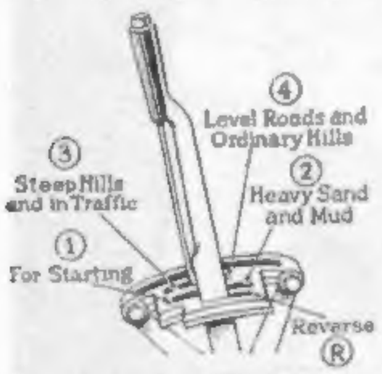


The Chalmers self-starter is of the simple, reliable air-pressure type. Few parts and no complications. Air from the motor is stored up in a pressure tank under the car. When you are ready to start just press a button on the dash with your foot and the compressed air starts your motor. That's all there is to it. Perfectly simple and absolutely safe.

**Long Stroke Motor**—Gives great pulling power at low engine speeds. The long stroke motor has the same advantages over the short stroke motor that the oarsman with outriggers on his boat has over the man with the ordinary oarlocks in the picture. It's the old principle of the lever.

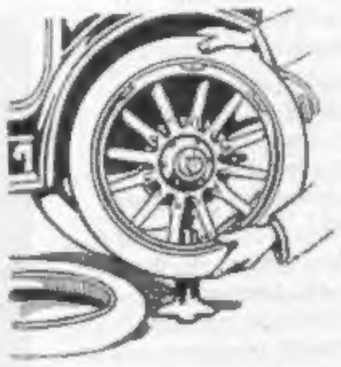
The long stroke motor enables you to run very slowly on high gear; to pull up hills and through mud with the minimum of gear shifting. It gives greater quietness and freedom from vibration.

**Five Speed Transmission**—Four forward speeds and one reverse. This great improvement, now featured on all the best foreign and most of the high priced American makes, affords wide flexibility of control. It enables you always to select the speed that will carry you along—through any kind of going—in the fastest time and with the least strain on your motor. For ordinary touring conditions there is the usual high gear. For slow running in crowded traffic and for steep hills there is a high third speed that gives you lots of pulling power but doesn't slow down your car or "race" your motor. Then, for the heaviest possible going there is a second speed that has dogged, irresistible power but still is faster than the first speed of ordinary cars. Our first speed is used for starting the car.

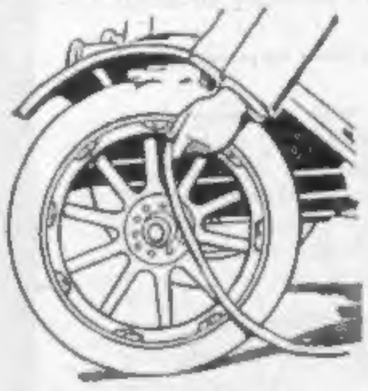



**Dash Adjustment for Carburetor**—A wonderful convenience. No more climbing out of the car, lifting hood and getting yourself grimy—when you wish to "change the mixture." If you need a "rich" mixture, with more gas, or a "lean" mixture, with more air, all you have to do is to turn a little lever on the dash. The dash adjustment makes it easy to keep your carburetor set properly.

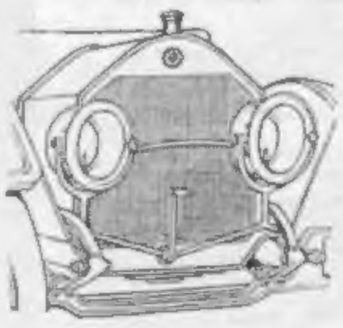
**36" x 4" Tires and Continental Demountable Rims**—The big wheels and tires insure easy riding and reduce tire trouble and expense to the minimum. And with demountable rims, the occasional punctures you may have are no longer the bugbear they used to be. Jack up the car, unscrew a few bolts with a special tool, and in two or three minutes you have on a fresh tire and are on your way.



**Tire Inflater**—No more tiresome "pumping up" along the roadside in the sun. Whenever you need to inflate a tire all you have to do is to attach a hose and blow it up with compressed air from the storage tank of the self-starter. Ordinarily, of course, the extra tires you carry on the demountable rims are already inflated; but when you do need to "pump up," our inflater saves you all the work.



**Radiator**—The Chalmers radiator is of the honeycomb, cellular type. It is of the same sort you find on the highest priced cars. No better is made. Such a radiator as this gives perfect cooling; you can't overheat a "Thirty-Six." And besides, the cellular radiator has longer life and is the best looking made.



**Easy Riding and Control**—You won't find any easier riding car than the Chalmers "Thirty-Six." Long wheel base, big wheels, big tires, long elastic three-quarter elliptic springs, body properly hung—these features, together with the splendid upholstering and the deep tilted seats, make riding in this car comfortable under all conditions.

As to ease of control—this car is a pleasure to drive because of its simplicity. Clutch and service brake are operated by one pedal. Self-starter, conveniently located levers, foot accelerator, big steering wheel—all make control easy. This is an ideal car for any woman to drive.

**Safety**—No quality in a motor car is so important, and none in the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" has received more careful consideration. Note the four main "factors of safety" in this car: Big powerful brakes; heavy frame of the best steel; sturdy wheels of the finest second growth hickory; strong, well designed steering gear. In this car you have that comfortable feeling of absolute security and safety.

**Beauty of Line and Finish**—We show no picture to illustrate this feature of the "Thirty-Six." For no photograph or drawing can adequately convey to you the grace of line and contour that characterize this car. No printing ink can suggest the rich, glossy finish that eighteen coats of paint and varnish give to the beautiful body. To appreciate these features—as well as the elegant details of upholstery and trimming—you must see the car itself. We ask you to do this. It's the only way you can judge.

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One thing more needs to be remembered. The car described above is a **Chalmers** car. It bears a standard name and trade mark. Chalmers cars are good cars—have always been good cars. And Chalmers service to owners, through our service departments and dealers, makes good our guaranty on every car.

**We ask you now to note again** the features that distinguish the Chalmers "Thirty-Six." You cannot get all these features in any other car at a medium price—possibly not all in any other car at any price.

That is why more than one thousand of these cars were sold by our dealers before they were able to make a demonstration. That is why more than half our 1912 output was delivered by January 1. We suggest the necessity, if you wish to get your car for the spring days, of placing your order now. "Thirty-Six" body types are five passenger touring, four passenger torpedo.

Catalog and dealer's name on request.

Other Chalmers models are: Chalmers "30" five passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, two passenger torpedo roadster, $1,500, inside drive coupé, $2,000; Chalmers "Forty" seven passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, four passenger detachable pony tonneau, $2,750; Chalmers "Six" seven passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, $3,250. Enclosed cars on "Thirty-Six" chassis—Berlin limousine, $3,250; Cabside limousine, $3,000.

## Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

# Ivory Soap in the Nursery

HERE are suggestions, information and advice that will interest mothers.

They are intended to be helpful, and we think they will be.

They cover as many phases of child life as space permits—the care of the body as well as the articles of wear that protect it.

Thousands of women who read this were "brought up" on Ivory Soap. We do not need to tell them how good it is. *They know.*

The Procter & Gamble Co.

**The Bath** In order that the body may be in a state of good health, it is necessary that the skin be kept absolutely clean. For that purpose, nothing is quite so good as Ivory Soap.

To bathe a baby, you need: A soft linen washcloth or a piece of flannel, a sponge, a cake of Ivory Soap and a couple of very soft towels. A piece of rubber sheeting, about fifteen inches square, to go on the bottom of the bath tub, to prevent slipping when getting in and out, is desirable.

The water should be about 95° in winter and from 85° to 90° in summer. Test the water with a bath thermometer or bare elbow. If it feels warm, *not hot*, it is all right.

Put baby in the bath. Moisten the washcloth and apply soap, first to the head and neck, then to the arms, next to the body, and last to the legs and feet. Fill the sponge with water from the tub and squeeze its contents over the face, arms, body and legs, repeating this until all dirt and soap are removed. Dry by "patting," not rubbing, with the towels.

The best hour for an infant's bath is about ten in the morning. In no event, should a bath be given immediately after a meal.

If a child's skin is unusually sensitive, a salt bath should be given occasionally—a teacupful of salt in two gallons of warm water.

For children over three years of age, three full baths a week are sufficient. However, they should be given a sponge bath, without soap, every morning, before breakfast.

In very hot weather, a sponge bath, twice daily, in water about 90°, is recommended.

**The Care of the Hair** Until a child is three years old, its hair should not be cut. Use a soft brush—not a comb. For older children rub the scalp gently every night. This brings the blood to the scalp and stimulates the follicles from which the hair grows.

Washing the hair once a week is often enough for cleanliness. The use of a pure soap is essential because *any excess of alkali in the soap will make the hair brittle.*

To remove dandruff, massage the scalp with warm olive oil, and wash with warm Ivory Soap suds.

Brushes and combs should be washed once a week in a quart of cold or lukewarm water with a teaspoonful of ammonia in it, using Ivory Soap and water to complete the operation.

**An Inexpensive Tooth Powder** An exceedingly satisfactory tooth powder is made by mixing five cents' worth of powdered orris root and five cents' worth of precipitated chalk with half a cake of Ivory Soap, which has been chipped, dried and thoroughly pulverized. Add 15 drops of oil of wintergreen. Bottle and use as needed.

**To Clean Children's Finger Nails** Moisten a cake of Ivory Soap and draw it gently across the child's nails until they are filled with the softened soap. Then the nails can be cleaned easily. If the finger tips are allowed to soak for a few minutes after being soaped, the nails will clean themselves.

**A Physician's Advice** "Having had repeated cases of skin irritation from the use of ordinary laundry soap, I now request mothers and nurses always to employ Ivory Soap for washing all articles that come in contact with the skin. It not only cleans the garments perfectly, but there is no injurious effect."

**Woolen Undergarments, Sweaters, Jackets, Etc.** Full information about the best way to wash woolens and flannels will be given in next month's advertisement of Ivory Soap. For present purposes it is sufficient to say that children's undergarments, sweaters, jackets, etc., should be washed in a heavy suds of Ivory Soap and warm water. They should be rinsed in two waters of the same temperature* as that used for washing, gently pulled into shape and laid on a flat surface in a warm place where they will dry quickly. A little Ivory Soap in the last rinsing water has a tendency to make woolens, etc., softer.

* This is very important, for if water of a different temperature is used for rinsing, garments will shrink.

**To Clean Children's Stuffed Toys, Etc.** Make a heavy suds of Ivory Soap and, with a small brush, apply it to the surface of the toy. Rinse thoroughly and quickly by pouring clear, lukewarm water over it. Do not squeeze the toy but shake it as free as possible from water and let it dry in the sun. Rubber toys, too, should be cleaned frequently.

**To Clean Children's White Kid Shoes** Apply Ivory Soap Paste with a flannel cloth; polish with a clean, dry cloth.

Another way to clean white kid shoes is to rub the soiled places with a cloth dipped in ammonia and then applied to a cake of Ivory Soap.

**IMPORTANT! Exquisite cleanliness is necessary in the care of bottles and receptacles used in the preparation of a baby's food.**

*To Clean Bottles:* Dissolve a few shavings of Ivory Soap in a quart of hot water. Rinse a bottle first with cold water, wash in Ivory Soap suds and then scald with boiling water. Pitchers, bowls and spoons should be treated in the same way. Rubber nipples should be scalded daily besides being turned inside out and washed.

**An Ivory Soap Bubble-Party** An excellent way to amuse children who have to stay indoors on account of the weather is to have an Ivory Soap bubble-party. The expense is trifling; and the bubbles are a source of endless delight.

*Directions:* Dissolve half of a small cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in two quarts of lukewarm water. Add five drops of glycerine. Gum arabic added to the Ivory Soap suds will make the bubbles more elastic. Strawberry juice will make them red.

**IVORY SOAP PASTE—We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only in the nursery, but also in the laundry and for general household use.**

**How to Make Ivory Soap Paste:** With a knife, vegetable grater, or food chopper, shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts, or two small cakes into four quarts of water. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about 15 minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in a china or glass jar with tight-fitting top. Use as needed.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses in the Laundry—for the Washing of Woolens and Flannels.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1912
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

*Volume 184* *PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1912* *Number 32*

# THE CHECKERBOARD TABLE

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AGGIE, of course, really deserves the credit in the Forsyth case, if any one deserves credit for what is an inherited talent. For after it was all over she had to confess that her mother's half-sister, Aunt Sadie Briggs, used to be able to make a cane-seated chair follow her round a room merely by putting one finger to its back and saying: "That's a good chair; come, now! Come! Come!" And the chair would follow her like a dog.

And, of course, it was in Aggie's family that somebody was dug up years after she was buried, and they found her hair had grown to be fully ten feet long and was curly, whereas in life it had always been straight—Aggie has some of the hair in a locket. But in spite of all that, we had never suspected Aggie's psychic power, although so long as we'd known her, for thirty years or more, she'd been able to light the gas by running a comb through her hair and then holding it—the comb, of course—to the gas tip. And once or twice, by putting on a pair of woolen stockings and rubbing her feet vigorously on the carpet, she had been able to send quite a spark from her knuckle to my ear or nose, as the case might be.

Tish suggests that possibly Aggie's being, as one may say, surcharged with this mysterious current accounts for the fact that during the sittings—oh, yes, we had sittings!—during the most exciting moments Aggie really took on a sort of phosphorescence.

But even Aggie—she admits this herself—would have been helpless without the Checkerboard Table. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair is the part the Checkerboard Table played in it, and how, after having solved the mystery during those three terrible nights, it settled down into an ordinary parlor table again, its work being done. As Tish says, it acted precisely as if it had a soul and an intelligence. Or are they the same? And if they are, will my cat—a handsome and intelligent creature, but highly immoral—be eternally damned?

It is a strange thing that after thirty years of respectable living in Letitia Carberry's parlor, holding family photographs and being soap-and-watered and chamoised every spring and fall, the Checkerboard Table should have become suddenly possessed of a devil. We have really never accounted for it, although the explanation may possibly lie in the fact that on that very day it had had its spring cleaning and had been washed with Honeysuckle Soap!

It was Honeysuckle Soap, you know—but to go back. The table had been given to Tish's father by a murderer named Adolph Degelman when Mr. Carberry was warden of the penitentiary. You may have heard of the case. It was Degelman, you know, who boiled his wife in a vat at the soap factory where he was night watchman, and to bury her properly the soap company had to buy an entire cemetery lot and inter three carloads of Honeysuckle Soap! You can see why we thought the spring cleaning might have had something to do with it.

The table was photographed for the Star—Charlie Sands' paper—later; but the picture did not show the top. It was an inlaid checkerboard, made, I think Tish says, of twelve kinds of wood, and in a corner there was carved a skull and crossbones, with A. D.—the maker's initials—beneath. The D is not quite complete, Mr. Degelman either having been hanged sooner or having carved somewhat slower than he had expected.

Tish and I took Sunday dinner that week with Aggie and went to Bible class in the afternoon. It was on the way home that Tish sprung the bombshell.

We'd stopped to look up at the weather flag on the top of the stock exchange building, which is twenty-four stories high, and I said it made me dizzy to look up. I recall the scorn with which Tish turned on me.

"Dizzy!" she said. "If things turn out as I expect, in three or four months from now I'll be looking down from heaven's blue vault, and a twenty-four-story building like the stock exchange will bear a strong resemblance to a straw stack!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded with much the same sinking feeling that I had when Tish had insisted on buying an automobile to run herself.

"She means she's going to die!" Aggie said suddenly, and felt for her handkerchief.

But Tish wasn't thinking of dying. She'd seen a photograph of a woman in a flying machine, and Tish was going to fly. She said as soon as she could get used to the idea of the bloomers she was going to take a lesson or two, and by watching the papers until an aviator was killed she could likely get his machine cheap second-hand.

"If the thing has fallen from the 'blue vault of heaven' that you're so crazy to explore," I said scornfully but with the sinking feeling I mentioned, "there won't be much to buy."

"I've thought of that," Tish replied calmly; "I'll wait until one drops in a river or a lake. It stands to reason it wouldn't be much smashed."

Here Aggie burst into loud sobs and we were obliged to change the subject, but the next day I went to see Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew. He is something on a newspaper.

"No!" he said when I told him. "Not really!"

"Really!"

"Perhaps if she took a ride as a passenger she'd get over the idea."

"She'd buy the thing in the air."

Charlie Sands rubbed his chin.

"What's got into the old girl anyhow?" he demanded. "She used to be satisfied with trying to marry me to somebody or other and with making flannel petticoats and panties for the kids in the family. Used to make 'em by the gross—one leg longer than the other mostly. I know; I used to wear 'em."

"Your Aunt Letitia has developed," I said sternly. "She represents the unrest of the times among women who, finding their time no longer monopolized by spinning, by bearing and rearing children ——"

"Look here," he broke in. "Don't you think if she had a baby—adopted one I mean, of course—and could fuss round it and take it out in a perambulator and—er—make more panties for it ——"

"She'll adopt a child over my dead body," I snapped. "She's about as fitted for maternity ——"

"Vicarious maternity," said the young scamp.

" ——as you are," I finished.

"All right, babies barred. The idea is, of course, to switch her on to something else, to find a safe outlet for her energy. Harnessing the wild sea waves isn't in it. She's got Niagara looking like a purling brook. How about Christian Science?"

"I won't meddle with her religion," I said firmly.

"Spiritualism?"

"That's a religion."

"I mean the phenomena. Get her to tipping tables."

"I don't like it; I'm afraid of it."

"Afraid of what?" he scoffed. "Don't you know if you let her buy one of those flying machines, inside of six months you and Miss Aggie will be sitting by a table in a dark room trying to get a message from her on the inside of a closed slate and asking her, if she is present, to rap three times?"

Well, I was desperate and Charlie was right. That very evening he took three of us to a séance, and Tish had a long talk with her great-grandmother who'd been dead eighty years. Her great-grandmother said that the old fourpost bed should have gone to Tish; and that she was well and happy and liked Heaven; and how was Tish's father? Which was strange, for Tish's father, the warden, had been dead for twenty-five years.

*We Found Her With Books on Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena All Round Her*

We went home very thoughtful, and Tish said there was certainly something in it and she would like to do a little investigating on her own account.

Aggie said little or nothing. She had a headache because a banjo had come out of a cabinet and hit her on the head and she was inclined to be sulky. If any one had told me that night that Aggie was psychic I should have scoffed!

Tish asked us both to supper the next evening, Monday. We found her with books on spiritualism and spirit phenomena all round her, and during the meal she read an account of a medium, or psychic, who—tied hand and foot to a chair in a dark room—had made a tin horn in the middle of a table stand up on its small end and recite The Charge of the Light Brigade.

While Hannah Thompson, who had been with her for years, was clearing up for dessert she read that during a séance round a dining-room table something had materialized under the table and could be felt rubbing against the legs of the sitters. Aggie got up and sat on her feet and I must admit my own legs felt creepy. And at that minute, as Hannah was putting the junket on the table, she screamed and dropped the tray on the floor. It was only a cat from the apartment next door, but it shows what a state we were in. We gave Hannah a tablespoonful of blackberry cordial and I dried the dishes for her, but she looked queer all evening and hardly spoke a word.

When I went back to the parlor I was hardly surprised to find Aggie and Tish, with the light out, sitting one on each side of the Checkerboard Table, which had been cleared of its cover and of Charlie Sands' picture, that usually sits on it in a silver frame.

"Don't you feel something?" Aggie was saying, and sneezed.

"Nothing but a cramp in my foot," Tish snapped. "Sit down, Lizzie. Rest your hands lightly on it and don't talk."

"What will happen?" I asked, feeling round in the dark for a chair.

"Nothing at all, likely," said Tish. "You will keep on asking questions probably and Aggie will keep on sneezing. That's all. You're neither of you psychic so it could be noticed."

Of course, as I say, we did not know then about Aggie's mother's half-sister.

Well, the room was dark and I was tired. Pretty soon I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew something under the table struck me a violent blow on the shin. I sat up with gooseflesh all over me. The room was still dark and Aggie and Tish were still on either side of me, only I thought Aggie looked phosphorescent.

"So—something knocked me on the leg!" I gasped with my tongue stiff with fright.

"I did," snapped Tish. "You were snoring. Oh, for somebody to take a real interest!"

"I have a very queer feeling in my arms," said Aggie. Her voice was slower than usual and her eyes were fixed on something near the window. It made me creepy to look at her; but when I followed her gaze she was only looking at Charlie's silver picture frame. A bit of light from somewhere on the street was shining on it and it looked almost lit up.

"What sort of a feeling?" Tish demanded, leaning forward. "A pulling?"

"A tingling," Aggie said thickly. "And the table is throbbing. Can't you feel it?"

Tish thought she could, but I felt nothing. I tried to think I could, but I couldn't. My nose was itchy and I did not dare lift a hand to scratch it. Try as I would to concentrate I could only concentrate on my nose.

"I could lift the table," Aggie went on in a sing-song tone that made me shudder, "but I'm so weak—so weak!"

Tish reached over with her foot and prodded me.

"That isn't Aggie's voice!" she whispered.

It didn't sound like Aggie, but I would have been more impressed if it hadn't been for my nose.

"I've got to scratch my nose, Tish," I whispered back. "It's driving me crazy."

"Scratch it on the edge of the table," she ordered. "Don't move a hand!"

"So weak!" said Aggie faintly. "Get Hannah. Get—Hannah!" Her voice trailed off to nothing, but she was still sitting bolt upright staring at the picture frame. As I looked at her her face drew up terribly and Tish forgot her hands and grabbed my arm.

"Watch her," she said wildly. "She's going into a trance!"

But in a second the truth burst on us. She was not going into a trance—she was going to sneeze. And she did.

The next minute, in her ordinary voice, she was wondering where she'd left her handkerchief and the spell was broken. Tish was ready to scream with disappointment.

Well, we lighted a light and found Aggie's handkerchief and wakened Hannah Thompson out of a sound sleep and brought her in in her nightgown, with a red flannel petticoat over her shoulders, and the four of us sat until midnight. But nothing more happened.

However, Tish said it often took several sittings to get anything, and as it was too late to go home Aggie and I stayed there all night in Tish's guestroom, which opens off the parlor. Tish's room was just beyond.

About four in the morning I was wakened by somebody shaking me violently. It was Tish with a candle.

"For Heaven's sake come into the parlor!" she said. "The Checkerboard Table is moving round."

"You've been dreaming."

"Listen!" said Tish, with the candle dripping melted tallow over the bed. "Listen to that!"

Well there was a sound, a sort of shuffling noise as if some piece of furniture without castors was being shoved over the carpet. I sat bolt upright and Aggie turned over and spoke in her sleep.

"It's throbbing," she said thickly; "the table's throbbing. If I had a little help I could move it."

"Wake her," Tish commanded, looking alarmed. "She's as safe to trust with psychic power as a baby with a loaded gun. Wake her!"

"Aggie," I said, and shook her. But she never opened an eye. She'd taken hold of the edge of the blanket and was tugging at it as if it weighed a ton. Tish bent over and held the candle near her and I saw she was shaking.

"This will teach us to fool with powers we don't know anything about!" I exclaimed in a rage. "She thinks she's lifting the table!"

Suddenly Aggie stopped tugging and raised the edge of the blanket about eight inches and an expression of heavenly peace settled on her face.

"Thank you, Adolph!" she said.

Adolph! Adolph Degelman!

At that very instant came a crash from the parlor, and a draft of air through the open connecting door blew out the candle.

"For mercy's sake what did that?" said Tish. But the only answer was a snore from Aggie.

Tish hopped up on the bed and gathered her feet under her, and we stayed that way until dawn. As Tish said, if we had unloosed the Powers of Darkness the only way to do was to wait until cockcrow at dawn or, lacking the cockcrow in a city, until the early milk wagons warned the uneasy spirits back to Highgate Cemetery or hell, as the case might be.

We heard the scraping movement once at half past four and again just at dawn, when there was a sort of bang from the parlor, which was probably a sort of farewell demonstration.

At a quarter after five we roused Aggie, and each holding the other we went to the parlor door and looked in. It was much as we had left it, but Charlie Sands' photograph lay on the floor with the glass in a dozen pieces!

*Before Me Stood a Nice-Looking Young Man, Very Bald, But Pleasant*

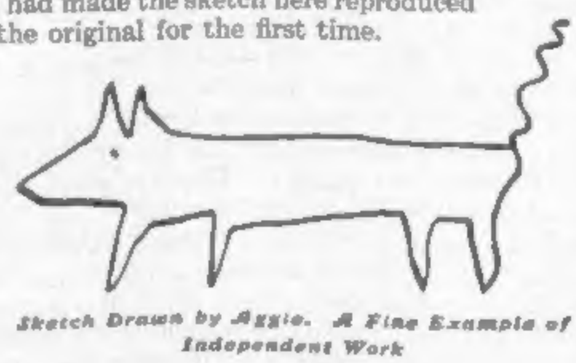
*II*

WE TOLD Aggie about Adolph that morning, and instead of being pleased, as we'd expected, she was rather disagreeable about it.

"If you're trying to insinuate that my control, if I've got one, is the murderous wretch that made the Checkerboard Table, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she snapped. "What if I did call out his name in my sleep? The time Lizzie had a nightmare and yelled that she was being chased by a cream cheese didn't mean that she was controlled by a cream cheese, did it?"

But after Tish had explained what we had seen and how we had distinctly heard the table move just as she'd asked Adolph to help her do it, and how Charlie Sands' picture had been found on the floor smashed, she looked more serious. It was then that she told about her half-aunt Sadie Briggs, and she admitted that she had often thought she was psychic. She read The Phantom World all morning, and by noon she'd accepted Adolph and was sitting by the Checkerboard Table with a pencil poised over a sheet of paper hoping for "independent writing." She had Tish and me try first, but the pencil wouldn't move.

At two o'clock she called us and said she had felt an irresistible impulse in the pencil to move over the paper. Aggie had kept her eyes closed tight and of itself the pencil had made the sketch here reproduced from the original for the first time.



*Sketch Drawn by Aggie. A Fine Example of Independent Work*

But although she sat most of the afternoon the pencil did not move again, and indeed this is the only piece of automatic work that she succeeded in getting during the entire three days. It was only three days in all, for, as you know, with the solving of the Forayth mystery Aggie's power left her as suddenly as it had come.

By six o'clock, when Charlie Sands came to supper, Aggie had given up the attempt. But, as I say, she had adopted Adolph by that time and was lifting the parlor rug because she said she had a feeling that Adolph wanted the floor bare. Only she said she "sensed" it.

"To think," she said plaintively to Charlie Sands—"To think that, if I had only known, perhaps Mr. Wiggins need not have 'passed over.' I recall distinctly raps all over the furniture the very night before he fell off the roof."

Aggie had been engaged years before to a roofer who "passed over" the edge of a roof.

None of us ate much supper except Charlie Sands. Aggie took only a cup of tea. She said most mediums worked on an empty stomach. Charlie Sands said flippantly that he hoped they wouldn't work on his, and Tish reproved him for his levity.

"I have decided," Tish said, "to get Great-grandmother Carberry again and ask her where the fourpost bed is. She must mean the mahogany four-poster that she sold just before she died."

"Mahogany four-poster," said Aggie dreamily, and stirred her tea.

We did not start immediately after dinner. Charlie Sands said that a wealthy young woman named Forayth had disappeared the night before from Melrose, a borough six miles from the city, and the Star was trying to locate her. He spent an hour at the telephone talking to reporters, and Tish said she thought it was a police matter and not a newspaper's business. But he only grinned and said that in these days a newspaper reporter had to be a detective, a contortionist, a baseball fan, a football expert, a diplomat, a politician, a sleight-of-hand man and an amateur actor, and have a diploma in "first aid" as well as be a crack shot and a professional photographer. If he knew jiu jitsu also he might get twenty-five dollars a week. And he was willing to bet that his men would locate Miss Ida Forsyth either in an abandoned well or in the marriage license office by noon the next day.

It is strange, after that, to realize that with all their qualifications, the Star people had to take off their hats to a frail woman like Aggie and to a Checkerboard Table, neither of them, as Tish says, being either a diplomat or a detective, knowing nothing of jiu jitsu and fainting at the sight of blood—Aggie, of course, not the table.

Well, while Charlie Sands was at the telephone Tish read about the experiments of an Italian named Lombroso with a medium whose name I've forgotten. The article gave a detailed account of wardrobes moving out from the wall and giant hands materializing out of the ether. I had cold chills up and down my spine, but Aggie sat by and listened with a patronizing smile—Aggie, who jumps into bed with a single leap after she has put out the light!

"'A draft of cold air blew out into the room,'" Tish read. "'Two clothespins placed on a table in the cabinet drummed with marvelous rapidity and precision. Finally a spectral hand—three times the normal size—came out and clutched Doctor W—— by the neck.' Good heavens, that's terrible!"

"We'd better have a curtain of some sort," said Aggie placidly. "Of course I don't promise hands, but I have a feeling that something is going to happen."

As Tish said afterward, it was an astonishing exhibition of the influence of mind over matter. Under ordinary circumstances Aggie would have been sitting forward on the edge of her chair, looking like a scared sheep and sneezing at every climax. But the idea of spiritualism was born full grown in her mind, like Minerva from the head of whoever it was.

She got up finally and sauntered into the kitchen, and when she came back she had two clothespins and a rolling-pin in her hands.

"We might as well do the thing properly," she said, looking at Tish defiantly. "The portières over the door there make a sort of cabinet and we can put these things on a chair inside."

"What sort of a chair do you want?" Tish asked meekly.

"A cane-seated chair. Aunt Sadie Briggs always used a cane-seated chair."

"It's up to you of course," I said rather scornfully, for I admit at that time I was skeptical. "But if you're looking for drumming you don't want a cane-seated chair."

"Why not?" Aggie looked at me with her nose twitching. "If they're going to drum at all they can drum on the rungs—or anywhere in the room for that matter."

I gave up then and sat watching them while they pulled the portières out, and set the chair and the rolling-pin and clothespins and a table bell Tish brought from the dining room behind the curtains. I thought they had gone crazy and told them so, until Tish said that disbelief wouldn't affect the control but open belligerency would, and that I might at least keep my mouth shut.

Charlie Sands was ready at nine and they showed him what they had done.

"We'd better have test conditions," he said, lifting the chair and looking at its legs. "No silk threads tied to anything? It looks all right. Where does that door lead?"

"To the next apartment," said Tish. "The two apartments are sometimes let as one. The door is locked and the janitor has the key."

Charlie Sands shook the door.

"Seems all right," he said. "Who lives beyond?"

"The man who keeps the corner drugstore," Tish explained with dignity. "Hannah says he's away with his wife and baby for a week. I don't know them. And if you are intimating, Charlie Sands ——"

"Revered and respected kinswoman, I'm not intimating anything. I am merely trying to prove to you an to myself, for our comfort later, that if the rolling-pin comes out from behind that curtain and fractures anybody's skull, which isn't unlikely considering what we know of Adolph, we must not blame each other—or the druggist."

Well, we put the Checkerboard Table in the middle of the room and placed Aggie where she had been the night before, with Charlie on one side of her and Tish on the other. I sat across the table from them.

We sat for an hour and nothing happened! Both my arms went sound asleep, and at last Tish whispered she had a cramp in the middle of her left foot and she'd have to get up and stamp on it.

"There!" Aggie wailed, "I was just getting the tingling in my arms and now you've spoiled it all. Just a minute, Tish. Are you there, Adolph?"

And as surely as I sit here there was a distinct tap in the very center of the table!

"One tap!" said Tish. "That means 'no,' he isn't here."

"How could he rap if he isn't here?" Aggie demanded tartly. "Adolph, if we ask you some questions will you try to answer?"

But Tish's cramp got worse at that minute and she had to break the circle to take her shoe off. It was only when we lighted the gas that we saw why nothing had happened. Charlie Sands was sound asleep, and of course the psychic current, or whatever it is, hadn't been able to get through him.

Aggie was ready to cry, but she refused to give up, so we wakened Charlie and Tish went and got Hannah. She would not come at first. She said she was ready for bed and anyhow she had a toothache. She was really very disagreeable about it; but Tish filled a hot-water bottle and tied it to her cheek and turned the light out so she could come in in her kimono without Charlie Sands seeing her.

So we sat down again in the dark round the Checkerboard Table and Aggie said she felt a pulling at her arms almost immediately. For half an hour nobody spoke or moved and nothing at all happened. The room was dark, but a bit of street light shone in on Charlie's silver frame and made a faint illumination all through the room. And then suddenly the table bell tumbled off the chair behind the curtain!

We all turned and looked, and as we stared we saw the curtain over the locked door push out into the room as if somebody stood behind it!

"Adolph," Aggie murmured faintly. And then she sneezed!

III

OF COURSE the curtain flattened out at once and Tish was furious at Aggie. She said she'd try to find a psychic who didn't have hay fever, and Aggie retorted that anybody was likely to sneeze and that she'd wanted to sneeze for an hour and had held it back long enough for Adolph to appear, at the risk of her head flying off.

*But the Pencil Wouldn't Move*

It was only by main force that we kept Hannah in her place. She said her tooth was jumping, and anyhow she hadn't agreed to work all day and then sit up all night and see the grave give up its dead.

She gave Tish notice then and there—although she'd been with her for years—and Tish accepted it, but she said Hannah's week wasn't up until Wednesday noon and this was only Tuesday evening. Hannah gave up then and sat the rest of the evening sulking and dozing. Really, under the circumstances, that we got any result at all was marvelous.

Charlie Sands was skeptical. He insisted that there was some one behind the curtain and finally we agreed to let him look. But Tish refused to break the circle, so with our little fingers linked we all went over and Charlie shoved the portière back with his head.

There was nothing behind the curtain. The door was closed and locked and the rolling-pin and the clothespins still lay on the chair. But the bell was on the floor, just outside the cabinet! It was astounding.

Hannah was breathing in gasps and she pleaded to be allowed to go back to bed and put her toothache under the covers. But Tish was inexorable.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "We've made a good start and we're not going to stop now. Perhaps Miss Aggie can induce Adolph to put something in your tooth."

But Hannah was almost ugly about this, and as you probably know, if you've read Tish's report to the Society for Psychical Research, our further demonstrations that evening were limited to the Checkerboard Table.

The clock in Tish's dining room struck the half-hour when we were settled again and Charlie said it was half-past ten. He asked Aggie's permission to ask the table some questions and Aggie granted it ungraciously.

"Now, Adolph," said Charlie Sands, leaning forward, "this ringing of bells and tapping on tables is all very well. But it's hardly your size, I should think. Let's get down to business. Have you seen the evening papers?"

From right on top of the table came one sharp rap.

"No?" said Charlie Sands. "That's too bad. Well, Adolph, a young lady named Ida Forsyth is missing from her home, a pretty young lady, Adolph ——"

The table suddenly quivered under our hands.

"She went home from a dinner at the Melrose Country Club, went upstairs to retire, partially undressed, wound her watch and put it on the bedside table, failed to go to bed at all and hasn't been seen since. Rather unusual, eh?"

The table gave no sign this time, and Tish said she didn't think much of the idea.

"Anyhow the girl's probably making the sensation herself," she said. "Do you remember that niece of yours, Lizzie, who wrote she was going to drown herself and was found in the hayloft the same day with three sofa cushions, a box of candy and a volume of Airy, Fairy Lillian?"

"Possibly," Charlie Sands said calmly. "But why then should her sister attempt to kill herself this afternoon? She did, and only failed because a steel in her —hello!"

For the table had pushed fully four inches to one side and gave a terrible groan. Even Tish was startled, but Aggie was quite calm.

"It will probably lift up in the air in a moment," she said placidly. "Adolph, be careful of Miss Carberry's chandelier." But the table sat quiet in its new position and gave no hint of rising.

"Now, Adolph," Charlie Sands went on, "you've got a good bit of local talent to draw on where you come from—Poe and Gaboriau—and Sherlock Holmes is dead, isn't he? See if you can't get a line on Miss Forsyth, won't you?"

Without any warning at all the side of the table next to Tish lifted suddenly. We felt it coming up under our hands, and it stood for a second or two, balanced on two legs, before it settled back again. Even then it didn't drop back, but slid back gently.

"Who did that?" Charlie Sands said sharply. None of us had touched it and we said so. The next minute it came up again and tried to climb into my lap!

"Is that you, Adolph?" asked Charlie.

No answer.

"Perhaps," Aggie said coldly—"perhaps if you will allow me to interrogate him he will answer."

"Help yourself," Charlie returned cheerfully, "although personally I hardly call Adolph a ladies' man."

"Hush," from Tish.

"Adolph," Aggie began gently, "are you trying to put the table in Miss Lizzie's lap?"

Three sharp knocks came instantly from some part of the Checkerboard Table.

"Will you let the table down gently?"

The table slid off my knees to the floor with only a light creak.

"Are you alone?"

"No"—one rap.

"There are other spirits here?"

Three loud raps, this time from a table leg.

"Holy saints!" said Hannah, and tried to cross herself, but Tish and I held her hands.

"Is your wife here?"

The table began a series of wild oscillations back and forward. It was terrible. At the last it came down on my ingrowing toenail and I am not certain what came next.

After that we had a few moments of quiet. The table did not move and there were no raps. Charlie suggested that we lay our hands lightly on the table with our little fingers touching and this we did. But Adolph seemed to have gone. I had a suspicion that Hannah had gone to sleep. I could hear her breathing deeply beside me and sighing now and then. But I hadn't the heart to waken her to her toothache and Adolph again.

Charlie Sands said he thought Adolph was probably off consulting Sherlock Holmes. Finally he said:

"Adolph, are you here now?"

The table rapped three times.

"Have you found out where Miss Forsyth is?"

The table rose very feebly in front of Aggie.

"Hah!" said Charlie Sands. "Set a thief to catch a thief! Has she been murdered?"

The table rose twice.

"He's not certain," Tish whispered.

Charlie Sands was leaning forward in the dark. "Are you sure nobody here is lifting that table?" he asked.

"Not unless you are!" Tish said sharply.

"Now, Adolph," he went on, "do you say you know where Miss Forsyth is? Where is she?"

But instead of answering the table began to groan and creak as it had done the night before. It seemed to twist without either lifting or moving along the floor.

"I'm going into a trance!" Aggie called suddenly.

"All right, sit tight," said Charlie Sands coolly, as if she had said she was going to wash her hands.

"Now, Adolph, I am going to say over the alphabet slowly. I want you to spell out where she is. Just come up once at the letter you want."

"Yes," said the table. But he had gone over almost the entire alphabet before it rose again. Then it came up at S. After that came—I-A-N.

"Sihn," said Charlie. "If you mean Siam, Adolph, I doubt it, if the lady is still on the earth plane."

"S-I-A-N" we got again.

Then with hardly a pause we got "Ida."

"By Jove," said Charlie Sands, "that's interesting, isn't it? Interesting but not enlightening. That's her first name. I believe you read the papers after all, Adolph. Did she leave because she was worried?"

"Yes"—three raps on the table top.

"Now then, Adolph," said Charlie Sands, "this is a young girl in distress, a nice young woman. Now what have you and Gaboriau decided is the trouble?"

"O-M-A-R" spelled the table. And then without stopping, "O-M-A-R" again.

"Sian—Omar," Charlie Sands said rather flippantly; "sounds Persian, Adolph."

To our surprise the table rapped "yes" violently.

"Well, if I had a cigarette I might figure that out. Do you mind if I smoke, Adolph?"

The table did not deign to reply.

"You'll start Aggie sneezing," Tish objected. "And anyhow there's no use making Adolph feel bad. Perhaps he used to smoke himself."

"There was a letter in the grate in Miss Forsyth's room, burned. Who burned that?" The table lifted twice.

*"That's a Good Chair; Come, Now! Come! Come!" And the Chair Would Follow Her Like a Dog*

"Ah! You don't know. Well, who sent Mrs. St. John the special-delivery letter just before she shot herself?"

The table did not move.

"Do you know?"

"Yes."

"And you won't tell?"

"No."

Charlie Sands whistled.

"Well, talk about sleuths!" he said. "Old Adolph has Sherlock Holmes locked in a pantry and begging for air! So you know and you won't tell! What about the broken pitcher, Adolph?"

"O-M-A-R" spelled the table.

But after that it went to pieces. We got "Pain," "Peaches" and then "Pain" again three times. And at that Tish insisted on ending the sitting.

"It's cruelty to keep on," she said; "the poor thing's been eating peaches and has a pain. I insist on letting him go."

"Considering where the spirits of murderers are supposed to reside, it might be kinder to keep him here," said Charlie Sands. "But if you insist ——"

He lighted the gas and a cigarette with the same match and the circle broke up. Aggie said her arms were numb and cold, which she'd got from Tish's books, and that she felt weak, which she'd got from the tea and toast. She took all the credit to herself and looked exalted.

Hannah was sound asleep. We could hardly rouse her, and she tottered back to bed like a cripple. She looked white and worn, and Tish told her I would get the breakfast.

Seen in full light the cabinet showed nothing supernatural. The door was locked and there was no key on either side. We pushed a pencil through the keyhole.

Before he left Charlie Sands went over and looked at the Checkerboard Table.

"Well, Adolph," he said, "I'm sorry, old chap, but it's back to the flames and brimstone for you until tomorrow night. *Au revoir*, old sleuth."

The table said nothing, but it stared at him coldly with every one of its checkerboard eyes. It made me creep.

### IV

THE following clipping, from the Globe of Thursday morning, March the thirteenth, was submitted to the Society for Psychical Research, with Tish's report of the sittings and their result; and the whole thing was published in the Annual Report of the Society, under the heading of The Psychic in the Detection of Crime:—

"Miss Ida Forsyth, daughter of the late Martin Forsyth, of the Forsyth Coal Company," [the clipping reads], "is mysteriously missing from her home in Melrose. Although the young woman, who is well known and prominent socially, has been gone only thirty-six hours, the circumstances of her disappearance are so unusual that detectives have been at work since noon of yesterday.

"The situation is further complicated by the attempted suicide, yesterday afternoon, of Mrs. St. John, a sister with whom Miss Forsyth made her home.

"Miss Forsyth, who has recently joined the Melrose Valley Colony, is wealthy and socially prominent. Mr. Martin St. John, her brother-in-law, is M. F. H. of the Valley Hunt, and Mrs. St. John is one of the best-known hostesses of that exclusive borough.

"Miss Forsyth disappeared Tuesday night. With the St. Johns she had dined at the Country Club and motored home by moonlight. She complained of being fatigued and retired to her room at once on arriving at the St. John house. She has not been seen since.

"The police refuse to discuss the case; but from a servant in the house it was learned that Miss Forsyth had partially disrobed and had apparently left the house in slippers and a dressing gown. A careful search of the grounds and of the neighborhood, however, produced nothing of any importance. At first the discovery of the dead body of Miss Forsyth's pet cat, found amidst the shrubbery in a ravine on the property, caused some excitement, but the body of the cat—a large, prize-winning Persian named Omar—bore no marks of violence.

"At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, immediately after a conference with Detective Sloane, of the Sloane Agency, Mrs. St. John retired to her room. At half-past three Mr. St. John, returning in his machine from a fruitless search for his sister-in-law, found his wife unconscious in her boudoir. She had shot herself in the left side, and the bullet, deflected by a rib, produced a painful but not fatal wound.

"Coming immediately after the other sensation Mrs. St. John's attempt at suicide startled the entire community, where both sisters had been prominent and popular.

"The motive for the deed is unknown. At nine o'clock last night Mr. St. John personally saw a number of newspaper men. He said that his wife was resting quietly, but had given no reason for the shooting. He explained that it was probably a nervous collapse from strain, and this opinion was confirmed later by the physicians.

"Up to a late hour last night no clew had been discovered as to the whereabouts of Miss Forsyth."

"Omar!" said Tish, putting down the morning paper and looking at us. "So Omar is a cat!"

"Was," Aggie corrected her, placidly buttering some toast. "The poor thing has 'passed over.' I felt last night that he was a cat."

"Humph!" said Tish, staring at her. "Did you have any inspiration about 'Pain' and 'Peaches' and 'Sian'?"

Aggie broke her toast slowly. In the last twenty-four hours she had developed a maddening air of detachment, of ox-eyed superiority, of placidly surveying us from the heights of a spirit level.

"Well," she said, "of course my guides haven't really taken hold of this affair, but I sense that Omar ate peaches and died in pain."

"Did you ever see a cat eat peaches?" Tish demanded.

"No," Aggie replied, calmly sugaring her tea, "and I never saw a cannibal eat a missionary—but I believe it is done sometimes."

Tish stared at me across the table; we could hardly believe it was Aggie.

"And Sian?" she asked almost meekly.

"Probably where he was born," said Aggie. "Good gracious, Lizzie, did you boil the tea?"

For I had got the breakfast, Hannah having hunted a dentist at daylight.

I do not recall the events of that day with any clearness. Tish had decided on another sitting that night, so Aggie and I stayed. At eleven o'clock that morning Aggie dressed and went downtown, still with her maddening air of being up in a cloud and viewing us from a remote height. She came in at one o'clock with a largish bundle, which she stored under the guest-room bed.

To our inquiries she replied that we should know what was in it in good time and were not to disturb her for an hour. She was going to sit with Mr. Wiggins' photograph in the hope of getting a message from him that night.

"Nothing of the sort," Tish said angrily. "We are going to carry on the investigations we commenced last night. You can talk to Mr. Wiggins any time."

Aggie gazed through her calmly.

"If you intend to be disagreeable, Tish," she remarked, "you can have Adolph yourself. I'm sure I don't want him. I am perfectly willing to form a circle of my own choosing in my own house."

Of course Tish surrendered at that. She knew she wasn't psychic and neither was I. Aggie was different. She had slept with a dreambook under her pillow for years, and twice when she dreamed of having a tooth pulled somebody in the family had died. Also she had dreamed of muddy water the very night her niece, Elizabeth Watson, eloped with her father's chauffeur. Oh, Aggie's psychic power was not a complete surprise when we got to thinking about it.

Tish crawled under the bed during the afternoon and reported that the large package felt like a drum, yet she couldn't be sure; but, as you will see, it was not a drum.

Charlie Sands dropped in during the afternoon and brought us the first edition of his paper. Of course, as he said, the morning papers had stolen all his thunder. "But wait until tomorrow, Aunts Tish, Aggie and Lizzie," he said. "Oh, just wait until tomorrow! How's Adolph?"

"Don't be flippant," said Tish, seeing Aggie look annoyed.

"Flippant—with a murderer!" he exclaimed. "I am not brave enough, dear Aunt Letitia." He opened the door and turned in the doorway. "Oh, yes," he said, "be sure to have Hannah. There is something solid and dependable about Hannah. When I begin to sink in a sea of doubt and immoral specters Hannah's hand is a virtuous actuality, a plank to cling to."

The afternoon passed slowly. Aggie shut herself away and read The Phantom World. Hannah moped round with a bandage over the lower part of her face and a scowl on the part that was visible. I put fresh ruching in my waist and Tish went out about four o'clock, returning in an hour with two bolts of white tape and a spool of heavy silk thread.

"We'll have test conditions while we're about it," she said. "I don't insinuate anything against Aggie, but mark my words, she'll get a message from Wiggins tonight if she has to send it to herself. She's just about worked up to that."

"She'll never sit if you tie her," I declared.

"Sit!" said Tish. "She'll sit until we are through with her and then some." Tish is not usually addicted to slang, but she was excited. "She'll sit until we release her with a tacklifter. I'm going to nail her to the chair!"

And she did.

For the conditions under which we "sat" that remarkable night I think it best to refer to Tish's report to the Society for Psychical Research.

It was in part like this:

"The sitters were the same as in the circle the previous evening. The psychic, Miss Agatha Pilkington, sat with her back to the improvised cabinet previously mentioned, said cabinet consisting of a portière hung over a locked door. Between the door and the portière a chair had been placed and chalk marks drawn by Mr. Sands indicated the exact position of the chair legs.

"The psychic having taken her place on a kitchen chair we requested that she submit to strict test conditions. To this she agreed; but on learning that we intended to nail her dress to the chair and to the floor became indignant and threatened to end the sitting. Such demonstrations are not unusual on the part of psychics, and have been accounted for by Mitchell and Crookes as denoting, not a desire to have the limbs free to assist the phenomena, but a natural resentment against the accusation of fraud thus tacitly shown.

"After some argument and an assurance that the tacks would not injure her best broadcloth skirt, the psychic consented to the conditions imposed. As with the chair in the cabinet chalk marks were drawn round the legs of the kitchen chair to mark its position. Strong tapes were then attached to the psychic's wrists, carefully knotted by Mr. Sands, the tapes crossed over the psychic's breast and nailed to the back of her chair. Some demur followed this, the psychic objecting that she could not take a deep breath. However, on the writer's pointing out that she could breathe oftener, using shallow respirations, she acquiesced.

"Tapes were then attached to the psychic's ankles and carried through the rungs of the chair to the floor eighteen

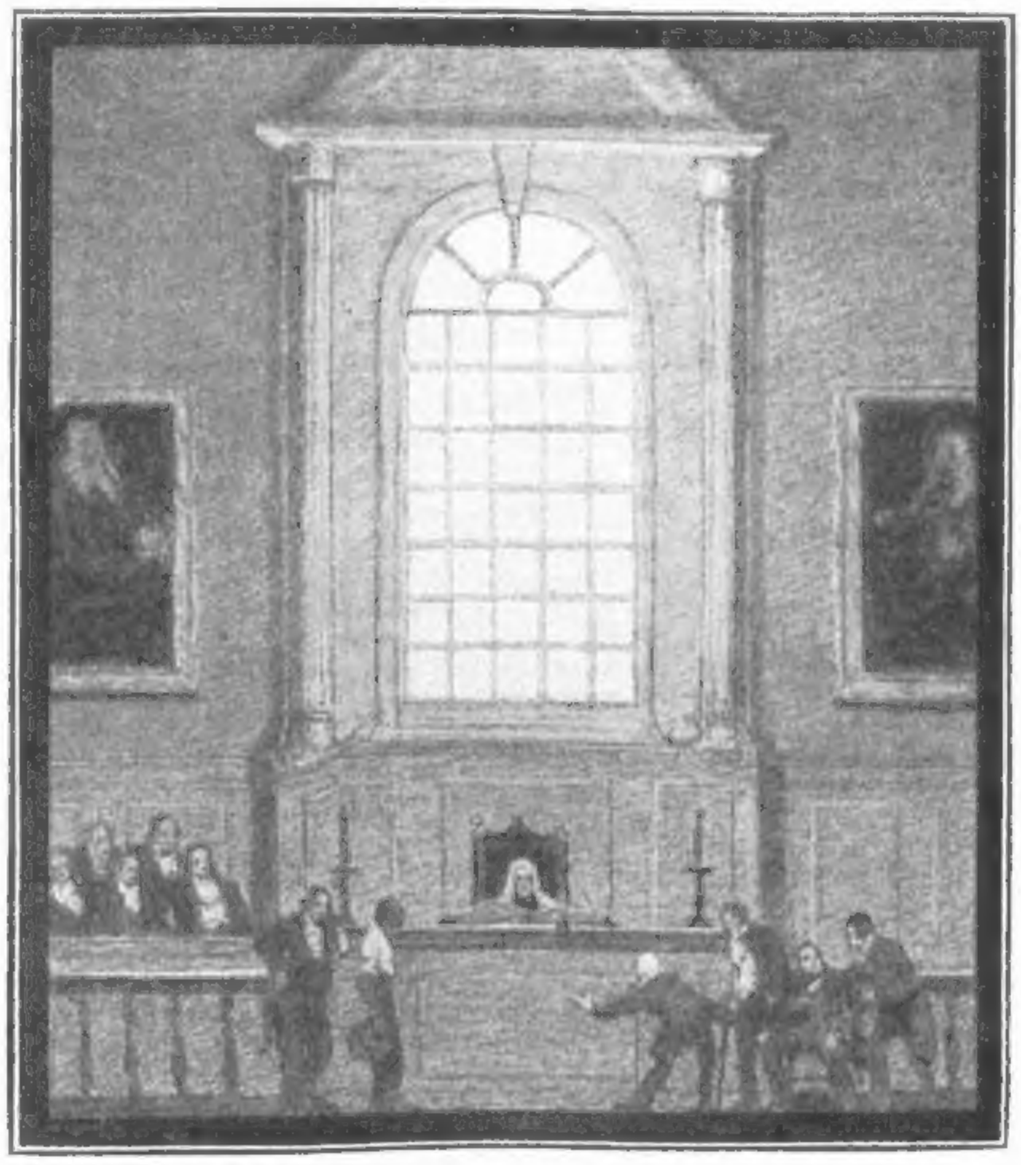
(Continued on Page 65)

*Tish Gasped as Mr. Schmidt Solemnly Shook Out the Folds*

# THE LAYMAN AND THE LAW

## By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH



WHEN one takes his case to an attorney he ought to remember that he is merely employing an expert to present it to the court in an orderly and formal manner. It remains with him to furnish the attorney with the necessary evidence to support his case.

Causes are won not by eloquent speeches or the ingenuities of cross-examinations but by the evidence produced. The very first thing to do, then, is to look up this evidence. It is a good rule to go at once to persons who, you think, will be valuable witnesses, talk with them and make an abstract in writing of what they will say upon the witness-stand, together with a careful record of their names and addresses. The habit of taking a summary in writing of what the witness will testify helps to fix it in the witness' mind and also furnishes the attorney with a record of what he will be able to prove at the trial. When this is done the client should continue to keep track of his witnesses, carefully noting any change of address in order that he always may be able to locate them when the case is called for trial.

It is not always possible to say when a case will be tried. It may be called on any day of a term or it may be continued, and always one must be ready to obtain his witnesses in the event of an unexpected trial.

One should remember when he brings a suit that he must be prepared to prove every important allegation he makes. He must be able to do this from his own side of the case and he must not expect to obtain any of the evidence from his adversary. The defendant may not introduce any evidence whatever, but wait for the plaintiff to make out his case; and if the plaintiff is unable to do this from his own side the defendant need do nothing—and the court will dismiss the action.

The necessity, then, of having proper evidence to support one's case cannot be overestimated. And here another matter of the first importance arises. Everybody ought to know, in a general way, what is and what is not competent evidence in a court of law; otherwise he might go to great trouble and expense in procuring documents that would not be admitted as evidence, and in bringing witnesses whose testimony would not be permitted.

### *The Kind of Evidence the Courts Demand*

THE average citizen is very much confused by the arguments he hears in the courtroom relating to the admissibility of evidence. These arguments often seem to him not unlike the famous argument between the executioner and the king, in Alice in Wonderland, relating to the decapitation of the Cheshire Cat. The executioner's argument was that you could not cut off a head unless there was a body from which to cut it off; while the king's argument was that anything that had a head could be beheaded.

It is not essential that one familiarize himself with all the refinements of the law with respect to the admissibility of evidence. He can usually get along if he bears in mind one or two general rules. The most important is that one must produce "the best evidence of which the case, in its nature, is susceptible." This general comprehensive rule, if borne in mind, usually suffices for the litigant. It means that if a certain paper, letter or record is in controversy you must produce that paper, letter or record, and not a copy of it. It is true that if the original paper is lost or destroyed, or cannot be produced for some reason unquestionably beyond your control, then you can prove it by a copy or even by a witness who has seen it. If it is in the hands of adverse parties, or hostile or disinterested persons, who refuse to produce it, they can be made to do so by proper legal procedure.

This rule also means that you must produce as witnesses those who were present at the incident in controversy and not those who have heard of it or have gotten their information in any indirect way. This rule is so clear that one has only to apply it as one would a yardstick and he can at once see whether or not the evidence which he is considering is competent.

There are also a number of rules of evidence that are curiously interesting, though not, perhaps, of the first importance to a layman. As, for instance, the fact that in some jurisdictions, and in criminal cases in the Federal courts, one cannot prove a disputed writing by going out and bringing into court a genuine writing to compare with it. This rule, however, does not seem to be founded on the best reason, and at least three-fourths of the states have changed it, either by statute or judicial decisions.

There is also a rule with regard to what are called "dying declarations" which seems, at first sight, extraordinary to the layman. Thus, if the decedent has said, "I am dying. It was John Smith who shot me," that evidence would be admissible; but if he said, "It was John Smith who shot me; when I get well I will kill him," that statement is not admissible.

The reason is that the law requires evidence to be given under the sanctity of an oath and the jeopardy of cross-examination; and when it is not produced under these conditions there must be some other strong reason for telling the truth. Now, the common experience of men is that persons who believe themselves in the immediate presence of death do not usually lie; and, therefore, if the statement is made by a person who believes himself at the time to be near dissolution it will be received as evidence. If, however, the statement shows that the person making it entertains a hope of life, then it will not be received. And, of course, as in the last instance, where the statement is accompanied by a threat of what one will do when one recovers, it is certain such a statement was not made in the solemn manner the law requires.

When one follows and carefully studies all the rules of evidence he will come to see that every one of them, no matter how curious it may seem upon a casual scrutiny, will be found to have its origin in sound principles of common-sense and to be justified by some experience of the English-speaking people.

As Sir James Stephen has so aptly said, one of the most difficult things in the world is to determine whether or not a man who has an incentive to lie is, in fact, speaking the truth. It is, therefore, of the first importance that the testimony of such persons should be tested by every device known to the law.

When Confucius was minister of justice he said: "Surely the grand object to achieve is that there shall be no litigation at all."

It usually happens that attorneys are held responsible for the multiplicity of suits; but, in fact, it commonly arises because the litigant has not taken proper precautions in advance of his coming into court.

For instance, there are a number of things which no man ought ever to undertake to do except upon the advice of a competent attorney. Primarily and by all odds the most important of these things is the drafting of a will. One without a competent knowledge of the law should no more undertake to draw his own will without the advice of an attorney than he should undertake to amputate his own leg without the service of a surgeon. So much fraud has arisen about the devising of estates that the law has thrown a great number of safeguards round such transactions. Certain exact technical things are required in the structure of wills. These requirements differ in different jurisdictions. The laws of all states are not alike with respect to them, and they must be accurately followed or the will may prove to be void and ineffective.

### *Experts Needed for Wills and Deeds*

WHEN one has a will to prepare he should go to the best and the most reliable attorney he knows in the jurisdiction in which his estate lies, and have the will properly drawn and all the requirements of the law met with respect to it. To do anything else is to endanger the validity of the will and perhaps throw the whole matter into long and expensive litigation.

There is no language strong enough to characterize the folly of one who undertakes to draft such a paper from his own knowledge or at the direction of friends and neighbors.

The same suggestions apply to the drawing of deeds. Deeds in some jurisdictions require certain formal words; if these formal words are not present the deed is void. They require usually formal acknowledgment before a notary public, and usually without such acknowledgment they cannot be admitted to record. It is nothing short of criminal negligence for a little farmer, who has laboriously earned enough to purchase a tract of land, to trust the drawing of the deed to some inexperienced person.

And here it ought also to be added that before men purchase lands, especially farmers and the like, they should have the title carefully examined by some competent person. The lawbooks are full of pitiable cases in which men have lost their lands because they failed to take these precautions. Men have relied upon the rumor in the neighborhood that the title was good, or because a certain person had held it for a great length of time, or because the person from whom the purchase was made was reliable and solvent.

*(Continued on Page 61)*

# Working to Save Wood Waste

## NEW USES FOUND FOR WOODWORKERS' BY-PRODUCTS

By FORREST CRISSEY

ON THE nineteenth floor of a modern steel skyscraper, in the business center of a city of more than two million inhabitants, is located an office of the United States Forest Service.

Many a chance passer has paused before this door, read the words, United States Forest Service, and smiled in amusement at the seeming absurdity of the situation. One stranger from the cattle country, straying about the upper mesas of this almost woodless building, read the legend written on the door and remarked:

"Nice roost for a bunch of forest rangers! I don't see what standing timber they can find to inspect in these parts except the leadpencils in their pockets and the toothpicks in the tumblers on the lunch counters."

Yet there is not a busier or more useful Forest Service office in America than this. The eleven employees in it hustle as if they were working for a private individual or a soulless corporation instead of for Uncle Sam.

When Mr. H. S. Sackett, the forester in charge, was asked, "How does a forestry office happen to be located here in the heart of Chicago?" he quickly answered:

"Because this is the Office of Wood Utilization and Chicago is the greatest lumber market and wood-using city in America; because it is the headquarters of more than twenty of the largest associations of wood-users in existence and entertains more timber and wood men than any other city; because it is the center of information concerning more different kinds of wood-using activities than any other place on the continent."

Acres of Sawmill Waste Available for Pulp

### Laying a Foundation of Statistics

"OUR main job is to teach the lumberman of the United States how to utilize the whole of the tree, clean out to the bark; just as Chicago's great packing houses have learned to use all of the pig, even down to its squeal. Without doubt there is much waste at the present time, but it is neither willful nor malicious. I do not believe there is a lumberman or a wood-using manufacturer who is wasting any material that he knows how to use except at an outright expense. In other words, this waste is caused by an ignorance of the possibilities of utilizing it; and the purpose of this particular office is to dispel that ignorance and tell the lumberman and the manufacturer how to convert the waste into a profit.

"Coöperation is the keynote of our work. We aim to take up only practical problems and work them out by coöperation with associations or with various individual wood-using concerns. We are here to work for and with the users of wood—not against them. Whenever a lumberman or a manufacturer in wood comes to us with a trade problem or with a question as to how a waste product may be utilized, a welcome is always found waiting. This was the purpose for which the office was organized in July, 1909."

Uncle Sam did not, however, start his Office of Wood Utilization by simply hanging out a shingle bearing the legend: Wood-Users' Problems Solved Here. Consultation Free.

A broad and thorough groundwork of fact had to be laid first. This involved a searching inquiry into the wood-using activities of one state after another and a scientific analysis and arrangement of the information disclosed by the investigation. These studies have been completed in Massachusetts, North Carolina, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Oregon and Washington. They are now going on in Arkansas, Missouri, Michigan, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and California. All the other states will be covered as rapidly as possible.

What does this investigation of a state's wood-using activities involve? And what is it worth to the manufacturer after it has been completed?

After lumber leaves the sawmill, some of it passes directly into buildings; but a big part of it is subjected to further manufacturing processes before it is ready for use. Wood-working machines of many kinds change its form and it is shaped by skilled labor into boxes, door and window frames, vehicles, boats, baskets, musical instruments, furniture, brushes, toys, and hundreds of other articles.

Up to the time the Office of Wood Utilization began its work, definite information as to what happened to lumber after it left the saw was about as scarce as mahogany stumpage in Michigan. When a man of perniciously inquisitive turn of mind attempted to find out what forms were given that portion of the lumber product which passed through a secondary process of manufacture after leaving the sawmill, into what commodities it entered and in what proportions, he was plainly "up a stump." To fill this void and to reduce the wood-using activities of every state to a business-like analysis, a directory of manufacturers was the first undertaking of this office. It was a big job; but, without this classified information as a foundation, the office felt that its future work would be little better than beating the air. The questions asked of every wood-using manufacturer in the state under investigation covered these points: the products manufactured; the field of trade; the kinds of wood used; the specific nature of that use; the amount used annually; the cost at the factory of a thousand feet or a cord; the source of the material and the character of the waste, and what attempt may have been made to utilize it in any way excepting as fuel.

A new business house beating the bushes for trade prospects and fighting against established competition for a foothold could not put up a more thorough or energetic campaign than that followed by this Federal office in pursuit of its foundation statistics. Take the case of a state having two thousand wood-using concerns. To compile a directory of these manufacturers required the time of one person for two months, at a cost of two hundred dollars. Then a letter was sent to each firm explaining the purpose of the campaign and asking for the information required. Along with each letter was sent a blank card to be filled out, a sample card showing how that should be done, a circular letter fully explaining the work of the office, and a return envelope. All outgoing envelopes were addressed by hand. It was found that many firms paid no attention to the first appeal. About two weeks later the operation was repeated in the case of all these delinquents. Again, many of the firms that did respond gave incomplete information, which necessitated an individual letter. Of this class there were about one thousand. Altogether, the number of hand operations required was sixteen thousand.

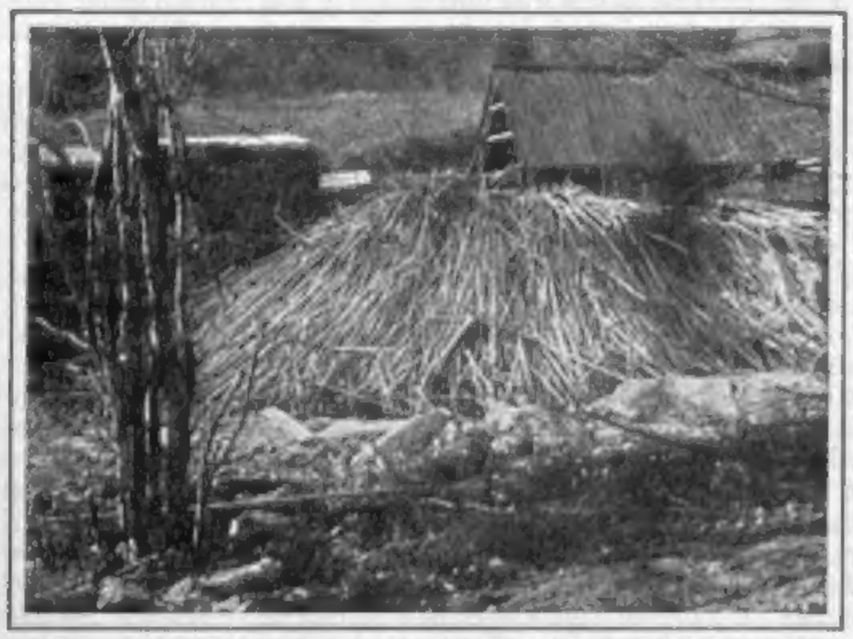
Meantime fieldwork, equal to six or eight weeks' labor for one man and costing five hundred dollars, was required. This work involved traveling three thousand miles, visiting about five hundred firms and factories, besides telephoning to about two hundred more.

Next came the tabulation and analysis of all these data at the office. This took twenty weeks for one person at a cost of five hundred dollars. Literally miles of adding-machine paper strips were used in making the calculations to show the average cost a thousand feet and the percentage of each kind of wood used by each separate industry, as well as summary tables for all the industries and all the species of wood.

### Practical Points for Wood-Users

FINALLY came the preparation of the report for that state, including a discussion and analysis of the uses of each kind of wood and of the work of each industry. To this was added a list of all the concerns that coöperated with the Office of Wood Utilization. Writing the report required three weeks' labor on the part of one person and cost one hundred and fifty dollars.

These reports are not given a peaceful burial in the filing cabinets or the pigeonholes of the office. They are promptly printed by thousands and distributed to the lumbermen, the wood-using manufacturers and others having a live interest in the subject throughout the various states. Manufacturers are not the only men who may study these reports with an eye for increased profits; owners of timber and woodlots are equally interested. In the report for his own state, the woodlot owner has before him, in concise form, a statement of the kinds of wood



A Waste Heap of Hardwood Edgings Suitable for Picture Frames

Saving Fire-Killed Timber by Prompt Logging

*Magnificent White Oak (Tanbark) Logs. Formerly Burned Up in Logging Operations But Now Utilized*

*A Display of the Waste at a Cooperage Plant, Which Would Be Available for Toys and Novelties*

demanded by the various industries, together with the quantity of each species used, the prices paid at the factories and the list of the commodities into which each wood is manufactured. Also the report tells him what part of the total demand for any particular wood is met by the forests and woodlots of his own state and what part is supplied from without. With this information in hand, the woodlot owners who are looking to the future can determine what kinds of timber promise the best returns and give these preference. Owners of timber tracts can also form from these reports a more accurate and intelligent opinion as to where the best markets can be found for their timber.

### *Wasted Hearts Turned Into Money*

ON THE other hand, the manufacturer who is in the market for woods of certain kinds will have before him the means by which to determine whether he may serve his advantage by buying his supply near home or bringing it in from another state; and a statement of average prices paid by all in the business will show him whether he has been buying on an equal footing with his competitors. In a word, these reports furnish a short cut to a closer acquaintance between buyer and seller—to a better understanding of what one has to sell and what the other wishes to buy.

But how does this work out in actual practice? Does it "take"?

Here is what happened in one typical case: A lumberman in one of the Southern states received a "news note" sent from the Office of Wood Utilization to the trade. It stirred his curiosity and he wrote to the office, saying that he understood that Uncle Sam had started in to try to help lumbermen utilize their waste and sell their product to greater advantage. He intimated that he had been working at the same identical job for a good many years and was a little skeptical as to the ability of the United States Forest Service to show him any selling secrets that he had overlooked; but, at the same time, he was willing to admit that he did not know it all and he could use any money that could be made from the utilization of his waste or from a clearer knowledge of general and special market requirements.

The office sent him reports covering his own and several adjacent states. About a month later he met Mr. Sackett, who is in charge of the Office of Wood Utilization, and made a cheerful confession.

"When I opened those reports I hadn't much of an idea that I should find anything practical in them; in fact, it didn't seem reasonable to me that an outsider, no matter if he did represent the United States Government, could tell a live, hustling lumberman, who had been in the business up to his ears for the better part of his lifetime, anything worth while about selling his product or handling his business. Now, as you know, I am right down in the original persimmon belt. We cut a lot of it and it is an important factor in our trade.

"Well, as I was turning the leaves of one of those reports my eye hit on the statement that heart persimmon is used for parquetry flooring. I pricked up my ears right there, because my trade had no use for heart persimmon and for years I had been throwing away or burning up persimmon heart by the cord. My attitude toward that report suddenly changed from mild curiosity to practical business interest. In the back of the book I found a list of all the wood-using manufacturers in that particular state and among them were several firms that made parquetry flooring. That day I wrote a letter to each of them and received a prompt reply from each instructing me to ship at once all I had, and naming a price that was pleasant to think about. At the moment, I had on hand two carloads of this waste stuff and made the shipment immediately. In a few days I received a check for about a thousand dollars. As a specialist in advising old hands at the wood-selling game, you have made a hit with me right off the edge of the saw."

The fact that one item in one report from the Office of Wood Utilization enabled this manufacturer to convert his accumulation of a certain waste into a check for one thousand dollars is only a beginning of benefits to him. Each year he will be able, in the same manner, to add in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars to his net income; but perhaps the most important benefit to him is the fact that he will study every report from the Office of Wood Utilization with the eye of faith and a keen determination to find other profitable leads that he has overlooked—and will find them!

Often the large associations of manufacturers bring their problems to the Office of Wood Utilization for a solution. Not long ago the Association of Cypress Manufacturers of the South put this into Mr. Sackett's question-box:

"Where can we find a market for our odd lengths and short scraps?—this stuff is of various widths and from one foot to four feet in length. Today it is absolute waste and the volume of it is large."

Recognizing the validity and importance of this problem, Mr. Sackett at once applied his best energies to its solution. After careful study he decided that its use in the manufacture of boxes for plug tobacco offered the most plausible field for the utilization of this particular form of waste. The only obstacle to the practicality of this plan was the possibility suggested by the manufacturers of plug tobacco, that the cypress might impart to the tobacco an odor or flavor that would be objectionable to the users of that commodity. The only thing to do was to try it out, and he had no difficulty in securing the coöperation of the box manufacturers who supplied the plug-tobacco trade. A sawmill in the South sent a shipment of cypress waste-length pieces to the box manufacturer and he made them into boxes and passed the problem along to the plug-tobacco factory. The boxes were there packed with various brands of "plug" and sent to the warehouse, where they were allowed to stand for fully four months. Then they were taken out and distributed to a score or more of men who were supposed to be connoisseurs of sweet tobacco. In due time each one of these expert chewers rendered his decision. The consensus of these findings was that the tobacco carried no flavor of the cypress and that its quality was as unimpeachable as if it had been packed in the usual boxes of sycamore and red gum.

### *Saving the Core*

THE problem is now up to the cypress mills. Backed by strongly favorable findings from a test conducted under the joint auspices of the United States Government and the manufacturers of plug tobacco, it would seem an easy task for them to sell their waste lengths to the tobacco-box manufacturers. There seems to be every probability that this one experiment will result in a saving of several hundred thousand dollars a year to the cypress mills of the South.

The wideawake mill-operator or wood-manufacturer does not wait to have the leaders of his particular association detect his problems and put them up to the Office of Wood Utilization—he takes them there himself and thereby saves time. The smallest manufacturer finds just as warm a welcome as the largest association in the office that is always looking for troubles in wood.

In North Carolina there is an alert manufacturer of veneer for baskets and crates. When he learned of the existence and the mission of the Office of Wood Utilization he promptly offered it his problem under a two-cent postage stamp.

"What better use can I make of my veneer cores," he asked, "than burning them under the boilers of my engine or sawing them into crating strips?"

In the manufacture of veneer, a steamed log is revolved against the edge of a long knife and in this manner turned into veneer strips until only a small center, a few inches in diameter, remains. This remainder is known as a "core."

The question passed up by this progressive manufacturer of veneer was by no means an easy one. Perhaps this, together with the fact that it came spontaneously from a private individual, added zest to the work of its solution. The quest involved a search through many formidable lists of

*Ideal Forestry in a National Forest in the Black Hills. The Logs are on Skidways. Top Logs Have Been Cut Into Cordwood, and Brush and Limbs Piled for Burning. Young Trees are Left for Future Forest—No Danger of Fire*

"wood specialties," and even this research did not bring to the surface any suggestion that seemed to be clearly the right one. At length the idea suddenly came to Mr. Sackett that all these cores needed in order to transform them into finished "mine rollers" was the boring of a hole through the center of each core. In coal mines having horizontal shafts the cars are pulled out by a power cable; the return portion of the cable underneath the tramway rests upon a series of rough wood cylinders called "mine rollers." Ordinarily the miners go out into the woods, cut young trees and then turn them in a lathe down to a diameter of six inches. As the veneer cores happened to be of exactly the same length and diameter as the regulation mine roller, all that remained to be done was to bore them for the insertion of the central rod. The veneer man had, in fact, been manufacturing mine rollers without knowing it—and then burning them up.

Instantly on receiving Mr. Sackett's suggestion, this pushing veneer man gave orders that not another core should be burned or made into crating. Then he had a few cores properly bored and with them he started out after contracts for rollers from the coal mines of the horizontal shaft type. When the mine operators found they could buy good black-gum rollers from the veneer man for a little less than the actual cost of the labor of cutting down young trees and turning them into shape, they were quick to place their contracts at a price that was practically all profit to the veneer factory.

What have been the results of this veneer man's enterprise in calling on the Office of Wood Utilization for advice on how to get something out of his waste cores? Today the big income-producing end of his business is not his veneer output, but the manufacture of mine rollers. The tail has wagged the dog; the waste that he burned under his boilers has been converted into his main product through his first attempt to secure aid from Uncle Sam in his capacity as a specialist in wood utilization. By the growth in this end of his business he has been forced to put in special machinery for the manufacture of mine rollers direct from the black-gum saplings that are too small to yield veneer and are practically useless for posts or any other purpose. The young trees that were formerly cut down by the mine-owners and turned into rollers were, as a rule, of varieties valuable for timber, and if they had been left standing would have produced good timber trees in the course of time. On the other hand, the black-gum saplings now sacrificed by the veneer man in order to fill the surplus of his demand unsatisfied by his waste veneer cores themselves represent a waste product on account of their cheapness and their unavailability for any other purpose than a cheap grade of veneer and mine rollers.

### *Money Made and Birch Trees Saved*

THE Office of Wood Utilization does not always wait for the manufacturer to ask for aid; it is in the business of saving wood waste, and when it sees an opportunity to do this by bringing two or more manufacturers together it does not hesitate to take the initiative.

In the course of his preliminary investigation of the wood-using industries of the New England states, Mr. Sackett received a return card from a certain manufacturer of brush backs, who stated that he was able to use only the heartwood of the birch tree and that his largest volume of waste consisted of birch sapwood. A little later another return card came in from a spool factory which specified its principal waste as birch heartwood and added "we can use only the white sapwood of the birch." Instantly the return card from the maker of brush backs was called for and the two were compared. It was found that these two factories were located less than a hundred miles apart. Each was wasting the very material from which the other manufactured its output. Letters were at once written from the office to each of these manufacturers, with the result that they entered into a mutual waste-buying arrangement that was greatly to the advantage of both. From the viewpoint of the Government forester, however, the most important feature of this exchange of raw material was the fact that only half as many birch trees were required to feed these factories after the professional waste-saver had interposed as were demanded before.

Not infrequently, in the course of a personal investigation of a manufacturing plant, close visual contact with processes suggests to the alert eye of the Federal investigator means of waste-saving that would otherwise have escaped attention. When Mr. Sackett was passing through a large plant devoted to the manufacture of wooden pulleys he suddenly stopped before a boring machine and said to the proprietor of the concern:

"Instead of building all your smaller pulleys into wheels of solid wood and then cutting out the center with a big borer, why do you not build round the center, leave a square hollow inside, and thus save thirty to fifty per cent of your pulley wood, which is growing scarcer and dearer each year?"

"Because," was the quick reply, "it is a mighty hard trick to bore a square hole into a round one. We've tried it and spoiled a lot of good material that way."

"Of course," returned Mr. Sackett, "you can't do it with an ordinary borer of this type. There is a special machine made for just that purpose—and it is not very expensive either. I will give you the address of the shop that makes them."

Because of this suggestion that pulley manufacturer is now saving nearly fifty per cent of his material used in the manufacture of the smaller sizes of pulleys. In many other instances the Office of Wood Utilization has been able to effect large and permanent savings of valuable materials through suggesting new and improved types of machinery; in fact, it might be said that the machinery used in any industry is nearly always considered as a cardinal factor in the solution of the waste problem.

The Office of Wood Utilization does not play any favorites. Its policy is pronounced on this point. All the information that it gathers is at the service of the entire wood-using public. Its facts are not collected by stealth or secret-service methods, but openly and aboveboard; consequently, when the office discovers that some firm or individual has turned a clever trick in the utilization of waste, it has no compunctions about giving the entire public the benefit of that discovery. If it is considered of sufficient importance it is briefly described in a "news note" and sent to all the manufacturers and trade journals likely to be immediately benefited by it.

The investigation of the wood industries of a certain Southern state disclosed the fact that one of its wagon factories was selling its hickory dust. Hickory spokes and other parts of wagon gear made of this wood are polished by the use of sanding belts. In every instance excepting the present one, this fine dust has to be scooped up and thrown away at an outright expense. Therefore, when the Federal wood-utilization expert found that this factory was selling its hickory dust he promptly started an investigation—for the utilization of sawdust is regarded as a permanent and standing problem in the Office of Wood Utilization. It was found that a shrewd man living in the locality of the wagon factory had discovered the value of this hickory dust as an ingredient in floor cleansers and jewelry polish. At once he began to drive a thriving trade as a dust broker, selling this queer commodity to the manufacturers of floor cleaners and jewelry polish. Now every wagon manufacturer in the country knows the value of his hickory dust and where it can be sold.

"Hickory," declares Mr. Sackett, "is undoubtedly our most indispensable wood and it is growing scarcer and dearer with every passing year. Nothing should be left undone that may prevent the waste of a particle of it. More than thirty thousand cords of good hickory are used every year by the great meat-packing houses to impart the hickory flavor to certain brands of smoked hams and bacon. Then, to give a still finer aroma to these meats, mahogany sawdust is sprinkled over the hickory wood in the smokehouses. Though this hickory-mahogany smudge certainly does give the meat a delicious flavor that perhaps costs the consumer an additional ten cents a pound, at the same time it seems to me that this sacrifice of thirty thousand cords of good hickory wood—so indispensable for the spokes of wagons, carriages and automobiles—is lamentable. This office indulges the hope that such a sacrifice of hickory can be eliminated with entire satisfaction to the great meat-packing houses. Possibly this may be done through the use of the sawdust—not the sanding dust—from the sawpits of the mills where the hickory logs are cut into materials for the factories, as well as from the wagon factories themselves. At any rate, we are working on this problem and have strong hopes of solving it before we quit. We want to save that thirty thousand cords of good spoke hickory if possible."

### *The Demand for Osage Orange*

MANY of the largest problems that are put up to the Office of Wood Utilization properly come under the head of Supply and Demand Questions. A problem of this character generally calls for an extensive and costly investigation; but the intrinsic merit of the problem is the only thing considered.

Recently a representative of the National Wagon Manufacturers' Association called on Mr. Sackett and asked:

"How much osage orange or bodark timber is there in this country?"

Evidently he expected an immediate answer in definite figures, but he received this reply:

"I don't know; why?"

"Because we've got to know," responded the wagon manufacturers' representative. "In the first place, there is no timber grown that will take its place in the manufacture of wagon felloes for those sections of the country where it rains for a few months and is hot and dry for the rest of the year. Next, it seems to be getting suddenly scarce and the price is climbing higher and higher; in fact, it has every symptom of having been cornered by a trust. Right now it costs us three times what it did a few years ago. We've got to find out how much of it there is, whether it's been cornered and what is the future outlook for the supply. You see the farmers in the arid states simply refuse to accept any substitutes for osage orange or bodark wagon felloes. They're willing to pay a premium of fifteen dollars for a bodark wagon. It's about the biggest question we've been up against in our association, and we've got to find out where we're at."

"I'll try and find out for you," answered Mr. Sackett; "but it's too big a question to be answered in a day or a month—it will take time and travel and investigation."

"If we find the supply is going to pinch out on us," remarked the man from the Wagon Manufacturers' Association, "we've got to start in on a campaign of education to drill out of the heads of those Texas and Southwestern fellows the notion that nothing but bodark will do for wagon felloes."

"Or, perhaps," suggested Mr. Sackett, "get the men who grow that kind of wood to grow more of it -or, if that does not seem feasible, find another wood that is really just as good under actual test and not so expensive."

The investigation was started at once. First, it was definitely determined that the preference for osage felloes in the arid regions was not a mere prejudice; that, in the case of a wagon having osage felloes on its front wheels and those of oak on its rear wheels, the osage felloes were in sound and serviceable condition while the oak felloes shed their tires and fell apart. The investigation also disclosed that the osage wood, of timber size and character, is mainly produced in a restricted region in Northeastern Texas and Southeastern Oklahoma; and that, considering its present consumption, the bulk of it is bound to be gone in ten years. Also it was found to be uncontrolled by a trust. The wagonmakers found out where they were "at"; and that if they hoped to have anything like a permanent supply of this wood they must encourage the planting of it. The fruits of the investigation, however, were finally presented in a fourteen-page bulletin covering every phase of osage-orange-wood utilization.

*The Sawmill's Necessary Shame, Which is Passing With Improved Methods of Utilization*

Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles on wood waste. The second will appear in an early number.

# JAN TINGLOFF

## By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SHE came of good people, but they died off too soon. All she knew of life, and especially of men, was what she learned in the dance-halls near the waterside; and it was a hero of the dance-halls she married—a handsome fellow, who dressed like a tailor's model and left everybody to guess where he got the money to do it.

She thought it was for love when she married this fellow and for some little time thereafter; but she was only seventeen on her wedding day—and at seventeen a girl probably does not know much. At twenty-two, when this story opens, she surely knew more. Her husband was then lessee of a transients' lodging house on a side street near the waterfront. She took care of the rooms upstairs, while he ran what the signboard said was a poolroom in the basement.

Jan Tingloff, knowing nothing of all this, but seeking a room handy to the waterfront, came along one day and noticed the Rooms-for-Rent sign. A woman who preceded him like a discouraged shadow showed him the room, but it was to the man in the basement that he paid the money. "Yes; I take the rent—always," this man said; and his eyes brightened as Jan pushed the money across the cigarcase at him. And he wore rings out of all keeping with the dark little place; but he had a pleasant smile for Jan and Jan smiled back at him; for Jan was one of those friendly natures who prefer to be pleasant, even to a man whose looks they do not like.

Jan Tingloff slept in his new quarters that night. He saw nobody connected with the house as he passed out in the morning; but that evening as he opened the front door he heard a cough. It was a woman's cough and dimly he saw a woman's form a rather slender form. Jan's senses were the kind which see a thing large at first and then go back for details; and he hurried to close the door so that the cold November wind would not endanger the poor creature further. As he closed the door she said:

"Good evening."

Jan hurried to take off his hat.

"Good evening, ma'am."

"You go off early mornings, captain?"

"Yes, ma'am." He peered into the twilight of the hall and saw a hand lighting the suspension lamp. "But I'm not a captain, ma'am. I was a seafaring man one time; but I am a ship-carpenter now in a repairing job on a big coaster in the drydock, and I have to be over there early to get my gang started."

She was turning the wick of the lamp high and then low, and high again, and Jan was vexed to think he had not offered to light the lamp for her in the first place, especially as he now recognized in her the same sad-eyed woman who had showed him his room the evening before. It was twilight then, too, but she had lit no lamp in the hall or in the room, and Jan guessed why and did not blame her for it. The furnishings here, as in his room, were shabby.

Jan began to feel a pity for her. There was that in the curve of her back which caused him to address her with unwonted gentleness—and ordinarily Jan was gentle enough for anybody's taste. Yes, she was the same woman; but if he had met her anywhere else he would not have known her. She was now all tidied up. Her clothes were fresh, her shoulders had lost their droop. Her face was less pale and there was a glow in her eyes.

Jan's room was on the second floor and now he ascended the stairs to go there. At the top of the stairs he glanced back; but catching her looking at him he looked quickly away. From the darkness of the second-floor hallway, however, he could peer down and she could not see him. She was still there, standing under the lamp which was now at full blaze. One arm had been raised high in regulation of the wick and now she raised the other to steady the lamp, which was swinging. Her figure was in the shadow from the waist down, but her bust, her neck, face and long, slim hands were in full light.

"I'd never took her for the same woman never!" thought Jan.

"Don't You Open Your Mouth When You See Her"

Next evening Jan saw her again, this time in the narrow second-floor hallway near the stairs. She shrank against the stair-rail to let him pass. Jan drew up against the wall. She mutely indicated that he should pass.

"After you, ma'am," said Jan, and resolutely waited.

"Thank you," she said, and passed on. At the head of the flight of stairs she turned her head. Jan was still there.

"Is your room all right?" She asked the question hurriedly, awkwardly.

"All right, ma'am."

"And not too noisy for you here? The basement noise, I mean."

"Noisy? Huh! What's any noise they can make to the roar of wind and sea? And a ship-carpenter, too, ma'am—he soon gets used to noise."

"Of course." She glanced furtively at him. "Good night." She hurried downstairs.

That night when Jan, who read romantic fiction to relieve his loneliness, laid down his stirring medieval tale to go to bed, he did not follow up the intention with immediate action, as usual.

By-and-by he raised the window-sash; and the cool, damp sea-air feeling good he leaned well out to enjoy it. It was a cloudy night, with a touch of coming snow in the air; but for all that a night to enjoy, only for the racket ascending from the poolroom.

"I don't think much of those people down there," thought Jan as he lowered the sash all but six or eight inches for fresh air and picked up the alarm clock from the rickety dresser. "I wonder if she's one of 'em?" And he began to wind the clock. "But sure she ain't—sure not."

Jan had been holding the clock absently in his hand. Suddenly he set it down and scolded himself—"Jan Tingloff, remember you has to be up at six in the morning!"—and undressed, blew out the light and slid into bed, and tried to go to sleep. And he did after a while; but his last thought before he fell into slumber was: "Who'd ever think one day a woman could grow so young-looking the next day?"

. . . . . .

Many an evening after that Jan met the landlady on the stairs or in the hall, and always she stopped to ask him how he was coming on with his ship; but never any more than that or a brief word as to the weather and his comfort, though there were times when Jan felt he would like to become better acquainted—times when he even had a feeling that if he had asked her to sit down somewhere for a talk she would be willing. Jan had learned, however, that she was married. It had been a shock to learn that. It had come about by his noticing after three or four days the plain gold ring on the wedding finger. He had kept staring at it until she could not help remarking it; and by-and-by, in a casual sort of way, she had told him she was married.

"And is your husband living, ma'am?" asked Jan.

"He's living—yes," she answered slowly.

That made a difference. Even though a man didn't know anybody in the city except the men he worked with and it was terribly lonesome of evenings—even so, her being married made all the difference. And she must have been a wonderfully pretty girl once—and was pretty yet, now he had a chance to look good at her. Pretty—yes; but—well, Jan didn't know what it was, except that she was all right. Jan knew he didn't know much about women, especially strange women—and he knew, too, that he never would; but he would never believe she wasn't all right—never!

Yes, it was pretty lonesome at times; and there was the girl who roomed on the top floor. Jan was thrilled by alluring glimpses of her in the half-dark recesses of the back halls, but the glimpses remained only glimpses after he saw her one Sunday by daylight. Only then was Jan convinced that she painted. She was a little too much and he took to dodging her. Yet it was a pity—oh, a pity! and Jan, still thinking what a pity, was going out for a lonesome walk one night, when who should meet him on the front stoop but that same top-floor girl! And no sliding by her this time. She nipped the lapel of his coat with a dexterous thumb and forefinger.

"Why, hello, cap! Where yuh goin'?"

"Nowheres."

"Then you got time, ain't you, to buy a girl a glass o' —" She stopped and winked sportively.

"Glass o' what?"

"Why, ginger ale!" She laughed at his surprise. "You thought I was goin' to say beer, or maybe somethin' stronger, didn't yuh? But I don't drink no hard stuff. No. An' I was dyin' for a drink o' somethin' when yuh bumps out that door. An' I know yuh ain't any hinge."

"How do you know I ain't a hinge?"

"Oh, don't I? Leave it to me to pick a sport from a poser."

"But I'm no sport either."

"You could if yuh wanted tuh. An' yuh ain't any hinge, even if they do say you're a Dutchman. Come on an' let's go in back an' have a couple o' bottles o' ginger ale in Hen's place."

And Jan followed her into the private room beyond the poolroom—the room to which, as he had gathered before this, the street girls of that section steered drunken sailors. The ginger ale was brought in by the proprietor himself. Jan threw down a ten-dollar bill. Jan had a good many bills with him that evening—his month's wages; and seeing it was the fashion round there to show your money when you paid for anything, why, he'd show them—even if he was a Dutchman—that he could carry a wad too.

"Say, cap, but yuh must be drawin' down good coin?"

"Oh, a boss ship-carpenter gets pretty good wages." And with one splendid sweep Jan emptied his glass.

"I should say yes. An' there's tinhorners round here that if they had half your wad Hen'd have to ring in the fire alarm to put 'em out—they'd feel themselves such warm-rags. But what d'yuh say to another ginger ale?"

"Sure," said Jan, and called aloud for them. And again Hen brought in the ginger ale in two long glasses, but also with two empty bottles to show Jan by the labels

that it was the real imported and no phony stuff; and Jan said, "I know! I know!" as he paid and waved Hen away.

A door led from this back room into the lower back hall of the house, and in the shadow of the back hall Jan thought for an instant that he saw the landlady's figure; but he wasn't sure. Two minutes—or it may have been five minutes—later, a boy whom Jan had noticed round the house came into the room by way of that same door and said to the girl:

"Mrs. Goles wants to see you a minute."

"Tell her I got no minute to spare—not now."

The boy went out and quickly came back.

"Mrs. Goles says for you to come out and see her or she'll have the policeman in off the beat. He's at the corner now."

The girl went out.

"Who's Mrs. Goles?" asked Jan of the boy.

"Why, she's the landlady."

"Oh!" said Jan. So that was her husband, the handsome proprietor with the evil eyes. "Poor woman!" muttered Jan, and absent-mindedly drank his ginger ale.

The boy was still there. "Where is Mrs. Goles now?" asked Jan.

The boy jerked his head. "Out there on the back stairs."

Jan stood up. "Here!" He handed the boy a quarter. "A wonder a boy like you hangs out round here!"

"I run Mrs. Goles' errands. I been runnin' 'em since I was a kid. My mother used to work for her mother."

Jan was heading for the side door, the door which led into the alley.

"Will I tell her you're comin' back, mister?"

"Tell who?"

"Why, that girl you was with."

"Tell her nothing. Nor"—Jan nodded his head toward the poolroom—"him. Better go home. This is no place for a good boy like you."

Jan went out by the alley; and from there, after peeking to see that nobody was looking out of the poolroom windows, he stepped quickly up the front steps of the house.

Cautiously he unlocked the door. He could hear voices, but not distinctly. Quietly he tiptoed toward the head of the back stairs. It was Mrs. Goles talking.

"Didn't I warn you again and again never to bother him?" Jan heard.

"An' why not?"

"Why? He's a lodger—that's why."

"Is that why? Say, but ain't you takin' an awful sudden interest in yer lodgers though! Are yuh sure you don't want him for yerself? Are yuh sure he ain't something more than a lodger?"

"You—you ——"

"Me—me! Yes, me. D'yuh think I ain't been on to yuh? D'yuh think I ain't seen any o' that billy-dooin'—yuh an' him upstairs in the entryway—huh? An' d'yuh think Hen ain't wise too? D'yuh think he gave me the top-floor room for nothin'—huh? Oh, yes; we're a couple o' come-ons—Hen an' me—oh, yes! Run along now, Salomey—he's there, waitin' for me. D'yuh hear—waitin' for me! They all fall when yuh play 'em right. All of 'em. Thought yuh had'm to yerself—huh? Well, guess different next time; for he's out there waitin' for me—the soft-headed Dutchman! Beat it! Beat it when yer gettin' the worst of it. An' talk any more about a policeman—an' see what Hen says to it!"

Jan could hear Mrs. Goles running up the stairs behind him. He hurried up, intending to get to his room and hide away before she knew; but it was the last key of the bunch which fitted the lock; and before he had the door opened she was up with him.

She turned the hall light up to see him better.

"Weren't you downstairs in the back room a minute ago?" she asked at last.

"I was; but ——" Jan reached up a heavy hand and rubbed his forehead. "I was—I know I was; but ——" somehow he was feeling bewildered.

She drew nearer to him.

"Come nearer the light. Stand where the light will be on your face. Let me see your eyes. There—you can't keep them open. Did you drink that second glass of ginger ale—after it was brought in all opened up? Never mind trying to speak—just bow your head. You did? Oh, you poor innocent boy! Here—hurry into your room. And wait there. I'll be right back. Light the lamp if you can while you're waiting."

Jan managed to light the lamp.

She was soon back with a bowl of something hot which she held to Jan's lips—a nasty-tasting stuff. While he stopped once to get his breath she stepped to the door, took the key from the outside and set it on the inside. She stepped to Jan's side again. "Finish it!" she ordered. "Every drop. There—but sh-h!—hear 'em?"

"Hear what, ma'am?"

"The footsteps—coming upstairs. Creeping up. Hear 'em?" She jumped to the light and blew it out. She jumped to the door and turned the key.

"Oh-h!" Jan had fallen backward on the bed and now was rolling from side to side. His stomach was griping him like a burning hand.

"Hold in for a minute if you can!" she whispered.

Nausea uncontrollable, as it seemed to Jan, was taking hold of him when a knock came on the door. "Sh-h!" she warned, and Jan controlled himself. He wanted more than ever to vomit, but there came another knock on the door—and another. And then the knob was turned.

A silence then; and then a voice—a man's voice: "I told you you were crazy. He felt dizzy and went out into the street for some fresh air. You shouldn't 've left him once he got the stuff into him. Take a look round the block. He's probably lying in the gutter somewhere with that load into him."

The voice stopped, the steps moved, the stairs creaked. And Jan's tortured stomach was allowed its relief. And while he retched in the dark Mrs. Goles held his head and, soaking a towel in the water-jar, bathed his forehead and face and neck, and kept wetting the towel and bathing his head with the cold water until at last, with a grateful sigh, Jan stood up and said:

"I think it's all gone now."

"That's good. So I'll be leaving you. And you ——" They had been talking in whispers, but at this point her voice broke into a cough. When she spoke again her voice was husky and pitched in a higher key. "But you—listen! You must leave this house!"

"Why must I leave?"

"It's no place for you."

"And is it for you, ma'am?" he asked her.

"For me? No—nor for any woman. But I'm talking about you. Tomorrow—don't say a word to him downstairs—but tomorrow, when your week's up, take your grip and walk out."

"The day after tomorrow," amended Jan. "Tomorrow's Saturday and I has to be at the drydock. But what will become of you?"

"There'll nothing become of me—no more than before."

"He will beat you?"

*It Was the Sound of Breathing, of Suppressed Voices*

"Beat me! If he don't any more than beat me!" Jan fancied she was smiling at him in the dark. "But I'd better go. Good night."

"Good night," said Jan. "And I'll see you tomorrow to say goodby."

"Yes," she said. "I'll be about. Good night."

"Good night," said Jan again, and found himself standing at the door after it had opened and closed behind her.

. . . . . .

"I wonder," thought Jan, "if he will beat her!" And he stooped to lock the door. His hand was on the key, but he did not turn it. Who was that? Jan had keen hearing. He jammed his ear against the crack. It was the sound of breathing, heavy breathing, of breathing and tramping, and now—Jan had been listening for perhaps a minute—of suppressed voices.

Jan stepped back to the washstand and poured out a glass of water. He took it at a gulp. He had another. It was cold and bracing to his fevered stomach. He stepped to the door, cautiously turned the knob and slowly drew the door to him. He peeped out.

Under the hall light he saw them—she jammed back against the stair-rail and he with his hands at her throat. His back was to Jan.

"Where is it? Come—give up!" he was saying. Jan could not hear what she said; but the man took a fresh grip and shook her. "Don't tell me anything like that! You gave in at last and got the money off him. Give it up!"

"I did not! I'm not that kind of a woman—not yet. I may be yet if you keep on—but I'm not yet. And he's not that kind of a man."

"You're not? And he's not? And you an hour in his room with the door locked! You got money off him! Give it to me!"

"N-no—no!"

"You lie, you ——" He shifted his grip to her hair and started to drag her along the hall.

Jan stepped softly out, reached his arms round Goles' shoulders, drew them tight against his own chest; and then, holding him safe with his elbows, he ran his fingers down until they felt the knuckles of the other's hands. And then he squeezed. With thumb and forefinger of each hand he squeezed. Jan could pick up a keg of copper rivets with one thumb and forefinger and toss it across the deck of a ship. And now he squeezed. Goles hung on. Jan squeezed. The knuckles began to crack. "G-g-g ——" snarled the other and loosed his grip.

Jan relaxed the grip of his thumb and forefinger, swung the man round, walked to the head of the stairs, raised his left knee, pressed it against the small of Goles' back, shifted his right hand to behind the man's shoulders and suddenly let knee and arm shoot out together. In one magnificent curve, and without touching a step on the way, Goles fetched up on the lower hall floor.

He stood up after a while and made as if to come back upstairs. As he did so Jan made as if to go down.

Goles glared up at him.

"So it is you!"

"Yes, it's me," said Jan. "Come!"

*"Sh-h!" said Jan. "Sh-h! You Mustn't"*

"Come? No! But you wait there, will you? Just wait there and see what happens to you! Wait!" And even as he called that last "Wait!" he was running for the back stairs.

Jan turned to her. She was sitting with her back against the stair-rail. Her knees were drawn up, and with elbows on knees she was supporting her head in her hands.

"Where is he gone to?" asked Jan.

"I don't know—to get his revolver probably."

Jan bent over to see her face. A great listlessness was all he could read there.

"Would he shoot? Did he ever shoot anybody?"

"Yes—two. But the police never found out who did it. You'd better get out while there's time."

"And won't he shoot you?"

She raised her head to look at him. "No," she answered presently—"not just now. He will some day, that's sure. He promised me that more than once, and he means it; but I don't think he will tonight."

"Then, if ever he meant it, he will tonight," said Jan. "I don't want to get shot; and I'm going. You better come too." She shook her head. "Yes." He put an arm under her shoulder. "Come."

"No, no. I mustn't."

"But you must." Jan put his other arm under her and lifted her to her feet; but she lay heavy, half-resisting. "Come," said Jan.

"I'll take you out of here—to my mother."

"Your mother?" she repeated, and straightened up; but almost instantly fell back. "Too late!" she whispered.

"What's too late?" whispered Jan.

"Too late to go. Hear him?" Jan heard steps on the landing below; and as he listened and looked the light in the hall below went out. "You can't get out the front door in time now," she said hopelessly.

"There's more ways than front doors to get out of a house. And there's lights to put out up here too." He reached up and turned out the gas. "Come," he whispered, and led her into his room and locked the door.

He groped for the bed, tore off the sheets, twisted them tightly and knotted them together. "There!" he said, and, taking a turn of it under her arms, let her down from the window into the alley. Then he swept into his suitcase a few things from the dresser and snapped it, and dropped it out the window.

He was about to fasten one end of the twisted sheets about the bedpost, to let himself down; but hearing the doorknob slowly turning he did not finish the job. He dropped the sheet, lowered himself by his hands from the window-sill and let go. He landed all right.

"Come," he said, and led the way to the street. At the first corner he turned. At the next corner he turned. At the third corner a cab was in sight. He put her in.

"Do you know," Jan whispered to her, "a good hotel I could tell him to drive to?"

"With me looking as I am? Why, no. Tell him any hotel we can get into."

Jan addressed the cabman.

"I want"—he said it very distinctly, so that there could be no mistake—"a good hotel to take a lady to."

"A lady? And a good hotel? Sure thing," said the cabman. "Jump in."

Jan got in and sat opposite to her. She was restoring order to her hair.

"Did the cabby laugh?" she asked.

"No. Why should he?"

"Why?" Jan saw that she was staring at him. Suddenly her stare was transformed to a soft smile. "Sometimes these cabbies think they're funny."

Presently the cab stopped. Jan looked out. It was a hotel, with a wide door and a narrow one. The narrow door was marked "Ladies' Entrance," and through the transom a red light shone.

"Wait," said Jan.

He went through the wide door to the desk. "I want a room for a lady," he said to the clerk.

"Lady? Sure. Four dollars."

Jan paid the four dollars and registered. The clerk touched a bell. A boy bobbed up.

"I will bring her in by the ladies' entrance," said Jan; but in passing out to the street he caught a glimpse of a room across the hall—a room with tables, and men and women at the tables, and drinks on the tables. He halted for a longer look and went out to the cab finally with a troubled look.

"There's a room for you, but"—he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair—"I don't think you ought to stay here." He had put his head inside the cab and was speaking low, so that the cabman should not hear. "I don't think it's a proper place for a lady."

"But"—she almost smiled—"I'm afraid we'll have to put up with it. Look!" She spread wide her rumpled skirt. Her eyes rolled down to indicate her torn bodice. With her fingertips she touched the bruises on her face and the marks on her neck. "And I haven't even a hat on," she concluded with an undoubted smile.

Jan gave in. He paid the cabman, and led her through the ladies' entrance to where the bellboy was waiting. The boy led the way upstairs, opened a door and turned on the light.

"You wait out in the hall," Jan said to the bellboy. "The lady may want hot water and things to clean up. You know? The lady"—Jan tapped the boy on the shoulder—"fell out of a buggy and lost her hat." He handed the boy a dollar bill. "You understand now?"

The boy tucked the bill away. "I'm wise! I'm wise!" He winked at Jan and left the room.

Jan turned to her. "I'll have a few things sent up in the morning."

She was standing straight and motionless in the middle of the room.

"You're good," she said, but without looking at him.

"And—oh, my mother! I almost forgot her. She lives in Port Rock. Tomorrow night I'll put you aboard the boat for Port Rock. And I won't see you till then."

"Not till tomorrow night?"

"I has to be at the drydock early in the morning or they cannot start work. Good night." He was holding his hat very stiffly in one hand. The other hand he extended to her.

"Good night," the woman said, and took his hand and clung to it. Suddenly she lifted it to her lips and sobbed.

A woman crying and kissing his hand, and all done so suddenly he couldn't stop it—Jan was shocked at himself. "Sh-h!" said Jan. "Sh-h! You mustn't."

"I will. You're the first man ever came to the house who didn't look at me as if I was a street-walker. And he tried his best to make me one. And I fought him—and fought him; but not a soul to help me. And a woman can't hold out forever. I'd 'a' killed myself, but I was afraid to die that way. I was beginning to weaken when you came. And if you had been the wrong kind of a man ——"

"Sh-h! Don't say things like that."

"But it's so. And you helped me to get over it. Before I was married I used to dream of a man like you. But him! Almost on my wedding day he began to abuse me."

"No, no!"

"It's true. And when you told me you'd take me to your mother—that was the first message I'd got in five years from a man except what was meant for my harm. But a good mother—I'll tell her so she'll understand."

"Tomorrow is Saturday. Sunday morning you'll be in my mother's house in Port Rock."

She stooped to kiss his hand again.

"Here! Here—you mustn't!"

"I will—I will! And there! And there! And now good night."

"Good night," mumbled Jan. He hurried out of the room and all but fell over the bellboy in the hall. "What you hanging round for?" Jan almost hissed. "Go below."

The bellboy hurried downstairs.

"Say, but that's a new kind of an elopement for this shack!" he exploded to the clerk, and told him about it.

The clerk took a look at the register and read: "'Mrs. H. G. Goles, City.' Now I didn't notice that before. 'Mrs. Goles' he registered, and not himself. Goles? I wonder if that's Hen's woman? Well, if it is he'll get his good and plenty before Hen's done with him."

"Yes, and the police'll get Hen. And, say, that Swede ain't such a gink when yuh get a second look at him."

"I don't know. I didn't get a second look at him; but the way he pulled out that wad —— I charged him four bucks for a dollar-'n'-a-half room. And ——"

"S-st!" warned the boy.

It was Jan, reëntering the office.

"What's wrong?" demanded the clerk.

"Paper and envelope, please," said Jan.

"Oh!" The clerk looked relieved and passed them over. Jan took out a carpenter's thick-leaded pencil and wrote on the sheet of paper: "You must buy some things for the trip on the boat." He looked at the clerk and then at the boy, and went out into the hall, folded one ten-dollar bill and two twenty-dollar bills inside the sheet, sealed and addressed the envelope, and brought it in to the boy.

"You take this up to the lady. Give it to her and hurry away before she can open it. And if you are back in two minutes——" The boy was back in less time. Jan gave him half a dollar and passed out into the street.

. . . . . .

On Saturday evening at six o'clock the Port Rock boat was due to leave her dock. At five minutes to six the first

(Continued on Page 36)

*Sometimes She Seemed to be Studying Her Husband*

# NOTHING FOR SOMETHING

## Sharks That Swim in the Business Sea

## By One of Their Victims

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THERE was nothing about the pleasant girl at the desk to suggest the shark. She was a light-haired young woman of about thirty, with clear, gray eyes, set widely apart, and narrow lips that closed tightly on white, sharp teeth. She was dressed in a brown tailor-made suit. Her voice was low.

"We give you forty dollars," she said, "and you pay back five dollars a week for twenty weeks."

"But, Miss Blank," I protested, "that makes one hundred dollars for forty!"

"It's the best we can do," she answered. "There's risk in this business. We lose a good deal of money through dishonest men who borrow and skip out. With your salary of twenty a week, you can easily pay five; and in a few months the debt will be cleared up."

I had to have the money and Miss Blank knew it; but still I hesitated.

"What will happen," I asked, "if, sometime, I can't pay on the day? Suppose I'm sick. Will you show leniency?"

"Why, most assuredly. You'll find us square and upright. We'll treat you right."

She handed me the papers to sign. One was a promise to pay five dollars a week for twenty weeks—my wages to be attached if I failed to pay. The other seemed to be a power of attorney. I did not get a chance to read the papers through, but I did notice that there was no mention of the forty dollars.

"How's this?" I asked.

"You'll get your money as soon as you sign."

### *Borrowing Forty and Paying One Hundred*

I WROTE my name at the bottom of both papers. The girl drew four crisp ten-dollar bills from the drawer of her desk. I put the four ten-dollar bills into my pocket. I was in the jaws of the shark!

. . . . . .

I had never thought that I should have to go to a money-lender. Things had been going well. I was working in the city as a clerk in a large wholesale store. There were six of us in all Anna, myself and the four children—the oldest seven and the youngest one; but my twenty dollars a week were enough. We lived in two stories of a nice little house. We had six rooms and a bath, for which we paid nineteen dollars a month. My wife, you see, was a farmer's daughter, and she had been trained to save.

Then, one day, five years ago, my wife and all four children came down with diphtheria. Those were the six worst weeks of my life. My little girl died; and I buried her—the minister and I without even a neighbor to help. When we came out of it I owed the landlord, the grocer, the butcher, the doctor, the druggist, the undertaker. I had not been to the office for six weeks, for it was up to me to cook, wash, and nurse Anna and the young ones night and day. My savings were gone. There was not a penny in the house and I was left with four invalids and—bills. I thought I should go crazy.

An advertisement in my morning's newspaper seemed like a message of hope. This is how it read:

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Honest people can secure money through me in a few hours' time; no red tape or delay about it. It cuts no figure to me who you owe or what you are going to do with the money; all you have to do is to prove to me that you are a trustworthy man or woman. Don't injure your credit by giving a chattel mortgage on your household furniture and have it go on public records. If you are being worried by a number of small bills get enough money through me to pay up. Come in and talk it over with me today. JOHN DOE—Broker.

Do you blame me for going? The newspaper was a respectable paper. It had always stood for honesty and reform. I had always believed in it. On entering the little office, I asked for Mr. Doe. That showed right off that I was a greener. All loan offices that I know of are managed by women. The man never appears and the name in the advertisement is not his real name. Most loan sharks use fake names.

The girl with the gray eyes smiled. "Mr. Doe," she said, "is out of town today. Did you come about money?"

I had been wondering how I could begin the subject. The ice once broken, I answered all her questions. She asked me my name—and the names of my wife, my children, my father and my sister, my employer and my former employers, my landlord and my former landlords. I told my salary and the day it was due; and I gave her the names of several men who worked at the office and the addresses of the tradespeople I dealt with. Then I was told to call the next day. What stuck in my memory afterward was not these questions but the smiling way in which the girl had asked: "Did you come about money?"

. . . . . .

That Saturday night I gave my wife ten dollars instead of the usual twelve. "There are only five of us now," I told her, "and we've got to pay off our bills." I did not tell her about the loan company. I did not want to worry her. For fifteen Saturdays I went to that office to pay my five dollars. I never got a receipt. "We don't give them," said Miss Blank.

I soon began to see what a bad bargain I had made. I was paying sixty dollars interest on forty dollars for two months! A bargain was a bargain however. I had made my bed and must lie on it; but this was to be the end. When I had paid this off I was through with loan sharks. Was I through with them? The sixteenth Saturday came round and I didn't have five dollars. I simply couldn't get the money.

I telephoned to Miss Blank:

"I'll have to ask you for an extension. I'm sorry, but the landlord wouldn't wait."

*I Cannot Write Down the Blasphemous Words That Woman Shrieked at Me*

Then the shark showed her teeth. "No, sir'ee," came the answer. "We don't stand for that sort of business. If you don't pay up we'll send a collector to your office."

"But I haven't got the money!" I pleaded. "I haven't got it, I tell you. You'll simply have to wait."

"You've another guess coming," she answered. Then, after a pause, she added sternly: "Why don't you come to the office instead of 'phoning like a coward?"

I did go to the office.

"You've no right to charge such interest!" I protested. "I only borrowed forty dollars. I've paid back seventy-five already. It's usury! I'll see a lawyer."

She laughed.

"You'll cut a pretty figure in court! Suppose we swear we advanced you a hundred! You have no proof. Suppose we swear you've paid nothing back! You've got no receipts. It's not usury, because we don't lend money—we buy wages! Take it to a lawyer."

"Anyhow," I replied, "lawyer or no lawyer, I won't be cheated. I have paid you seventy-five dollars and you'll get the rest when I'm ready."

"Oh, all right," she answered. "We'll attach your wages Monday. If you lose your job don't blame us."

"What do you mean? You promised secrecy!"

"That was for honest men," she answered. "We treat people square who treat us square; but when we catch a scoundrel who wants to get out of an honest bargain we make it hot for him. We make an example of him."

### *How the Usury Piled Up*

THAT was the beginning. There followed a torrent of awful language. I was ashamed at being forced to listen. Suddenly her manner changed.

"Listen, Mr. Luce," she said. "We lenders are not as black as we're painted. And, to prove it, I'll make an exception in your case. Here's my proposition," she went on. "You still owe us twenty-five dollars. I'll lend you forty more. That will clean off the twenty-five and leave you fifteen cash. Christmas is coming and you'll need it."

"Well," I answered, "that seems very square. I'm sorry for what I said. I was worried."

She made out some papers and handed them to me to sign.

"Sixty-five dollars!" I gasped. "I thought you said forty."

"The forty costs you sixty-five. That's our price."

At last I understood. I had been a fool to trust her. Because I did not have five dollars I had to take a new loan and be charged twenty-five for the privilege; but what could I do?

That evening I could not touch a mouthful of food. All through supper I thought and thought, going over in my

*"That's All This Week," I Said*

mind the humiliating experiences of the afternoon. I remembered words and looks that I had not at first noticed. Then, as soon as the dishes were cleared away, I went to the parlor, locked myself in and worked out my account with Miss Blank. This is how it looked on paper:

| | RECEIVED | PAY BACK | MY GAIN |
|---|---|---|---|
| First loan | $40 | $100 | $60 |
| Second loan | 40 | 65 | 25 |
| | | | $85 |

For fifty-five dollars in cash I had paid back seventy-five and still owed sixty-five. Thirteen more weeks, and then—Heaven help me!—I would never go near a money-lender again.

. . . . . .

It seems to me, as I look back on it now, that I was always just about to get clear, when something—usually a little thing—pulled me back. This time it was the grippe. I was in bed a week. There was little enough money in the house, but Miss Blank got what there was. I did not dare put her off. I gave the letter, inclosing the five dollars, to my little girl to mail.

"Who is Miss Blank?" asked my wife that evening.

"It's a woman at the office," I answered. "I had to send her directions." My wife said nothing, but a troubled look came into her eyes.

When I returned to work I was more in debt than ever. There was no hope for it. I looked in my newspaper for the name of a new money-lender, scanning the four columns of such advertisements for one that seemed honest. There was no choice.

At last I picked out a company located as far away from the first one as I could find. Again I borrowed forty dollars, promising to pay five dollars a week for fourteen weeks. I had now ten dollars to pay. I worked overtime. I saved. I scrimped. I let the children go about in rags. My home became shabby. Another baby came—and we had to move into a smaller flat.

The more I struggled, the deeper I got in. I was like a man in a quicksand. Soon I went to a third lender; then to a fourth; then to a fifth.

A year rolled round and Christmas came. I shall never forget my walk home that Christmas Eve. I had only five dollars in my pocket. Out of my week's wages I had paid sixteen dollars to money-lenders.

As I came into the room, Anna wished me a "Merry Christmas!" It suddenly came to me that she had grown old during this last year. Did she suspect?

I laid the five dollars on the kitchen table.

"That's all this week," I said. My voice was gruff, though God knows I did not wish it to be.

### *Deeper and Deeper*

"We'll make it do somehow," she answered. Then, looking at me wistfully: "No little presents for the babies?"

"No."

I did not speak harshly that time; but she began to cry. A great pity swept over me. It was she who was bearing the burden. I longed to take her in my arms and explain; but I could not. I could not tell any one.

"I'll not take supper tonight," I said; and again the harsh tone crept into my voice.

All that night I sat alone in the dark, planning. I found myself staring at nothing, thinking out foolish schemes that I had thought of a hundred times before. I had been with the money-lenders fifteen months. I had borrowed forty dollars and had got other sums—perhaps a hundred dollars in all. I had paid back four hundred or five hundred dollars—I did not know which. I still owed three hundred. Would it go on forever? Should I always slave and scrape and borrow to pay? Was there no escape?

. . . . . .

For three years more I struggled. Again and again I borrowed to pay. I hated the weary round of weekly visits to half a dozen offices. I hated the elevators that took me up; I hated the green carpet in Miss Blank's room, and the blue-and-yellow rug in Miss Ward's; I hated the women that I saw—but I feared them even more than I hated them.

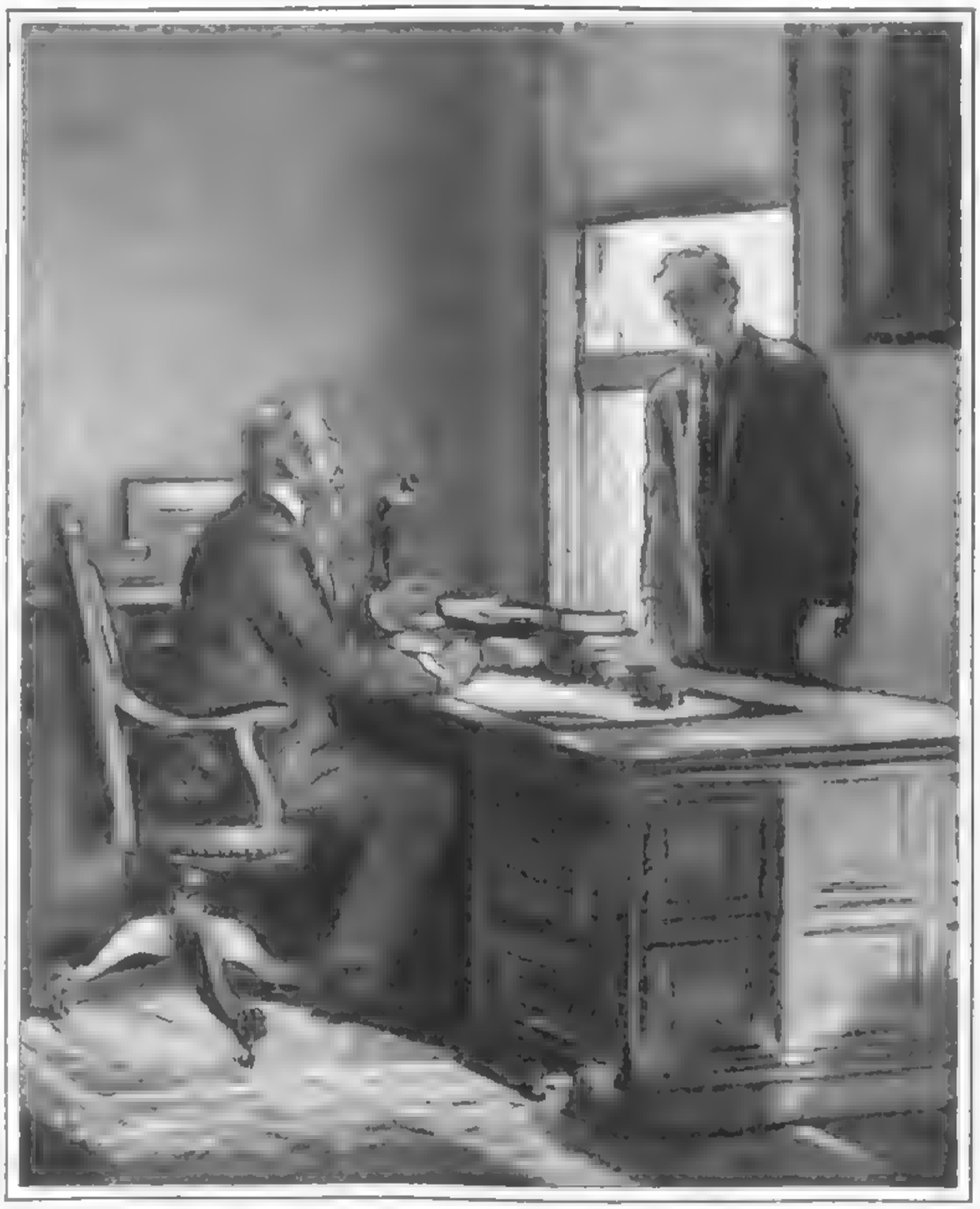
During those years not a Saturday afternoon passed that I did not go from office to office paying my notes. Every hour of the day—on the walk to my work, in the office over my ledger, at lunch with my comrades—I thought, thought, thought of how I could gather together the money I had to have by Saturday. My work suffered. My health gave way. I could not eat. I could not sleep. I could not think when I was with others. I could not think when I was alone.

I soon learned there was no pity to the shark. Only one of the women ever treated me kindly. She drove a hard bargain; but once she let me run three weeks and did not charge me extra. She was a hard woman, with a sharp tongue; but I am grateful to her.

I had always tried to keep the collectors from the office by borrowing to pay; but one day I could not pay. They threatened to send a "bawler-out" on Monday. And still I could not pay.

All that Monday I thought with dread of the woman who was to come; but, as hour after hour passed, I picked up hope. For once the shark had relented! Then, as it drew near four o'clock, a large, slatternly, painted woman appeared at the railing and in a bellowing voice asked for Mr. Luce. I am sure every eye in the office was turned upon me—but I did not see. My face was deep in my books.

Have you ever thought how the condemned man feels as he walks from his cell to the electric chair? I did not glance aside at the forty faces turned toward me. I did not know whether pity or contempt was in those faces. I thought only of one thing—how to quiet this woman.



*"You've Been a Faithful Employee for Eight Years; But You're a Blamed Fool!"*

Is there anything worse than the cruelty of the shark? I cannot write down the blasphemous words that woman shrieked at me. They would not be printed if I did.

I do not know how long I stood there. It might have been a minute or an hour. All I know is that one of the men—to this day I do not know which—thrust a bill into my hand, which I turned over to the painted woman. I do not remember walking back to my desk, but I do remember the years of waiting before the bell rang for the end of the day's work!

. . . . . .

I had learned my lesson. I had been taught that it was up to me to pay and, if I could not, to borrow to pay—to borrow on any terms. I knew now that the men at the office knew; but I did not speak of it and they did not speak of it. The boss did not know. I could hold my place as long as the boss did not know.

"What is the use?" I sometimes asked myself. Here I was working year after year, not for my wife and the dear little children but for the loan shark. Would it not be better to throw up my job and find another? But what good would that do? They would attach my wages in the new job. They would send a "bawler-out" to the new office. I had heard of a promising young clerk in a department store who left his job to escape a shark, and got a new place under another name; but the shark put his tracers at work and the man was found and discharged. Four times he changed his name; four times he got a new place, and—four times the shark found him! At last he left for Cuba; but even there the shark followed him. A file was placed against his wages; the man was dismissed again. And that was the last of him!

. . . . . .

I thought I had seen the worst of the shark, but I was mistaken. In the last year of my slavery I went to a new company. Again the same questions, the same promise of secrecy, the same woman manager—polite, businesslike, but with cruelty in her eyes. Only one thing was different—to evade the laws in the state in which they did business this company had become the agents of a firm in another state. When you signed the papers, which they never let you see—and what would have been the use anyway?—you were really giving them the right to sign your name to any papers in that state.

To this firm I went every Saturday, put my five dollars in an envelope and mailed it to this other company. If my letter was delayed even a single day a company—called a collection company, though it was one and the same firm—sent me a protest, and I had to pay the five dollars and a dollar and a half extra. They were always running in new charges on you. Once I forgot to put a stamp on the letter. That cost me a dollar and a half. Often, I am sure, they received the money on time, but wanted the extra dollar and a half. I had no proof. I had no receipts. I had no rights. When I complained to the usual woman manager—she shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know anything about it," she said. "We sell your notes and have no control over them."

### *Gouged Again*

Again and again I got protests from this company and had to pay six dollars and a half instead of five. Then, two years ago, my little baby died. I wrote to the company, telling them of the expense it would put me to, and begging an extension of a week. There was no answer; but when I came to work on Monday there was the protest lying on the table!

To meet this payment of six dollars and a half I had to make a new loan. That is the hellish part of it—to pay one you must borrow from a second; to pay a second you must borrow from a third. Again I went to my newspaper and picked out a new money-lender.

It was a modest little office, with no carpet on the floor and much dingier than those I had been used to. The manager was busy, so I waited my turn. A young girl cashier was seated at a high desk, and near the window stood a young, light-haired fellow—he looked like a carpenter. His blunt fingers nervously drummed on the panel. His eyes wandered from the church across the street to the closed door of the inner office. There was a haggard look on his face and his lips moved tremblingly. Suddenly the door of the inner office opened and a big, black-bearded man with huge, gnarled hands stumbled out.

The man in the office sprang forward. "Don't, Jack!" he cried. He put his arm round his friend and led him to the outer door; and, even as he did so, I saw the big fellow break down and begin to sob. As I turned, sick at heart, a dark-eyed little woman stood before me, a smile upon her lips.

*(Concluded on Page 60)*

# The Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Slap

## By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

AT NINE o'clock in the evening of February second, a tall, spare figure of a woman whose face was heavily veiled stalked into the vaulted and domed waiting room of the New Terminal Station.

This woman carried in her hand a small leather bag apparently brand-new and also apparently the object of her nervous concern. The brass lock on the bag was sealed by a piece of steel wire, the two ends of which were fastened by a lozenge of pressed lead.

The woman, having seated herself on one of the benches, felt the leather sides of the neat receptacle several times, as if she either wished to be sure that its contents were still intact or, not knowing what was in the bag, desired to determine what it contained.

The hour was not a busy one for the great station, but nevertheless people of all types came and went continually, some strolling lazily about as if time were passing painfully, others waiting as if to meet the other half of an appointment; and occasionally some brisk click-clack of running feet spoke of haste. Large railroad stations at all hours are places of both panting and sighs; in this one at the moment there was also the sound of a cleaner's broom and the rattle of dish-washing reverberating from far away in the restaurant. Occasionally, too, there came the faint roar from the streets and with it the tail ends of drafts of the cold night outside.

With one of these drafts arrived a spare and sinewy young man who put forth a good first appearance in his dress, but who, a close observer would have remarked, was clothed for summer rather than for winter. He blew upon his cold, red fingers and, without showing any interest in his surroundings, slouched into a corner of a bench opposite the woman, stared up at the haze that seemed to sway in the station's dome, and, stretching his arms, yawned audibly.

No one—least of all, perhaps, the woman—would have suspected this bored newcomer of having any interest in anything particular in the whole waiting room. Yet when the telephonic contrivance on the wall had announced "Train 49, local to the north, on track 32," he must have noticed the almost imperceptible start in the woman's angular body. He arose, yawned again, went to the ticket office and smiled through the polished brass grating at the half-automaton, half-human who frowned there.

"Does 49 go as far as the capital?" he asked out of the side of his mouth.

"Last stop," sang the man. "Two eighty-five one way."

"I'll try anything once," the young man said, pushing his hat back on his head. "That's me! Here's the kale."

As he walked across the waiting room toward the big elevators he did not seem to be watching the woman with the locked and sealed bag, who walked before him; he even stopped to buy some chewing gum and a newspaper, as if he did not care very much whether he lost sight of her or not, and he even felt his chin to see whether he was in fit condition to make himself attractive to the feminine world. Yet it was a fact that he had first seen this particular woman and her mysterious bag long before she had reached the station. He had followed her, sticking closely to her trail. And, following, he had sensed a night of good luck.

He was delighted to find that fortune stayed by him; the woman had not bought parlor-car accommodations. Therefore he could sit in a seat behind her and across the aisle, read up and down the sporting page with one eye, and with the other watch her every movement and reflect on and enjoy his catlike pursuit of quarry without any additional expense that might in the end be thrown away to no purpose. From his place of vantage, like a shadow that falls behind rather than before, he was in no danger of being observed; yet when the conductor had come through and tucked the woman's ticket into the binding on the top of a plush seat he could see that his surmise that the woman was going to the last stop had been correct.

"Is it Blackmail, Eh?"

"I have luck with women," he said to himself, smiling at a newspaper cut of a beautiful dancer who had just declared for anti-vivisection. "Especially when I'm alone with 'em," he added, looking about as if to count the five or six other passengers in the car.

Though almost empty this interior was warm—so comfortably and sleepily warm that, after a day spent in the cold wind, he wished that his business there did not make it necessary for him to sit up straight and resist the soporific effect of the rocking of the coach on its springs and the hum and click of the wheels on their tracks.

The woman and her actions had begun to be an interesting study. With timid, covert motions she had drawn the fascinating sealed bag into her lap and again was feeling of its bright new leather sides. Once, without lifting her veil, she looked about as if she felt eyes fixed upon her, but all she saw of the observer was a widespread sheet of want advertisements, and she returned to her strange occupation of turning the bag round and round, studying its contour, testing its weight, inspecting its seams, trying to pry open a corner of its mouth to achieve a peek through a narrow crack. Whether or not she was doubtful of the safety of that which the bag contained, or was suffering from curiosity, doubly sharp because that of a woman, the young man could not determine. He found himself, none the less, as eager as she to have a single look within the leather receptacle. The leaden seal was not a usual decoration for a commonplace bag carrying a change of clothes and a bottle of tooth-powder; small, new traveling bags were not ordinarily the objects of so much care or curiosity.

This reflection passed many times through the mind of the shrewd, crafty-faced young man, without leading to any firm conclusion as to the nature of what was hidden within the mysterious satchel. He wished that he might for once see the woman's countenance so that he could tell whether any emotion was written upon it, and perhaps read from an expression of fear or one of guilt an indication of what he desired to know.

It was several minutes before she took from her purse a small jackknife and, believing herself unwatched, deliberately began to rip the stitches in one of the bag's corners. She worked with care, as if she planned to sew up the opening again and avoid detection when once her object had been satisfied.

"She dresses pretty plain," said the watcher to himself. "I wish I could see her face."

It was not necessary, however, to see her expression to know, when she had made the aperture and had peeked into it with one eye, that she had been shocked by what she had seen.

She dropped the bag as if it were red-hot. Her body stiffened. For several minutes she sat staring vacantly ahead of her, apparently trying to realize the truth of some awful thing upon which her peeking vision had rested.

"I'd like to see her face!" whispered the other to himself again. His palms felt the digging pressure of his nails. "I wonder what she saw. I'll see this to the finish anyway!"

The train rocked along. The woman folded her gloved hands and thrust them forward on her knees, as one of her sex does when in distress of mind. She seemed to be fighting a battle with her judgment. Once she lifted the bag and looked within once more as if to be sure her eyes had not deceived her. Again she uttered a soft exclamation and then leaned back to stare at the ceiling of the car. At last she sat up and buttoned her raincoat. It gave the impression that she had made a decision.

This impression was verified when at the first stop a brakeman opened the door and bawled through the rush of cold air and smoke that he allowed to enter, "Foxburg! Foxburg!"

The woman arose at once.

"She ain't going up the state," exclaimed her shadower under his breath. "I'll take a chance on this."

He, too, got up and, brazenly whistling a popular melody, slouched after the woman and found himself on the platform of the station, waiting to see what action she would take next.

Foxburg, as all know, is a smoky but prosperous manufacturing place not ten miles from the metropolis. Its hotels have not yet outgrown the custom of sending a bus and clamorous porters to the trains.

"Imperial Hotel, ma'am," called a hotel runner up.

For a moment she appeared undecided; then, clasping the bag tightly, she stepped into the bus.

"What sort of a shack have you got?" asked the young man in a loud voice.

"It's all right. If I said it wasn't I'd lose my job," said the Imperial representative. "Step in."

"I'll try anything once," the young man answered. He had spoken with such well-simulated doubt that he had successfully concealed his desire to ride in that particular conveyance with its single feminine passenger. "Drive on. It's beginning to snow."

The hotel was not far from the station. The woman, without lifting her veil, registered first. Her writing was not preceded by the slightest hesitancy and the man behind her believed she had inscribed her own name.

"Miss Mary Inness," read the clerk. "Front! Room 42. See if those gas-fitters have cleaned up in the bath."

"Ice water," said Miss Inness in a sweet but firm voice. "And are there telephones in the rooms?"

"No," answered the clerk. "You'll have to come down and use that booth over by the cigar-case for long distance."

"Room 42," said the young man to himself, still slouching in the background.

"Just the night?" asked the clerk after Miss Inness left.

"Yep," answered the other.

"Front! 31. Two dollars, please."

"You win," replied the guest, tossing over a bill. "What about fire-escapes?"

"There's one just outside your window, my friend," answered the clerk, sticking the pen into the potato.

The newcomer, who nodded, waited for the elevator, sharpening a match with a jackknife. He still whistled the popular melody. When he had reached his room and the boy had closed the door after him he quickly slipped off his shoes, kicked them under the bed, drew a little leather pouch filled with fine lead shot—which is commonly called a life-preserver or blackjack or persuader from his coat pocket, and, opening a hairwide crack in his door, listened for sounds in the hall.

He did not have to wait long. After one hundred and twenty seconds, during which he puffed on a cigarette, his ears caught the sound of a door down the corridor. He heard the lock turned from the outside and the rustle of a woman's dress going toward the stairs.

"She wants to telephone," he breathed softly. "I'm lucky with women!"

A moment later he had crept down the hall as stealthily as a feline. The corridor was dimly lighted. He felt the raised numbers on a door or two until he was sure he had come to the right one.

It did not yield to a cautious manipulation of its knob. He tried without result a key of his own that he carried as a convenience and that is known as a skeleton. Trained in quick observation and action, he glanced above him, saw a half-closed transom, looked up and down the hall, then, placing his fingers on the dusty ledge, drew himself up and peered through the opening.

The room was lighted. The girl's raincoat hung over a chair. Two hatpins stuck up in the pincushion on the bureau. The bag was not visible.

Few men are as graceful in their motions as this one in reaching for the ledge, first with one stockinged foot and then with one knee, and drawing himself through the frame of the transom. Indeed the easy, noiseless invasion of this chamber was so well executed that even the man himself, standing on the floor inside, congratulated himself on the perfection of the performance that had been accomplished without disturbing the adjustable glass window or the rod that fastened it in place.

He knew, however, that every watch-tick counted. He surveyed the room and noted five possible hiding-places for the bag—under the bed or bedding, in or under a bureau drawer, on top of the old-fashioned wardrobe, behind the tarnished radiator or in the closet. When he had finished his whirlwind search the closet door stood open, some of the bureau drawers were resting on the floor, the bedding was thrown in a heap against the baseboard and he himself had just stepped into the bathroom.

The bag itself was sitting there on the washstand! A piece of gaspipe left by the fitters was beside it. It suggested that the woman had thought of it as a possible weapon.

There was no time for an inspection of the bag's contents by peeking. He thrust his fingers through the opening that the woman had made and found them in contact with a folded piece of paper. This he drew forth.

The bathroom was dark; he had brought no matches. Something was written on this sheet. With quick motions he returned to the light of the chandelier in the chamber.

The paper was a plain sheet, bearing on its face these typewritten words:

A woman will hand you this. Didn't dare to send agent number 3, fear of being watched. There is thirty thousand here, all bills from Boston bank and can't be traced. Ten thousand to Gloomy for upstate votes. Five to Happy for his crowd. They are acting together. Fifteen to double up after rollcall nay votes on House Bill 42,110. Depend on you not let city reps know what farmers got per vote.

"It's the anti-gambling bill!" exclaimed the intruder, being somewhat more familiar with the legislation than most citizens. "Thirty thousand! And goes to vote tomorrow afternoon. Mary, whoever she is, is going to play the double-cross on the gang. No wonder she threw a fit when she seen what was in the bag. I certainly have luck with women!"

He dropped the sheet on the towel that served as a cover for the marble-topped table. As if echoing its soft rustle there came a slight sound from the door. Some one had inserted a key.

The man's first instinct, as it would have been had he been invading a private home in the nighttime, was to put out the lights. Here in a hotel, however, it would probably mean a scream or shout, followed by many pairs of running feet and no hope of escape. His second instinct was to draw the life-preserver from his back pocket and deal the person at the door a sleep-inducing blow from behind as he or she entered. It was too late! His third instinct was to slide down on to the floor and wriggle under the bed. But the disordered room would be enough to discover his presence! His fourth inspiration was a good one. The woman, who was probably now at the door, intended to misappropriate thirty thousand dollars of a corruption fund. Had she meant to deliver the bag as directed she would now be on the train on the way to the capital. The money was now hers. She and he were in the same difficulty. Both were thieves. He lit a cigarette, and, sitting down in the wicker rocking-chair, crossed his legs. The door opened. The woman stepped in.

"Don't scream, Mary," said the man almost nonchalantly. "Perhaps you and I can fix this up between us."

He had an opportunity to study her unveiled countenance in the moment that followed his words. He had expected her to show her emotions in a change of expression, but was astounded to see how quickly she recovered from her astonishment and how little she disclosed of fear.

She was thirty-two, perhaps, tall and not unattractively angular, and, though her face was marked as if by routine office work of some kind and appeared tired, she was not lacking in a certain reminiscence of beauty. She had gray eyes. Her hair was parted severely in the middle, as if to indicate that she was some sort of a feminine sacrifice dedicated to the machinery of the business world.

"Come in and shut the door," cajoled the man. "I'm not in love with you. And you aren't going to call help to get me into trouble, because that would mean trouble for you. We're in the same fix. Come in!"

He was playing a dangerous game. He knew it. He pointed to the paper on the table to indicate he had read it. With the greatest satisfaction he saw her close the door after her.

"Who are you?" she asked in a tense whisper.

"My name's Paymaster," he replied good-naturedly. "I bet on a horse by that name once and won a pot of money. I'm going to tell you the truth. I'm a crook."

Miss Inness gathered herself.

"You interest me," she said.

Paymaster smiled with admiration.

"I have no specialty," he went on; "I do the thing that comes along. That's why the police haven't got me classed. I'd have had your thirty thousand if you hadn't come back at the wrong time, but even then I usually have luck with women. I've got a proposition. After all, it's your wit against mine—ain't it?"

"I suppose so," replied the woman coldly.

"You were sent up by somebody, probably a lawyer, with this here bag of vote-getters. Here is a piece of typewriting that goes with it. It looks as if the man wouldn't trust to dictation and rapped this out himself. But he knows that typewriting can be traced to the machine that did it. I know it can and so do the police. With this paper you've got the man who sent this dough and the whole gang, too, right by the throat. They can't holler for their money back or they'd call the district attorney."

"I realized that," said Miss Inness, leaning against the foot of the bed. "But I suggest you do not talk so loud."

*He Received the Impression That the Stenographer Was Laughing at Him*

"Right-o," said Paymaster. "Well, now, I've come into this. The worst thing you've got on me is that I'm in your room, being as I climbed over the transom. But I've got something worse on you. You started off with the thirty. And we've both got something worse yet on your boss. He sent the money and wrote the letter. How do we divide?"

Mary Inness smiled, with a trace of sadness.

"You don't quite understand," she said quietly. "You see, I've just telephoned Mr. Valingworth, who employs me, that I am here. He is on his way by automobile now. He asked for a conference. That changes the thing somewhat, doesn't it?"

Paymaster's face indicated by a little flush of anxiety and fear that it did.

"Who are you anyway?" he said, leaning forward.

"I'm the woman with whom you say you are going to have luck. There is no reason for concealing what you can find out. I'm a stenographer. I'm the personal stenographer and secretary and recipient of abuse of Mr. Colon D. Valingworth, of Valingworth & Dowse, Pine Street. I've had the position for fifteen years. I am not exactly a thief. I have the thirty thousand dollars, to be sure, but I intend to give it to the Clinton Home for Women. It will be better there than in the legislature. I made up my mind to that when I had confirmed my suspicions on the train. I'm not a fool. Mr. V. had no one else he could trust as he did me. He believed I'd carry out any orders faithfully, like a piece of machinery with nothing human in it. He told me to go to a hotel up there in the capital and at eight tomorrow to put the bag outside room 89 and rap twice on the door and go away. But I am human after all. So the money goes to the Clinton Home unless Mr. V., when he comes, is willing to win back the thirty thousand dollars by fulfilling a certain condition."

"What?" asked the astonished Paymaster. "What condition? Unless what?"

"Unless Mr. V. allows me to tell him how I came to him a fresh and hopeful girl, fifteen years ago, tender of heart and spirit, and how he has played upon my necessity to earn a living to keep me working year after year and giving two dollars of labor for every dollar he paid me. And unless he allows me to tell him how he has taken advantage of my necessity to live by swearing at me, abusing me, bullying me, and of how in his pleasanter moods he has preached all the woman in me out of me by his cynical talk and his poking fun at all that's good and beautiful. He's squeezed me dry! I've been a cringing, spiritless machine. And now he wants to use me in this dirty, dirty business, as if he owned my soul. And I won't give him back the money, unless ——"

"You're joking!" he exclaimed.

"I said unless ——" she answered firmly.

"Unless ——?" Paymaster repeated.

"Unless he lets me slap his face!"

The thief sat silent a moment. Then he laughed and snorted.

*(Continued on Page 45)*

*The Man Ahead Did Not Hear Any Sound Other Than the Wail of the Wind*

# Drama a League From Broadway

## By IRVIN S. COBB

THERE were lately given at a theater in New York, on a Saturday, a matinée and a night performance of a new play by a new author. The theater, which was brand-new, had a seating capacity of about eighteen hundred and fifty. There had been no considerable advance sale, since the play itself had its first performance only a night or two before. Yet, long before the rise of the curtain in the afternoon, and again in the evening, the building was crowded until it could not hold another person without violation of the law. The man in the box office was under instructions from the management to keep account of those who came after the capacity had been exhausted; but these disappointed patrons came so fast and in such numbers that he speedily abandoned his attempt to keep the record with a pencil and a sheet of paper. He sat alongside his empty ticket-rack with a ticket-clip in his hand and for every person who passed his wicket he made a punch-mark in a long strip of cardboard. The tally showed that nearly six thousand applicants had been turned away.

If this had happened on Broadway in the so-called theatrical zone there would have been long stories in the next morning's papers about it. It would have furnished material for conversation up and down Broadway for a fortnight. It would have been a nine days' wonder of the theatrical district. Properly advertised and exploited—as it would have been—it might have stretched into a nine months' wonder. It happened, however, three miles or more from Forty-second Street, in the midriff of the East Side; and to the best of the writer's knowledge and belief it has never been mentioned in a single English-speaking newspaper of New York or any other city.

The theater in question stands at Second Avenue and Second Street. There are tall tenements all round it and elevated lines passing it—one a block to the east, the other a block to the west. Behind it are forests of clothespoles laden with frankly fluttering garments of red and blue and white, like the flag-dressed masts of domestic arks. It is as handsome a theater and as well-appointed and ornate as almost any of the newer theaters along Broadway; yet few persons along Broadway ever heard of it. It is called Kessler's Theater, and the plays that are seen there are all written in Yiddish or translated into Yiddish by Yiddish playwrights, and are interpreted by actors who speak Yiddish to audiences that understand it. The manager rarely or never advertises in the big New York newspapers, and for his patronage he depends upon a clientèle living entirely outside the districts from which New York theater audiences are supposed to be drawn.

### The Playwright of the Cloak Trade

THE name of this play that created such a furor was The Reigning Slaves—signifying women who rule and yet are ruled. One day last August, as he tells the story to me, the man who is part owner and manager and chief star was just leaving the building—then unfinished—in an automobile for his summer home on one of the beaches near the city. A young Russian Jew, shabby and thin, and in no way different from any number of other young Russian Jews in that same neighborhood, hurried across the sidewalk to the curb and, hailing Kessler, told him he had a play he wanted him to read. It is not highly probable that a Broadway manager could have been successfully approached in the same fashion, but on the East Side they seem to have a way of doing these things differently. Kessler gave the eager stranger the address of his cottage and told him to come there at noon of the following day.

At noon of the following day he was there, still shabby and more nervous than ever, with a roll of manuscript in his hands. In a bathing suit, sitting in the shadow of a pier, Kessler listened while the youth walked up and down, reading his play, oblivious of other bathers who were looking on curiously. By the time he finished reading the first act Kessler had heard enough.

"I will take your play," he said, "and produce it as soon as I can get my theater finished and my company into rehearsals. How many other plays have you written?"

"I never wrote any before this one," said the overjoyed author.

"What is your business?" asked Kessler.

"I am a designer by cloaks," said the other, meaning that he modeled garments in a loft factory somewhere.

This is not a press-agent yarn. I am reliably informed that it happened substantially as I have told it here. The young cloak-designer dramatist—his name is Jacob Jacobson—speaks little or no English; and when he wrote The Reigning Slaves he had probably never seen the inside of an English-speaking theater. He knew no actors or

PHOTO BY MORRIS SELLIN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*Jacob Adler and His Little Daughter Who Plays the Juvenile Roles in His Productions*

writers, and he knew nothing of the thing called stage technic except what he could gather from the far side of the footlights. Working ten hours a day in a sweatshop, he went at night to one or another of the Yiddish theaters, watching the performances from the cheapest seats in the top balcony. Sundays and holidays and at odd moments he wrote his play. It dealt with the life of the people he knew; the scenes were laid in a tenement in Norfolk Street, within ten minutes' walk of the theater; his hero was a motorman of the Third Avenue carline, out of work; and his heavy man was a sweatshop operator who, becoming prosperous, had moved uptown—out of the Ghetto. The motorman's wife, who had once been the sweetheart of the clothing manufacturer, was the axis of the play—and about her its action revolved. Naturally all the characters in the play were East Side Jews—immigrants or native-born; it is probable that among all the author's acquaintances there was not one who was not a Jew.

Jacob Jacobson was so overjoyed to find a manager who would produce his first brain-child that he offered to turn the play over to Kessler without a cent being paid down. To see and hear his lines spoken would be reward enough for him, he said; but Kessler cannily paid him the customary binder on the spot and got his signature to a contract for all his output for three consecutive years. The Reigning Slaves was played for the first time in the middle of last fall. As in the case of a new play by an unknown author, the audience was not overly large and it was overly critical—as all East Side audiences are said to be. Next day, though, the East Side read the criticisms of the piece that were printed in the Yiddish newspapers—and that night the East Side was storming Kessler's.

The writer saw an act of The Reigning Slaves. Knowing no Yiddish, he was yet able to follow the action closely. Any person with eyes to see could have followed it. It seemed a great big play with a great big story to it, acted with realism and repression by a capable company. The house was packed to the doors by an audience that alternately laughed aloud and wept aloud—not weeping with the restrained and decorous emotion of a fashionable audience, but with full-voiced sobbing and sometimes with ejaculations. In the front row of gallery seats sat, side by side, an old bearded Jew—he looked like a pushcart pedler—and an old Jewish woman with the wig of the orthodox over her own hair and a shawl about her shoulders; and both of them were crying until the tears streamed down their wrinkled old faces. About them were well-dressed young Jews of the second generation, also weeping when they did not laugh or applaud. The applause seemed to be directed not so much at the climaxes and the big scenes as at certain well-turned passages of speech or quick shifts of reasoning occurring in the quieter moments of the act. This I was told is a characteristic of these audiences—their best approval is for the line and for the thought that is behind the line rather than for the palpable stage business.

The Reigning Slaves will be played at frequent intervals all this winter or until the acute interest in it begins to abate. Thereafter it will be played occasionally for years to come; and people who have seen it will go back again and again and again to see it, this also being a point wherein Second Avenue differs most radically from Broadway. Yiddish plays which were written ten or fifteen years ago, and which have been played hundreds—perhaps thousands—of times in this same locality, will be played this week and next week, and every week thereafter during the season, with the certainty of large audiences and appreciative ones to see them.

Jacobson's success, though notable, is not unprecedented in the great American Ghetto. There have been plenty of others who came up as he has come up. Jacob Gordin, who has been called the father of the Yiddish drama in America, which means the world, was past forty when he wrote his first play. He wrote about thirty others before he died, many of them treating of the Jew in his new life in America as contrasted with his old life in Europe, and all or nearly all were successes. It is safe to assume that the East Side will still be applauding some of Gordin's plays twenty years hence.

### The Upgrowth of the Yiddish Drama

THAT section of old New York of which the Bowery is the middle and the main thoroughfare has always been somehow a forcing-bed for the production of actors and acting. It is the crucible into which all the races are poured to be fused into the conglomerate mass of New World life and to work out their several destinies. The first influx of immigration which provided what you may call the original settlers of the East Side brought mainly Irish and German stocks. Years later came the floods from Eastern and Northern Europe and from Latin Europe—Italians, Roumanians, Russians, Hungarians—but, most of all, Jews. Today the biggest Jewish community on earth is to be found in the lower East Side, with outcropping colonies in Brooklyn, in the Bronx and in upper Harlem. There are, roughly speaking, a million people in what is known as the East Side of New York, and of these million probably eighty per cent are Jews and speak Yiddish.

Years and years ago the leading theaters of New York were along the Bowery, and in them the reigning stars of past generations—the Booths and the Barretts and all the rest—played. With their passing came burlesque houses and variety houses—early nurseries for modern vaudeville these last were. Amateur night, that institution whereby unknown beginners might display talent or the lack of it before audiences that were at once the most appreciative and the most hostile, originated on the Bowery; and so out of the East Side there trickled a steady stream of actors and actresses, mainly of the comedy type, who were destined to become fixtures of the larger theatrical world. Weber and Fields, Lillian Russell, Blanche Walsh, Sam Bernard, Joe Welch and twenty others who might be listed sprang out of this environment. They were of Irish and German parentage mainly, as was to be expected, and a good many of the Germans were Hebrews.

Eventually the cheap vaudeville houses killed off the variety theater, and the moving-picture show came and took the places of the dime museum and the melodrama house. The older theaters that had made the Bowery blaze with light were torn down to make way for business houses, or else they degenerated into shabby moving-picture places. There were some notable exceptions, to be sure; I am speaking of the run of them. Except for vaudeville performers the East Side ceased almost altogether to give to the stage at large any notable recruits. This altered condition might be said to date back seven or eight years, though it is hard, in a district that has changed so fast, and into which one overlapping tide of immigration after another has poured like surf upon a shore, to fix with any degree of definiteness the time of transition.

While this was going on, however, another thing developed. On the East Side, now practically populated by Jewish peoples from Eastern and Southern Europe, a new school of drama was growing up—the Yiddish school, forcing, producing, creating, imitating, bringing to life a school of actors, a school of dramatists, a school of criticism, a class of patrons; yes, even evolving a language, since Yiddish, originally a jargon of Hebrew, Polish and Russian words based on a German foundation, was made more flexible and better adapted to the environment by the

addition of English words and of Americanisms—slang, some of it; vernacular, much of it; but all of it graphic and expressive and forcible.

So long ago as twenty-five years, small itinerant bands of strollers, Russian Jews, were giving plays in Russian and Yiddish in makeshift theaters and at assembly halls in the lower East Side where their fellow countrymen and co-religionists were already colonizing; but the active, formulative period of this new drama dates back, as well informed East Siders tell me, not more than twelve years or fifteen years at the outside. Though its real history is spanned in that short stretch, the Yiddish drama caters today to the largest resident clientèle in America. There are more strictly Yiddish theaters in New York, within a space a mile long and half a mile wide, than there are in all the rest of the world put together. In proportion to the invested risks, more money is being made by the owners and managers of Yiddish theaters than any other owners and managers in this country make, except in certain isolated and extraordinary instances. And some who are qualified to judge declare that the best acting to be seen today in America may be seen in these Yiddish theaters of the East Side, and with the most keenly alive and alert audiences looking on.

Yet, so far as New York is concerned—and that means the country at large—Broadway and Forty-second Street is the geographical center of the dramatic output of this continent. There are about five million people in Greater New York, and of these it is safe to say four million know the Yiddish drama only by the vaguest of hearsay. This applies even to a considerable proportion of Americans of Jewish antecedents. Occasionally, when a Bertha Kalisch or an Alla Nazimova is drafted out of some East Side theater to make a sensation on Broadway, the mind of the populace is directed in a moment to that close-packed, swarming jungle of tenements stretching along the lower eastern shore of Manhattan Island, and people have been known to express wonder that an actress of such merit ever came to be playing anywhere except on Broadway in the first instance. A good many readers of the English-speaking newspapers know there is somewhere in that unknown and hiving district an actor named Adler, whose Shylock has been commended, and that a man named Gordin once turned out a tremendous number of plays in an alien tongue down there somewhere—a general wave of the arm to the eastward and southward; but with this knowledge the four million rest content. The remaining one million feed the Yiddish drama and are fed by it.

### *The Business Methods of the Yiddish Theater*

THIS million of people is a polyglot mass representing almost every main division and every small principality of Europe; but in the Yiddish they find a language they all can speak, and in the Yiddish drama they are finding, it would appear, a form of education that has the most direct of appeals for a highly organized, highly emotional, sentimental and poetic race. Be that as it may, they accord to this new drama a support that would, everything considered, be an abiding marvel to the managers of Broadway houses—if they only knew about it; but they don't know. Between uptown and downtown there is a thick curtain of mutual indifference and mutual ignorance, through which few pass or beyond which few care to peer.

On the East Side, properly speaking, there is now just one theater of large size where English is spoken exclusively. It is a burlesque house. In the district, in addition to hundreds of minor amusement places—moving-picture shows and Yiddish vaudeville shows mainly—there are four Yiddish theaters of the first importance. They are: Adler's Theater, on the Bowery, which is the oldest and best known; David Kessler's, which is the newest and largest; Boris Thomashefsky's People's Theater, and Madame Lipzin's Theater—the smallest, but one of the best and known simply as Lipzin's. These four have a joint seating capacity of about six thousand. Each one of them is open every night in the week, Sunday included, with matinées on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday afternoon—or a total of nine performances for each theater week; and, speaking by and large, each theater is crowded at each performance.

*Alla Nazimova*

Here, though, is a condition which probably obtains nowhere else. For the four nights of the week listed as the poorest for theatrical purposes—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—the manager sells his house outright for a lump sum—say, four hundred dollars—to one of the benevolent societies or lodges that are so bewilderingly numerous on the East Side. For that money he provides a house staff and a company, light, heat and attendants. The members of the lodge take over all the tickets and peddle them out among their friends for what they can get, usually an advance over the house price; they also select the bill for the evening, generally a popular Yiddish comedy which has already been played hundreds of times, or an operetta full of bright and splashy music. This arrangement provides a certain income sufficient to pay the running expenses of the theater and it leaves the producing manager free, during the remaining five performances in the week, to mount his new plays and to play in them himself, which is something he does not do on the four so-called benefit nights unless he is specially paid for it. It likewise makes him in a measure independent of the popular whim; so that, with an assured exchequer behind him, he can do and often does do what no Broadway manager would dare to do, and that is to force the run of a play which is not popular among his patrons because of his own belief in its intellectual or artistic value. In the main, however, he may safely count upon good business right along.

For the regular performances the scale of prices runs from one dollar for the best seats to twenty-five cents for the poorest, with box seats selling at two dollars each, or about half of what a Broadway theater gets. Yet, when the difference in worldly wealth of the contrasting audiences is taken into consideration, it is apparent that the East Side audience is infinitely more generous in its support than the Broadway audience is. A dollar for a seat probably means five times as much to an East Side artisan or shopkeeper as two dollars means to the type which furnishes the backbone of support for Broadway theaters. Yet there is never any complaint of the price if the piece and the players are deemed to be worthy.

"In my own experience," said the critic of one of the leading Yiddish papers to me when I was getting material for this article, "I have known not one case, but dozens of cases, where an underpaid, underfed sweatshop worker has stinted himself of food all week, saving his pennies one at a time in order, on Saturday, to be able to go to the theater and see for perhaps the tenth time a play which appeals to him as worth while. The avid hunger of our people for education manifests itself no less in the theater than in the public schools and in the free colleges. They want to learn and they will learn, even at the cost of ragged garments and famished stomachs; and this insatiable demand has molded our drama into certain uplifting forms by the sheer outward pressure of its weight. That is why our new Yiddish drama, though crude in spots and finished in spots, is always growing and always expanding."

For the dramatic season of 1910-1911 each of the big Yiddish theaters closed its books with a really impressive amount on the profit side of the ledger. After paying all expenses, including a big salary to the manager and good salaries to the players, the stock company of East Side business men which owns and controls one of these theaters had for division at the end of the year nearly seventy thousand dollars in clear dividends, or a sum equal to about thirty per cent on the actual investment. I wonder what big, pretentious uptown theater did as well!

The Yiddish drama of the East Side is circumscribed by limitations that do not apply anywhere else in this country or, indeed, in any country. The star system is invariably in vogue; the producing manager is always the leading performer in his own pieces. Moreover, every actor in the troupe, big or little, with the exception of the star, belongs to a closely organized labor union. The theatrical critics of the East Side newspapers complain that this thing militates against uniform excellence

*Mme. K. Lipzin as "The Orphan"*

in a supporting cast, since the producer may not hire his performers where he pleases, but must secure them through the union and must take what the union pleases to send him, paying never less than a specified minimum wage scale. Moreover, without the union's consent, he cannot discharge a member of his company, no matter how incompetent or unwilling the member may seem to be. Trade-unionism, however, is the breath in the nostrils of the Ghetto industrial system; it, more than any other one thing or all other things combined, has given a measure of independence to the work-people in the crowded labor fields of the East Side. And even if, as the critics claim, art suffers sometimes, the actors' union will probably be as powerful for years to come as it is today.

Finally, as an added offset to the abilities and the ambitions of the company, there is the paucity of the mechanical and scenic equipment which has come to be so essential a factor of the stage among English-speaking Americans. With the exception of Kessler's, the Yiddish theaters are old-time theaters, still provided with the meager stage properties that satisfied an audience twenty years ago. Oftentimes the stage-setting is almost Elizabethan in its simplicity—one crumbly and dauby back drop serves indifferently for a mansion and a tenement interior; and the same old set of stage properties is lugged out time after time until every battered piece becomes as familiar to the audience as to the actors. Even Kessler's stage has, rising from its center like a misshapen wooden toadstool, the prompter's box that is a legacy from Old World drama of a bygone century; and the actors must keep behind it, often stepping over it when the action of the piece requires rapid movement. And yet, among such limitations these actors are able to give to their work a fire and a force that often lift an audience off its feet and sweep it like a storm. It is drama in the making, but drama that is striding forward with the league-long steps of a giant.

### *The Belasco of the East Side*

HOWEVER, in the matter of investiture, there has lately been considerable and notable improvement. There is manifest a general effort to present more adequately the unities of the drama in lighting and scenery and stage equipment. Curiously enough, it was Thomashefsky, who long catered most steadily to the popular fancy of the Ghetto, that took the lead in this direction. His followers are beginning to call him the Belasco of the East Side; and the critics and scholars there take this as a hopeful sign, saying that, with the coming of proper stage mountings, the actors will not have to pile on the contrasts in such heavy colors in order to create by their individual skill the illusion that is lacking from the physical surroundings.

Just as the East Side has its own drama differing from any other, so it has its own school of dramatists and its own school of criticism. Jacob Gordin has been dead and gone several years; but those who followed in his footsteps have followed literally, finding in his plays models for theirs, even though none of them has yet been able to approach his work in its literary excellence. Gordin nearly always undertook to compare the patriarchal system of Jewish family life of the Old World with the freer family life of the younger generations; and he did it with a deftness and a sympathy and an understanding that made his name and his works live after him. Originally exiled from Russia because of his ethical teachings, which had resulted in the founding of a new religion of which he was the leader, with over a million followers, in his years of activity as a dramatist he continued to bear his ethical message to his people—only changing its form.

Attached to the staff of each Yiddish theater is at least one dramatist who, in addition to furnishing original plays, also acts as translator and adapter of plays in other languages. Among these may be listed Libin, Kobrin, Shomer, Zolotarefsky, and the newest recruit of all, Jacob Jacobson, the designer of cloaks who wrote the season's biggest success. Each of these men counts upon turning out at least one play of his own a year—comedy, tragedy

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# WORK AND PLAY

## By Brander Matthews

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

BEFORE Matthew Arnold paid his first visit to the United States he published a paper about America in which he made the very natural mistake of assuming substantial identity of characteristics between the Americans and the British. Here in the United States we speak the English language; we have inherited English literature; we have retained the English law; and we cherish the ancient ideals of the English stock—but our social organization is no longer feudal; we have no hereditary aristocracy; and we have no native proletariat. From our lack of an upper class and of a lower class—in the British sense—Arnold came to the conclusion that the American people as a whole must resemble the British middle class. After he had visited the United States he saw reason to modify his opinion, which every American had at once recognized as absurd.

The British middle class is what it is partly because of the survival of the feudal organization, and partly because of the pressure of the upper class down and of the lower class up. This feudal organization is acceptable to the majority of the British people—at least we may assume this, since they could alter it at will. In the United States, however, there never has been any feudal organization, and to us such a thing is simply unthinkable. As Mr. Howells once put it, with his pithy common-sense, the British upper class looks down and the British lower class looks up; whereas, even if any self-styled upper class in America might look down, there is no self-confessed lower class here to look up.

### *What is a Gentleman?*

IN NOTHING is the difference between the British and the Americans more sharply shown than in their respective attitudes toward work. This is illustrated by the retort of the American girl to the Englishman who complained that there were so few gentlemen in the United States. "What do you call a gentleman?" she asked, and he explained that a gentleman was a man who did not work. "Oh," she returned at once, "we have them in America—but we call them tramps!" And it is a fact that we are inclined to consider any man a loafer if he does not work, no matter whether he is a poverty-stricken dependent or the inheritor of an immense fortune. And this attitude of ours is obviously one of the reasons why the idle descendants of rich parents are so often tempted to reside abroad, especially in the British Islands, where they can find other wealthy idlers to play with and where they do not feel the pressure of any public opinion mutely protesting against their willingness to contribute nothing to the public welfare.

The British attitude is illustrated in an anecdote told by the late Colonel Higginson about an American trained nurse who went into a shop in Edinburgh to get a raincoat. Those which were shown to her were rather expensive and she explained to the shopman that she could not afford them as she had to work for her living. The shopman went back to the office of the proprietor. "There's a young person looking at raincoats and they are too dear. She says she's not a lady and she wants something cheaper!" And that happened in Scotland, where the feudal organization might be supposed to be modified, partly by the clan system and partly by the habitual willingness of the Scot himself to work with his hands as well as with his head. Possibly the Scotsman who thus denied that any woman who worked could be a lady had been contaminated by the London trippers whom he was in the habit of serving.

It cannot be denied, of course, first, that certain kinds of labor are exhausting and, second, that any excessive labor is demoralizing. Nor can it be denied that we all enjoy an occasional relief from regular work. Here, indeed, is where we are prone to make our mistake. We are inclined to argue that, as we enjoy the intermissions between the intervals of labor, we should enjoy still more the absolute freedom from all obligation to work; but we all know this is not true, and that the enjoyment of the intermissions is in reality due to the relief from the regular duties that have preceded this cessation from toil. One day's rest in the week, or even two, may be delightful; but seven days of idleness soon become intolerable. Because we find pleasure from time to time in not working, we are not to assume that to double the intervals would double our pleasure and that to abolish all labor would bestow upon us unlimited delight.

As a matter of fact, experience teaches us that pleasure is closely allied to work—indeed, that the highest pleasure is probably inherent in the work itself, in the task done for its own sake, for the sheer joy of the doing, for the exhilaration inherent in a good job well done. Stevenson found his deepest delight in writing, and he expressed his wonder that he should be paid for what it had given him so much pleasure to do. And Kipling voiced the same opinion in his forecast of the millennium of the artist, when he said:

*And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;*
*And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;*
*But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,*
*Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.*

"Each for the joy of working"—that puts the matter in a nutshell. And it helps us to see that the highest form of pleasure comes from the work itself, even if the next highest may come from the necessary intervals between periods of work. Certainly the lowest form of pleasure is that wholly detached from work—pleasure sought for its own sake and as a relief from idleness. That man is happiest who has a job that he loves, that he can do in a fashion fairly satisfactory to himself, and that provides him with a living wage. It does not matter very much what the job is—lofty or humble—so long as it is not altogether uncongenial. And even uncongenial labor can be elevated by the temper in which it is undertaken. When a maid-servant, after a series of revival meetings in her town, was asked how she knew that she had religion she answered: "Because I sweep under the mats now." She had discovered the great secret—that all work is honorable if we honor ourselves in doing it.

The idea that there is anything unworthy in manual labor is not only feudal but also false in itself; and it is absolutely un-American. Franklin was a journeyman printer and Lincoln was a flatboatman. Whittier made slippers as Thoreau made pencils; and Emerson helped himself through Harvard by waiting at table and by serving as the president's messenger boy.

*When Adam dolve, and Eve span,*
*Who was then the gentleman?*

In fact, most of the men who have been prominent in public life in the United States have been ready to turn their hands to any honest task, whether manual labor or not. Of the Revolutionary worthies Washington was almost the only one who was by birth and by breeding a gentleman in the narrow British limitation of the word; and in his strenuous youth Washington served as a surveyor, whose work is but little removed from manual labor. This British limitation of the word does not preclude a gentleman from going into the church or the public service, into the army or the navy, or from practicing at the bar or even from art and literature; but it does debar him not only from manual labor but also from trade—except, oddly enough, from the highly lucrative businesses of banking and brewing. So many brewers have been ennobled of late that a cynical wit once proposed to call the House of Lords the "Beerage."

### *Frequenters of Satan's Employment Office*

THE acceptance of the theory that a gentleman should not work—except in a few restricted callings—has condemned thousands of the British to lives of unprofitable idleness. It has deprived them of the joy of actual labor. It has driven them to seek an empty substitute in so-called sport. It has made them willing to be supported by the labor of others, dead or alive. It has reduced them to the condition of social parasites, mere cumberers of the soil, performing no function useful to society, rendering no service for their board and lodging. What is true of Great Britain is true also of all the other nations where the same feudal ideal obtains; and the members of the aristocracy in France, for example, are victims of a similar foolish and false view of life. An aristocracy comes into being only in consequence of its leadership—that is to say, as a reward for honorable service to the country; and when its members withdraw and refuse to do their share of the work of the world they are really traitors to their ancestors. We can see signs that a simular class is in progress of creation now in the United States, opposed as it is to all our traditions.

The lives of these social parasites, whether in Europe or America, are pitifully empty. They are forbidden to have any fun, since they are debarred from the only true source of pleasure. They are sentenced to noxious desuetude—most noxious to themselves, of course, but injurious also to others. They have nothing to do but to try vainly to amuse themselves. Men who go in search of pleasure never find the object of their quest; they have to come back emptyhanded, and in time their souls are likely to be as void as their hands are vacant. They are the most unfortunate of God's creatures, since they are under the curse of idleness. Even when they are well-meaning they are likely to be corrupted, "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"; and it is in this class that the flagrant scandals that disfigure our newspapers most often occur. *(Continued on Page 37)*

# THE LIGHTED WAY

## By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XVI

ARNOLD for a moment or two felt himself incapable of speech or movement. Fenella was hanging a dead weight upon his arm. The eyes of both of them were riveted upon the hand that stretched into the room.

"There is some one under the couch!" Fenella faltered at last.

He took a step forward.

"Wait," he begged "or perhaps you had better go away. I will see who it is."

He moved toward the couch. She strove to hold him back.

"Arnold," she cried hoarsely, "this is no business of yours! You had better leave me! Groves is here, and the servants. Slip away now while you have the chance."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Why, Fenella," he exclaimed, "how can you suggest such a thing! Besides," he added, "Groves saw me climb in at the window. He was with me outside."

Fenella wrung her hands.

"I forgot!" she moaned. "Don't move the sofa while I am looking!"

There was a knock at the door. They both turned round. It was Groves' voice speaking. He had returned to the house and was waiting outside.

"Can I come in, madam?"

Fenella moved slowly toward the door and admitted him. Then Arnold, setting his teeth, rolled back the couch. A man was lying there stretched at full length. His face was colorless except for a great blue bruise near his temple. Arnold stared at him for a moment with horrified eyes.

"Good Lord!" he muttered.

There was a brief silence. Fenella looked at Arnold.

"You know him!"

Arnold's first attempt at speech failed. When the words came they sounded choked. There was a horrible dry feeling in his throat.

"It is the man who looked in at the window that night!" he whispered. "I saw him only a few hours ago. It is the same man!"

Fenella came slowly to his side. She leaned over his shoulder.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

Her tone was cold and unnatural. Her paroxysm of fear seemed to have passed.

"I don't know," Arnold answered. "Let Groves telephone for a doctor."

The man half turned away, yet hesitated. Fenella fell on her knees and bent over the prostrate body.

"He is not dead," she declared. "Groves, tell me exactly who is in the house."

"There is no one here at all, madam," the man answered, "except the servants, and they are all in the other wing. We have had no callers whatever this evening."

"And Mr. Weatherley?"

"Mr. Weatherley arrived home about seven o'clock," Groves replied, "dined early and went to bed immediately afterward. He complained of a headache and looked very unwell."

Fenella rose slowly to her feet. She looked from Arnold to the prostrate figure upon the carpet.

"Who has done this?" she asked, pointing downward.

"It may have been an accident," Arnold suggested.

"An accident!" she repeated. "What was he doing in my sitting room? Besides, he could not have crept underneath the couch of his own accord."

"Do you know who he is?" Arnold asked.

"Why should I know?" Fenella demanded.

Arnold hesitated before replying.

"You remember the night of my first visit here the face at the window?"

She nodded. Arnold pointed downward to the outstretched hand.

"That is the man," he declared. "He is wearing the same ring—the red signet ring. I saw it upon his hand the night you and I were in this room alone together and he was watching the house. I saw it again through the window of the swing-doors on the hand of the man who killed Rosario. What does it mean, Fenella?"

"I do not know," she faltered.

"You must have some idea," he persisted, "as to who he is. You seemed to expect his coming that night. You would not let me give an alarm or send for the police. It was the same man who killed Rosario."

She shook her head.

"I do not believe that," she declared.

"If it was not the same man," Arnold continued, "it was at least some one who was wearing the same ring. Tell me the truth, Fenella."

She turned her head. Groves had come once more within hearing.

"I know nothing," she replied hardly. "Groves, go and knock at the door of your master's room," she added. "Ask him to put on his dressing gown and come down at once. Mr. Chetwode, come with me into the library while I telephone for the doctor."

Arnold hesitated for a moment.

"Don't you think that I had better stay by him?" he suggested.

She shook her head.

"I will not be left alone," she replied. "I told you on the way here that I was afraid. All night I knew that something would happen."

They made their way to the front of the house and into the library. Mrs. Weatherley turned up the electric lights and fetched a telephone-book. Arnold rang up the number she showed him.

"What about the police station?" he asked, turning toward her with the receiver still in his hand. "Oughtn't I to send for some one?"

"Not yet," she replied. "We are not supposed to know. The man may have come upon some business. Let us wait and see what the doctor says."

He laid down the receiver. She had thrown herself into an easy-chair and with a little impulsive gesture she held out one hand toward him.

"Poor Arnold!" she murmured. "I am afraid that this is all very bewildering to you, and your life was so peaceful until a week ago."

He held her fingers tightly. Notwithstanding the shadows under her eyes and the gleam of terror that still lingered there Fenella was beautiful.

"I don't care about that," he answered. "I don't care about anything except that I should like to understand a little more clearly what it all means. I hate mysteries. I don't see why you can't tell me. I am your friend. If it is necessary for me to say nothing I shall say nothing, but I hate the thoughts that come to me sometimes. Tell me why that man should have been haunting your house the other evening. What did he want? And tonight—what made him break into your room?"

She sighed.

"If it were only as simple as all that," she answered, "oh, I should tell you so willingly! But it is not. There is so much that I do not understand myself."

He leaned a little closer toward her. The silence of the room and the house was unbroken.

"The man will die!" he said. "Who do you believe could have struck him that blow in your room?"

"I do not know," she answered; "indeed I do not."

"You heard what Groves said," Arnold continued. "There is no one in the house except the servants."

"That man was here," she answered. "Why not others? Listen."

There was the sound of shuffling footsteps in the hall. Mrs. Weatherley held up her finger cautiously.

"Be very careful before Mr. Weatherley," she begged. "It is an ordinary burglary this—no more."

The door was opened. Mr. Weatherley, in hasty and most unbecoming dishabille, bustled in. His scanty gray hair was sticking out in patches all over his head. He seemed, as yet, scarcely awake. With one hand he clutched at the dressing gown, the girdle of which was trailing behind him.

"What is the meaning of this, Fenella?" he demanded. "Why am I fetched from my room in this manner? You, Chetwode? What are you doing here?"

"I have brought Mrs. Weatherley home, sir," Arnold answered. "We noticed a light in her room and we made a discovery there. It looks as though there has been an attempted burglary within the last hour or so."

"Which room?" Mr. Weatherley asked. "Which room? Is anything missing?"

"Nothing, fortunately," Arnold replied. "The man, by some means or other, seems to have been hurt."

"Where is he?" Mr. Weatherley demanded.

"In my boudoir," Fenella replied. "We will all go. I have telephoned for a doctor."

"A doctor? What for?" Mr. Weatherley inquired.

"The burglar, if he is a burglar," she explained gently. "Don't you understand that all we found was a man lying in the center of the room? He has had a fall of some sort."

"God bless my soul!" Mr. Weatherley said. "Well, come along, let's have a look at him."

They trooped down the passage. Groves, who was waiting for them outside, opened the door. Mr. Weatherley, who was first, looked all round the apartment.

"Where is this man?" he demanded. "Where is he?"

Arnold, who followed, was stricken speechless. Fenella gave a little cry. The couch had been wheeled back to its place: The body of the man had disappeared!

"Where is the burglar?" Mr. Weatherley repeated irritably. "Was there ever any one here? Who in the name of mischief left that window open?"

The window through which Arnold had entered the room was now wide open. They hurried toward it. Outside all was darkness. There was no sound of footsteps, no sign of any person about. Mr. Weatherley was distinctly annoyed.

"I should have thought you would have had more sense, Chetwode," he said testily. "You found a burglar here, and instead of securing him properly you send up to me and go ringing up for doctors, and in the mean time the man calmly slips off through the window."

Arnold made no reply. Mr. Weatherley's words seemed to come from a long way off. He was looking at Fenella.

"The man was dead!" he muttered.

She, too, was white, but she shook her head.

"We thought so," she answered. "We were wrong."

Mr. Weatherley led the way to the front door.

"As the dead man seems to have cleared off," he said, "without taking very much with him, I suggest that we go to bed. Groves had better ring up the doctor and stop him if he can; if not he must explain that he was sent for in error. Good night, Chetwode!" he added pointedly.

Arnold scarcely remembered his farewells. He passed out into the street and stood for several moments upon the pavement. He looked back at the house.

"The man was dead or dying!" he muttered to himself. "What does it all mean?"

He walked slowly away. There was a policeman on the other side of the road, taxicabs and carriages coming and going. He passed the gate of Pelham Lodge and looked back toward the window of the sitting room. Within five minutes the man must have left that room by the window. That he could have left it unaided, even if alive, was impossible. Yet there was not anything in the avenue or thereabouts to denote that anything unusual had occurred. He was on the point of turning away when a sudden thought struck him. He reëntered the gate softly and walked up the drive. Arrived at within a few feet of the window he paused and turned to the right. A narrow path led him into a shrubbery. A few more yards and he reached a wire fence. Stepping across it, he found himself in the next garden. Here he paused for a moment and listened. The house before which he stood was smaller than Pelham Lodge and woefully out of repair. The grass on the lawn was long and dank—even the board containing the notice "To Let" had fallen flat and lay amidst it as in a jungle. The paths were choked with weeds, the windows were black and curtainless. He made his way to the back of the house and suddenly stopped short. This was a night of adventures indeed! On a level with the ground the windows of one of the back rooms were boarded up. Through the chinks he could distinctly see gleams of light. Standing there, holding his breath, he could even hear the murmur of voices. There were men there—several of them, to judge by the sound. He drew nearer and nearer until he found a chink through which he could see. Then for the first time he hesitated. It was not his affair, this. There were mysteries connected with Pelham Lodge and its occupants that were surely no concern of his. Why interfere? Danger might come of it—danger and other troubles. Fenella would have told him if she had wished him to know. She herself must have some idea as to the reason of this attempt upon her house. Why not slip away quietly and forget it? It was at least the most prudent course. Then, as he hesitated, the memory of Sabatini's words so recently spoken came into his mind. Almost he could see him leaning back in his chair with the faint smile upon his thin lips. "You have not the spirit for adventure!" Arnold hesitated then no longer. Choosing every footstep carefully, he crept to the window until he could press his face close to the chink through which the light gleamed out into the garden.

### XVII

TO SEE into the room at all, Arnold had been compelled to step down from the grass on to a narrow, tiled path about half a yard wide, which led to the back door. Standing on this and peering through the chink in the boards, he gained at last a view of the interior of the house. From the first he had entered upon this search with a certain presentiment. He looked into the room and shivered. It was apparently the kitchen, and was unfurnished save for half a dozen rickety chairs and a deal table in the middle of the room. Upon this was stretched the motionless body of a man. There were three others in the room. One, who appeared to have some knowledge of medicine, had taken off his coat and was listening with his ear against the senseless man's heart. A brandy bottle stood upon the table. They had evidently been doing what they could to restore him to consciousness. Terrible though the sight was, Arnold found something else in that little room to kindle his emotion. Two of the men were unknown to him—dark-complexioned, ordinary people—but the third he recognized with a start. It was Isaac who stood there, a little aloof, waiting somberly for what his companion's verdict might be.

Apparently after a time they gave up all hope of the still motionless man. They talked together, glancing now and then toward his body. The window was open at the top and Arnold could sometimes hear a word. With great difficulty he gathered that they were proposing to remove him and that they were taking the back way. Presently he saw them lift the body down and wrap it in an overcoat. Then Arnold stole away across the lawn toward a gate in the wall. It was locked, but it was easy for him to climb over. He had barely done so when he saw the three men come out of the back of the house, carrying their wounded comrade. He waited till he was sure they were coming and then looked round for a hiding-place. He was now in a sort of lane, ending in a cul-de-sac at the back of Mr. Weatherley's house. There were gardens on one side, parallel with the one through which he had just passed, and opposite were stables, motor sheds and tool houses. He slipped a little way down the lane and concealed himself behind a load of wood. About forty yards away was a street for which he imagined that they would probably make. He held his breath and waited.

In a few minutes he saw the door in the wall open. One of the men slipped out and looked up and down. He apparently signaled that the coast was clear, and soon the others followed him. They came down the lane, walking very slowly—a weird and uncanny little procession. Arnold caught a glimpse of them as they passed. The two larger men were supporting their fallen companion between them, each with an arm under his armpit, so that the fact that he was really being carried was barely noticeable. Isaac came behind, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, a cloth cap drawn over his features. So they went on to the end of the lane. As soon as they had reached it Arnold followed them swiftly. When he gained the street they were about twenty yards to the right, looking round them. It was a fairly populous neighborhood, with a row of villas on the other side of the road and a few shops lower down. They stood there, having carefully chosen a place remote from the gas-lamps, until at last a taxicab came crawling by. They hailed it, and Isaac engaged the driver's attention apparently with some complicated direction, while the others lifted their burden into the taxicab. One man got in with him. Isaac and the other, with ordinary good nights, strode away. The taxicab turned round and headed westward. Arnold, with a long breath, watched them all disappear. Then he, too, turned homeward.

It was almost midnight when Arnold was shown once more into the presence of Sabatini. Sabatini, in a black velvet smoking jacket, was lying upon a sofa in his library, with a recently published edition *de luxe* of Alfred de Musset's poems upon his knee. He looked up with some surprise at Arnold's entrance.

"Why, it is my strenuous young friend again!" he declared. "Have you brought me a message from Fenella?"

Arnold shook his head.

"She does not know that I have come."

"You have brought me some news on your own account then?"

"I have brought you some news," Arnold admitted.

Sabatini looked at him critically.

"You look terrified," he remarked. "What have you been doing? Help yourself to a drink. You'll find everything on the sideboard there."

Arnold laid down his hat and mixed himself a whisky and soda. He drank it off before he spoke.

"Count Sabatini," he said, turning round, "I suppose you are used to all this excitement. A man's life or death is little to you. I have never seen a dead man before tonight. It has upset me."

"Naturally, naturally," Sabatini said tolerantly. "I remember the first man I killed—it was in a fair fight, too, but it sickened me. But what have you been doing, my young friend, to see dead men? Have you, too, been joining the army of plunderers?"

Arnold shook his head.

"I took your sister home," he announced. "We found a light in her sitting room and the door locked. I got in through the window."

"This is most interesting," Sabatini declared, carefully marking the place in his book and laying it aside. "What did you find there?"

"A dead man," Arnold answered—"a murdered man!"

"You are joking!" Sabatini protested.

"He had been struck on the forehead," Arnold continued, "and dragged half under the couch. Only his arm was visible at first. We had to move the couch to discover him."

"Do you know who he was?" Sabatini asked.

"No one had any idea," Arnold answered. "I think that I was the only one who had ever seen him before. The night I dined at Mr. Weatherley's for the first time and met you I was with Mrs. Weatherley in her room, and I saw that man steal up to the window as though he were going to break in."

"This is most interesting," Sabatini declared. "Evidently a dangerous customer. But you say that you found him dead. Who killed him?"

"There was no one there who could say," Arnold declared. "There were no servants in that part of the house, there had been no visitors, and Mr. Weatherley had been in bed since half past nine. We telephoned for a doctor and we fetched Mr. Weatherley out of bed. Then a strange thing happened. We took Mr. Weatherley to the room which we had left for less than five minutes, and there was no one there. The man had been carried away."

"Really," Sabatini protested, "your story gets more interesting every moment. Don't tell me that this is the end?"

"It is not," Arnold replied. "It seemed then as though there were nothing more to be done. Evidently he had either been only stunned and had got up and left the room by the window, or he had accomplices who had fetched him away. Mr. Weatherley was very annoyed with us and we had to make excuses to the doctor. Then I left."

"Well?" Sabatini said. "You left. You didn't come straight here?"

Arnold shook his head.

"When I got into the road I could see that there was a policeman on duty on the other side of the way, and quite a number of people moving backward and forward all the time. It seemed impossible that they could have brought him out there if he had been fetched away. Something made me remember what I had noticed on the evening I had dined there, that there was a small empty house next door. I walked back up the drive of Pelham Lodge, turned into the shrubbery, and there I found that there was an easy way into the next garden. I made my way to the back of the house. I saw lights in the kitchen. There were three of his companions there, and the dead man. They were trying to see if they could revive him. I looked through a chink in the boarded window and I saw everything."

"Trying to revive him," Sabatini remarked. "Evidently there was some doubt as to his being dead then?"

"I think they had to come to the conclusion that he was dead," Arnold replied, "for after a time they put on his overcoat and dragged him out by the back entrance, down some mews and into another street. I followed them at a distance. They hailed a taxi. One man got in with him and drove away, the others disappeared. I came here."

Sabatini reached out his hand for a cigarette.

"I have seldom," he declared, "listened to a more interesting episode. You didn't happen to hear the direction given to the driver of the taxicab?"

"I did not."

"You have no idea, I suppose," Sabatini asked with a sudden keen glance, "as to the identity of the man whom you believe to be dead?"

"None whatever," Arnold replied, "except that it was the same man who was watching the house on the night when I dined there. He told me then that he wanted Rosario. There was something evil in his face when he mentioned the name. I saw his hand grasping the window-sill. He was wearing a ring—a signet ring with a blood-red stone."

"This is most engrossing," Sabatini murmured. "A signet ring with a blood-red stone! Wasn't there a ring answering to that description upon the finger of the man who stabbed Rosario?"

"There was," Arnold answered.

Sabatini knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"The coincidence," he remarked, "if it is a coincidence, is a little extraordinary. By-the-by, though, you have as yet given me no explanation as to your visit here. Why do you connect me with this adventure of yours?"

"I do not connect you with it at all," Arnold answered, "yet, for some reason or other, I am sure that your sister knew more about this man and his presence in her sitting room than she cared to confess. When I left there everything was in confusion. I have come to tell you the final result, so far as I know it. You will tell her what you choose. What she knows I suppose you know. I don't ask for your confidence. I have had enough of these horrors. Tooley Street is bad enough, but I think I would rather sit in my office and add up figures all day long than go through another such a night."

Sabatini smiled.

"You are young as yet," he said. "Life and death seem such terrible things to you, such tragedies, such enormous happenings. In youth one loses one's sense of proportion. Life seems so vital, the universe so empty, without one's own personality. Take a pocketful of cigarettes, my dear Mr. Chetwode, and make your way homeward. We shall meet again in a day or two, I dare say, and by that time your little nightmare will not seem so terrible."

"You will let your sister know?" Arnold begged.

"She shall know all that you have told me," Sabatini promised. "I do not say that it will interest her—it may or it may not. In any case I thank you for coming."

Arnold was dismissed with a pleasant nod, and passed out into the streets, now emptying fast. He walked slowly back to his rooms. Already the sense of unwonted excitement was passing. Sabatini's strong, calm personality was like a wonderful antidote. After all it was not his affair. It was possible, indeed, that the man was an ordinary burglar. And yet, if so, what was Isaac doing with him? He glanced in front of him to where the lights of the two great hotels flared up to the sky. Somewhere

just short of them, before the window of her room, Ruth would be sitting watching. He quickened his steps. Perhaps he should find her before he went to bed. Perhaps he might even see Isaac come in!

Big Ben was striking the half hour past midnight as Arnold stood on the top landing of the house at the corner of Adam Street and listened. To the right was his own bare apartment; on the left the rooms where Isaac and Ruth lived. He struck a match and looked into his own apartment. There was a note twisted up for him on his table, scribbled in pencil on a half sheet of paper. He opened it and read:

If you are not too late will you knock at the door and wish me good night? Isaac will be late. Perhaps he will not be home at all.

He stepped back and knocked softly at the opposite door. In a moment or two he heard the sound of Ruth's stick. She opened the door and came out. Her eyes shone through the darkness at him, but her face was white and strained. He shook his head.

"Ruth," he said, "you heard the time? And you promised to go to bed at ten o'clock!"

She smiled.

"Tonight I was afraid," she whispered. "I do not know what it was, but there seemed to be strange voices about everywhere. I was afraid for Isaac and afraid for you."

"My dear girl," he laughed, "what was there to fear for me? I had a very good dinner with a very charming man. Afterward we went to a music hall for a short time; I went back to his rooms, and here I am, just in time to wish you good night. What could the voices have to tell you about that?"

She shook her head.

"Sometimes," she said, "there is danger in the simplest things one does. I don't understand what it is," she went on a little wearily, "but I feel that I am losing you, that you are slipping away, and day by day Isaac gets more mysterious. When he comes home sometimes his face is like the face of a wolf. There is a new desire born in him, and I am afraid. I think that if I am left alone here many more nights like this I shall go mad. Oh, if you could hear those voices! If you could understand the fears that are nameless, how terrible they are!"

Arnold passed his arm round her.

"Come and sit with me in my room for a little time," he said. "I will carry you back presently."

"Dear Arnold!" she whispered. "For a few minutes then—not too long. Tonight I am afraid. I feel that something will happen. Tell me this?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Why should Isaac press me so hard to tell him where you were going tonight? You passed him on the stairs, didn't you?"

Arnold nodded.

"He was with another man," he said with a little shiver. "Did that man come up to his rooms?"

"They both came in together," Ruth said. "They talked in a corner for some time. The man who was with Isaac seemed terrified about something. Then Isaac asked me about you."

"What did you tell him?" Arnold asked.

"I thought it best to know nothing at all," she replied. "I simply said that you were going to have dinner with some of your new friends."

"Does he know who they are?"

Ruth nodded.

"Yes, we have spoken of that together," she admitted. "I had to tell him of your good fortune. He knows how well you have been getting on with Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley. Listen—is that some one coming?"

Within a few feet of them was Isaac. He had come up those five flights of stone steps without making a sound. Even in that first second or two of amazement Arnold noticed that he was wearing canvas shoes with rubber soles. He stood with his long fingers gripping the worn balustrade only two steps below them, and his face was like the face of some snarling animal.

"Ruth," he demanded hoarsely, "what are you doing out here at this time of night—with him?"

Ruth was the least discomposed of the three.

"Isaac," she answered, "Uncle Isaac, I was lonely—lonely and terrified. You left me so strangely and it is so silent up here. I left a little note and asked Arnold, when he came home, to bid me good night. He knocked at my door two minutes ago."

Isaac threw open the door of their apartments.

"Get in," he ordered. "I'll have an end put to it, Ruth. Look at him!" he cried mockingly, pointing to Arnold's evening clothes. "What sort of a friend is that, do you think, for us? He wears the fetters of his class. He is a hanger-on at the tables of our enemies."

"You can abuse me," Arnold replied calmly, "and I shall still believe that I am an honest man. Are you, Isaac?"

Isaac's eyes flashed venom.

"Honesty! What is honesty?" he snarled. "What is it, I ask you? Is the man honest who keeps the laws because he has no call to break them? Is that honesty? Is he a better man than the father who steals to feed his hungry children? Is the one honest and the other a thief? You smug hypocrite!"

Arnold was silent for a moment. It flashed into his mind that here, from the other side, came very nearly the same doctrine that Sabatini had preached to him.

"It is too late to argue with you, Isaac," he said pleasantly. "Besides, I think that you and I are too far apart. But you must leave me Ruth for my little friend. She would be lonely without me and I can do her no harm."

Isaac opened his lips—lips that were set in an ugly sneer; but he met the steady fire of Arnold's eyes and the words he would have spoken remained unsaid.

"Get to your room then," he ordered.

Isaac passed on as though to enter his own apartments. Then suddenly he stopped and listened. There was the sound of a footstep, a heavy, marching footstep, coming along the terrace below. With another expression now upon his face he slunk to the window and peered down. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and Arnold could hear him breathing like a hunted animal. Then they passed and he stood up, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"I have been hurrying," he muttered half apologetically. "We had a crowded meeting. Good night!"

*"Where is the Burglar?" Mr. Weatherley Repeated Irritably. "Was There Ever Any One Here?"*

### XVIII

PRECISELY at half past nine the next morning Mr. Weatherley entered his office in Tooley Street. His appearance gave rise to some comment in the office.

"The governor looks quite himself again," young Tidey remarked, turning round on his stool.

Mr. Jarvis, who was collecting the letters, nodded.

"It's many months since I've heard him come in whistling," he declared.

Arnold, in the outer office, received his chief's morning salutation with some surprise. Mr. Weatherley was certainly, to all appearance, in excellent spirits.

"Glad to see your late hours don't make any difference in the morning, Chetwode," he said pleasantly. "You seem to be seeing quite a good deal of the wife, eh?"

Arnold was almost dumfounded. Any reference to the events of the preceding evening was, for the moment, beyond him. Mr. Weatherley calmly hung up his silk hat, took out the violets from the buttonhole of his overcoat and carried them to his desk.

"Come along, Jarvis," he invited as the latter entered with a rustling heap of correspondence. "We'll sort the letters as quickly as possible this morning. You come on the other side, Chetwode, and catch hold of the ones we keep to deal with together. Those Mr. Jarvis can handle I'll just initial. Let me see—you're sure those bills of lading are in order, Jarvis?"

Mr. Jarvis plunged into a few particulars, to which his chief listened with keen attention. For half an hour or so they worked without a pause. Mr. Weatherley was quite at his best. His instructions were sage, and his grasp of every detail referred to in the various letters was lucid and complete. When at last Mr. Jarvis left with his pile he did not hesitate to spread the good news. Mr. Weatherley had got over his fit of depression, whatever the

(Continued on Page 53)

# An Old Woman in the Old World

## By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

YOU observe the change in the title of this chapter. When Philip and Peggy started upon their wedding journey through Italy they invited me very cordially to accompany them.

"No," I said. "I shall stay here in Rome with the other relics till I recover some of the peace and composure that belong to such ruins. Then I'll sail and meet you at home by the Christmas fire in the living room."

"But you cannot go alone," objected my niece.

"Ah, yes, I can, Peggy, and with more peace and quietness than I have trotted across seas and over Europe with a militant young suffragette who taxed every bone in my body and every faculty of my mind trying to keep up with her, only to see her abandon her colors in the end for the sake of a romantic formula. I believe I've been the only really faithful woman's woman in this pilgrimage!"

She listened without compunction, smiling roguishly as if she had found something infinitely more pleasant to think about and live for than all the women in the world. A bride is a shameless creature. For the time being she relinquishes her most cherished ideals concerning society and for the reforming of the world, and concentrates her whole attention upon love and its fulfillments, which is, after all, an older duty, more honorable and necessary in society than all the systems of economics and philosophies ever conceived.

Upon this occasion she had the hardihood to present me with that voluminous package of notes she had made upon the women of the Old World "as a souvenir of our travels," she said, as finally as if she had no further interest in them.

It was in the weeks that followed their departure that I settled myself comfortably in Rome and put together and wrote the preceding chapters of this series. And now in a few days I shall sail to meet Peggy and her husband in time to fill their Christmas stockings with beads and bogus antiquities. The work for which we came is finished, although not by Peggy. And it is not so valuable as it would have been if she had kept faith and written these pages herself. But at least the reader has escaped many columns of snaggle-toothed statistics. For Peggy was at one time a firm believer in the census reports of the various countries we visited.

### On the Continental Trains

AND now at the very end, with the garrulousness that may be pardoned a woman of my years, I purpose to set down a few reflections about men and women and things in general, and to exercise the right of age by giving some advice to those American readers who have had the patience to follow me thus far, and who may themselves make a journey sometime into this Old World. Of course you will not take the advice. But I have this consolation: if you do not, and are a person of decent sensibilities, you will regret that you did not. We always do.

The Husband Was Always Pacifying Her

I observed that wherever we saw American women traveling alone or together they were active and always in a good humor. But every time we came upon a husband and wife making the tour by themselves the wife was pettish, exacting and unreasonable, and the husband was always pacifying her, changing his plans to accommodate her whims. Still it is better to travel with your husband if you have got one. The number of unattached, nomadic, maverick American women to be seen gadding about Europe does not produce a happy impression. We do not see them at home, and when we do we are slow to receive them. I reckon that is why so many of them come over here, where getting acquainted is much easier. So, I say, if you have divorced your husband—and that is always the inference over here, where America is chiefly distinguished for its wealth, its lynchings and its easy divorces—and still retain the honorable title of the married woman—"Mistress"—borrow your good old grandmother's wedding ring to wear till you get back home. I was ashamed of the number of Mrs. So-and-So's we saw frisking about, with nothing on their wedding-ring fingers to correspond to the titles.

When a woman is alone she should never go into a compartment in the trains reserved for "women only." She may escape the tobacco smoke, but she is apt to encounter things still more disagreeable. In the first place, you will find that an English woman has already taken the best seat, that she has filled with her "luggage" the whole length of the rack which should be divided among three passengers, that she has stuffed her rugs and wraps round her to keep you from getting too close. And there she sits like an angry old hen trying to hatch addled eggs, glaring at you with every neck feather on end, as much as to say, "I was here first!" And when you stumble over the suitcase she keeps in the aisle she bristles up even more and pecks you with an expression that leaves you black and blue with rage. Then three or four more women get in. As soon as the train starts they loosen their belts and shamelessly pull out the tails of their shirtwaists in order to be perfectly comfortable while they nod and sleep away the journey. If there is a man in the compartment, even the poorest specimen of that great and controlling sex, the English woman will paw her face all day long to keep the cinders and dust off and her complexion looking rosy, and the other women will sit up, spruce and wide awake, even if the journey lasts till twelve o'clock at night. Always choose a compartment where men are or can come. The effect is civilizing upon women. And European men are willing to behave if you are.

Peggy and I heard much, especially from homely old maids, of the dangers from their rudeness; but we had little experience of it. Once in France, where we had some difficulty in determining which station we had to get out at for the customs, a Frenchman came out of the next compartment, volunteered the information, then sat down in front of Peggy, covering her mildly with his fine eyes.

"Young man," I said, when this stare had lasted about ten seconds, "have you told us all we need to know about getting through the next frontier?"

"*Oui, madame.*"

"Well, I am much obliged. Get up now and go back into your own compartment." He went.

And once in Germany a pale, fat young fellow came and stood in the door of our compartment, watching Peggy, who was playing Patience on a vacant seat with a deck of miniature cards. I began to fumble at my bonnet.

"What are you doing?" whispered Peggy, without looking up.

"I'm getting out my hatpins!"

"What for?"

"I am going to stick them into the eyes of this ruffian standing in the door!" The young ruffian immediately withdrew. If you speak American with sufficient force and emphasis any European will understand you and act accordingly. It has a vibrant, moral quality that I miss in other tongues. It is a decided improvement upon the British English, not perhaps in prosaic elegance, but in eloquence, in verve and in idiomatic strength.

You Will Find That an English Woman Has Already Taken the Best Seat

It is young. It has not yet been devastated by the grammarian or toned down to innocuousness by passive-participle women.

I do not think much of the American tourist conversation however. It consists usually of cheap, one-sentence postcard descriptions of museums, art galleries and ruins.

"Have you seen the Abbey?"

"Yes, isn't it grand!"

"Have you been to the Louvre yet?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful!"

"Did you see the Velasquez painting in the old gallery at Madrid?"

"Yes, and I just love his things!" clasping the hands to give foolish emphasis to her paucity of ideas.

Still I am setting down some general rules of conversation, which will at least insure continued companionship.

### How to Behave in the Galleries

FIRST, never say anything original. This is the greatest temptation Americans have to resist. The oldest one of us is younger than the youngest infant born in Great Britain, for example, and we still retain the happy, youthful freshness of observation that belongs to children. We have not developed yet the snarling, conceited culture of being universally critical. With us appreciation is as instinctive as delight in a child at some new sight. That is why Americans prefer to travel in the Old World instead of in their own much more wonderful country—everything has the novelty of immemorial age.

Be especially careful what you say about pictures. Everybody in Europe is secretly mad with us now because we can afford to buy so many of them—and they vent their spite by sneering at our ignorance in such matters. It is best not to say anything about the Old Masters. And whatever you do, do not come back with a rapt, prayer-meeting look upon your face from some gallery, and say that you spent three hours just sitting before such and such a Madonna, "drinking it in!" Only Americans do that. And they do it because they think they are imitating somebody who feels and knows. I did not see a single almond-eyed Virgin Mary picture in Europe that I could not get through staring at in ten minutes. It is my opinion that the old painters owe more to the tones of time and to our imagination than to their own genius. The only thing that engaged my attention for one whole blissful hour was the statue of David in the Borghese Palace Museum at Rome. In this figure the sculptor has memorialized forever the spiritual strength of immortal courage that is in youth. If David had not been a boy, with the clear, passionate faith of a boy in himself and his particular God, he would never have dared risk slinging that stone at Goliath. As long as men live in the world and this one statue exists, they can go back and look at it and understand the miracle of courage and faith as sculptured in that young face, in those young limbs mightily sprung to test the fidelity of God to His people, not merely to prove the skill of David's sling. But, I say, you had best not say such things about this statue in Europe. Comment rather upon the art of the sculptor who brought out every vein, every little gray hollow in the lithe body. And when you see a Louis XV sideboard worth about sixty dollars do not ask why the thing sells for a million francs. They

cannot tell you, and they only think: "Oh, Heaven! these egregious Americans!" In fact we are egregious, impudently so. I saw a whole room that a rich young Texan had bought, carved weather-bourding, pictures and all.

"He said he wanted it for his bathroom!" somebody snickered.

Bless the boy! It will do very well for a bathroom, look quite as proper as some of the old Roman baths look in the museum drawing rooms of European noblemen! Now that there is no tariff to pay on things over a hundred years old that we bring home, it is only a question of time when all the oldest pictures, statues and castles in Europe will be shipped home by us. There is something ruthless in an American when it comes to an antiquity. He just cannot bear to leave one behind him in the "dust of centuries dark and deep" where it belongs. He'll be sure to buy it and exhibit it on Broadway. He is as famished for ancient draperies as a cow in a fresh green pasture is for salt.

*The French Themselves Cannot Use Their Own 'Phones With Any Satisfaction*

But to come back to the art of conversation, which is important unless you are willing to go through Europe like a dumb animal. Much depends upon the nationality of the person with whom you are speaking. If it is an Englishman always discuss the weather. Do not attempt anything else, because this topic is easy, and it is the only touch of Nature that makes him kin to everybody. He never gets tired of it. And the more you know about it the more he will respect you. The next day he will seek you out of his own accord to renew it, which is a sort of triumph, because as a rule an Englishman waits to be spoken to, and when you do address him he is apt to throw up his ghastly monocle and stare at you as if you were an intruding insect. But if at luncheon he remarks that he thinks there will be rain answer that you have just consulted the barometer and do not agree with him. Recall the circumstance of yesterday morning's clouds. Mention a slight variation of the temperature during the night. By this time you have his undivided attention. Keep it. Go on cataloguing the weather day by day backward. Do it passionately, as if the fate of nations lived upon the mist of last Friday morning. By this time he is thrilled to the very center of his being. He has laid down his knife and fork, turned sidewise in his chair, and is regarding you with open admiration.

### *English Respect for Weather-Lore*

ONE evening when the weather had been the subject of long and ardent discussion at a dinner table where Peggy and I happened to be seated between two English women, I lost my patience.

"Yes," I added solemnly, "the weather today reminded me very much of the freshet you had here in August, 1769."

"I beg pardon?" said my lady Briton, regarding me seriously. Peggy kicked me softly under the table, but I was determined to risk seeing how far this mania of the English can be stretched.

"I thought everybody in England remembered how it rained torrents all day, August the twenty-third, in 1769," I answered.

My lady was silent, being too deeply impressed for words at my superior information upon a subject she had introduced herself. The remainder of the time we were in that place she sought me upon every possible occasion, introduced me to her friends, showed me particular and reverent attention.

But, as I have indicated in the first chapter of this series, it is wise to avoid the English socially as much as possible. They have been puffed up and rendered insufferable by that class of Americans whom we call Anglomaniacs, who have flattered and admired them until they have lost every modest, veracious sense of their relative importance in the order of things. Their provincialism persists, not because they do not travel but because they usually travel in the Old World, rarely in our new one. One may, of course, come upon Englishmen who have worked hard, earned their own money, bought their own titles, or received them as a reward for their achievements, who have the manners of gentlemen. But as a rule the courtesy of one of the better class is limited to his own kind. He is not a thorough gentleman, only partially gentle. For this is certain, the real gentleman and gentlewoman are not only courteous to their own kind but to the other kinds. The next foreign missionaries we send out should be well-bred American women to teach manners in England.

Above everything, avoid English slang. It is puerile, lacking in those graphic and virile qualities that characterize American idiomatic speech. When an Englishwoman says "Fancy!" she does not mean anything. It is simply a red and white wool word with which she interrupts conversation. If she ejaculates "How extraordinary!" she does not mean anything either. It is an exaggerated term by which she raises the eyebrows of her dumb mind when she does not know what she ought to say. If she exclaims that the cakes are "jolly," she means, poor thing, that they are made by an English recipe and have currants in them.

There is only one other class to shun, and you should shun them first; if you do not they will shun you. These are certain Americans from Boston, philological aristocrats with catacomb intelligences, who in the dining room of a hotel carry on snuffling, digging discussions after the poor little obscure root of an obsolescent word, while everybody else listens reverently, but no one dares interrupt the conversation unless he can show a Harvard coat-of-arms. I do not know why any American should look for antiquities in the Old World so long as these people exist, unless it is because they are bogus relics in a new and vigorous civilization. Nobody at home knows how funny, how absurdly artificial and out of drawing such people are, unless they could be seen, say, in Rome. Here they are very clannish, and spend their time studying the past that is no longer time at all. They give themselves up to the most exaggerated toadying of the old moose buck archeologist among themselves who has discovered, maybe, the doubtful heel of Achilles, by spending his life digging in decayed places. The only pleasure I had in observing them was in watching how the snorty old fellow snubbed them—snubs which they endured with grimacing delight.

The significance of the points or places or streets from which directions are given to strangers in the famous cities will not be lost upon a close observer. In New York everything you want to see is on Broadway, or so far this way or that way from Broadway. In Berlin you take your bearings from Unter den Linden, which is the great thoroughfare of that city, or else you are told that what you are looking for is so far this side or the other side of such and such a beer garden. In Paris you are always directed from the Bon Marché, or from the Galerie Lafayette, or from the Opéra House. You are supposed to know by instinct where these stores are, also where the Opéra is. In London Westminster Abbey is your pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. You go there first, then turn to the right or to the left. Afterward you always find yourself turned completely round in Piccadilly Circus. But remember this. If an English man or woman tells you it is about five minutes' walk to the place you want to go, take a taxi-cab. He means that it is two miles and a half. This is the only kind of exaggeration of which I found the people there capable.

When all is said I have to admit this—their faults are the faults of bad manners generally. They are truthful and honest to a degree that is beautiful and inspiring. And they are undoubtedly the most sentimental people in the world. I quote this from among the advertisements on the front page of The Times.

. In loving memory of my dear friend called away November 15th, 1910.

"Nearer to Thee, my God, nearer to Thee!"

Just below was another advertisement of a gentleman who had died in 1907! The friends did not sign their names. It was simply a triumphant announcement of the fact that Englishmen remember their dead and want the world to know it.

When you reach Paris do not be alarmed because the police send you a printed form that you must fill out. It will contain the most intimate questions, such as:

"How old are you?"

"Light or dark?"

"Blue eyes or brown?"

"Where were you born?"

"Male or female?"

"What is your occupation?"

This is a kind of Bertillon system they have for keeping up with you and finding out how many times you change your *pension*.

If you decide to keep house there never buy meat from a butcher's shop that has a gilded horse's head over the door. A great many Frenchmen are fond of horseflesh, but as a rule Americans are not. Never pass any one on the stairs. This is very rude. If you are at the bottom wait till the Frenchman comes down. If you are at the top wait till he comes up and passes you. You may use any telephone in Paris, provided you speak your own language. In that case you will be understood if the other person speaks it. But if you attempt French you will not be understood. The French themselves cannot use their own 'phones with any satisfaction. One of them told us that the government had sent committees all over the world, trying to find out what was the trouble with the telephone system in France, which was so defective. No remedy had ever been found. I laughed.

### *In the Land of Politeness*

"BUT, monsieur, it is not the fault of the 'phones at all. No electrified wire has ever been invented with enough electric elasticity to convey your singularly emotional, your passionately dramatic language."

"I had never thought of that!" He went off with a bee in his bonnet, no doubt resolved upon devising a telephone with more temperament.

In England, Germany, France or Italy one may offer a tip to any person who serves the public, and it will be accepted. But it is not always safe to do so in Spain. They have more beggars and more self-respect there than in any other country we visited—and more courtesy. At my time of life such another trip across is not likely, but if I should ever go abroad again I shall go to Spain and stay there. It is the most interesting country in the world and has now the most gentle people in it, though much may happen after it is better advertised to tourists. There is no affectation; the life of it is really pastoral and medieval. One has the feeling of having wandered back into the age of poetry and shepherds when, in the argent twilight, one meets a girl with a herd of goats in the streets of Barcelona. She stops before the door of each customer. All the goats immediately lie down, while she goes in to get the milk measure. Then she comes out, steps among them, looks at each till she finds the one to milk for that place. She pulls the lady up by her ears, squats behind her, reaches one hand through the slender black straddling legs, and proceeds to fill her cup as nonchalantly as if you were not looking at her. And when you come home from the opera, between eleven and twelve, it gives you a queer sense of poetic security to find an old Catalan watchman, in knee-breeches, cap and red sash, standing

*(Concluded on Page 64)*

*He Unlocks It for You and Says: "Adios!"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A° D° 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1912


## Political Boomerangs

A NOTION seems to be floating round New York that the governor of New Jersey has committed some crime of so heinous a nature that right-minded persons are absolved from treating him decently. His application to the Carnegie Foundation for the teacher's pension to which his educational services might well entitle him was dug out of the files and published in an amiable but mistaken belief that it would discredit him. A little later his private letter to a former friend was given currency, with an intention of making trouble at the psychological moment between himself and Mr. Bryan. Both the application and the letter would ordinarily have been considered confidential; and this willingness to injure the governor by sneaking means indicates that in some quarters he is regarded as beyond the pale of respectability.

Governor Wilson's crime, of course, consists in advocating Insurgent or radical political policies. As there is only one important locality where such policies are considered criminal, it will not be difficult to locate the quarter whence any sneaking attack upon him comes. It is well settled in American politics that attacks upon any candidate from that quarter are much more helpful than harmful to his candidacy. We hope it is going to be well settled, also, that dirty politics will always react upon its authors.

## Post-Office Finances

THE Post-Office Department spends decidedly more than any other branch of the Government. Its disbursements are not a great deal less than those of the War and Navy Departments combined; but it is self-sustaining and, as long as receipts equal expenditures, it is immaterial, from the point of view of the national budget, how large the latter may be. Everybody understands that. The line between Government expenses and Government investments, however, is not so generally acknowledged. We have been accused of inconsistency for saying at one time that greater economy should characterize Government expenditures and at another time that the Government should devote large additional sums to certain objects. Bills are now before Congress that would entail heavy disbursements for Federal aid of good roads and improved waterways. Both objects ought to be supported by the Government; but they are permanent, wealth-producing improvements and belong in a quite different category from maintaining navy yards, for example. If the nation can spend three cents in bond interest and save nine cents in haulage costs, it certainly isn't losing anything.

## The Oppressed Press Agent

IN ALL newspaper offices there is an unreasonable prejudice against the press agent and a haunting fear that he will "put something over" on the paper, thereby securing gratis a very valuable amount of advertising for his employer; but newspapers do not bar out the press agent. They take a more sinister vengeance upon him by refusing to print his stuff unless it is about something silly and trivial. If his leading lady should lighten the woes of all Europe and America by inventing a self-hooking dress, the copy would go into the wastebasket. If she should swallow a pint of hair oil it would be printed on the front page with illustrations. If the directors of his railroad raise wages the press agent cannot get in a line about it. If they have a monkey at dinner he can get a whole page in the Sunday edition.

We are satisfied that if press agents were given a fair show their pale and lofty brows would be found glittering in the very first rank of national progress and enlightenment. As it is, the managing editors, figuratively speaking, keep them tied to a garbage can.

## Dividends From Prisoners

WE ARE invited to subscribe to the capital stock of a manufacturing concern, the special attractions of which are thus described in the prospectus:

"The company's factories are located inside prison walls and it has at present eight hundred prisoners under contract in Maine, Illinois and Kentucky. It proposes to double its production by making additional contracts with institutions that are advantageously located. There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. This company pays for its labor fifty-two cents a day a man, while its competitors who employ free labor pay an average of about two dollars a day. The company is supplied, free of rent, with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free light, heat and power. To acquire similar facilities outside would take an investment of approximately one million dollars. . . . These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing."

The company feels sure of paying seven per cent dividends on its preferred stock, and ten per cent on the common stock, which is given away with the preferred as a bonus; "in fact, the company expects its net earnings to be double these dividend requirements."

We agree heartily that these are ideal conditions for manufacturing; but, while the state is selling the labor of these prisoners to fortunate contractors at one-quarter what it is worth, besides furnishing free rent, light, heat and power, the prisoners' wives and children are going hungry in many cases. An arrangement whereby the value of the labor of these prisoners went to buy bread and shoes for their dependents, instead of to pay dividends, would not be so ideal from the manufacturing point of view. Still, it would have something to commend it.

## Parties in Germany

TEN groups, sufficiently numerous and cohesive to be called political parties, were represented in the last Reichstag. There were, besides, seventeen members unattached to any of these groups, representing various shoots, spurs and angles of political opinion in the Fatherland. The Socialists had only fifty-four members out of a total of three hundred and ninety-seven, and at the top of their strength in the preceding Reichstag they had only eighty-one. No party has a majority. The Ministry must always depend upon a combination of three or more parties that are by no means in harmony at all points—a situation that gives a great tactical advantage to a relatively small but consistent and well-led minority group. This condition is even more marked in the British Parliament, where the seventy-six votes of the Irish Nationalists, out of a total membership of six hundred and seventy, are necessary to keep the Liberal Ministry in office.

Under our system of two great parties, political opinion that does not command an outright majority of the whole nation gets virtually no representation. It can vote in Congress, of course, but simply to be outvoted. People in the United States do not hold one of two views any more than people in Germany or the United Kingdom do; but, under the two-party system, one of two views, broadly speaking, must always prevail. Under a democratic and representative scheme a government participated in by four or ten parties will, by and large, reflect public opinion more accurately than one participated in by only two parties. In the former case any considerable minority will, in time, have its day in court.

## As to Wall Street Control

THE National Monetary Commission's banking bill provides that the United States shall be divided into fifteen districts; that the banks in each district which subscribe to the plan shall elect two directors of the National Reserve Association, both directors to be residents of the district, but only one of them to be a banker, the other being chosen to represent the agricultural, industrial or commercial interests of the district; that, in addition, all the banks subscribing to the plan shall elect nine directors at large, no two of them, however, to reside in any one district. Thus, out of thirty-nine elected directors New York could not possibly have more than three, and one of the three must be a business man who is not an officer of any bank or other financial institution. The remaining directors of the National Reserve Association are to be the governor, selected by the President of the United States, two deputy governors, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency—making forty-six directors in all.

The immediate management of the National Reserve Association, subject to the board of directors, will be largely in the hands of an executive committee, consisting of the governor, the two deputy governors, the Comptroller of the Currency and five others to be selected by the directors; but only one of the five can be chosen from any one district. How Wall Street can control an institution organized in this manner is not fully clear to us; but then, we are not numbered among the highly ingenious legal gentlemen who are retained by Wall Street to show it how to get what it wants.

## A Thirsty Continent

THE amiable theory that drinking wine is a fine way to become temperate looks stranger than ever in view of some recent figures on the world's consumption of alcoholic beverages. If drunkenness is really very rare among the southern wine-drinking races, as compared with its shocking prevalence among us, their powers of resistance must be highly developed or else the consumption of alcohol is much more evenly distributed. Against our twenty gallons of beer for each person, for example, France is credited with thirty-nine gallons of wine and over nine gallons of beer, while her consumption of spirits is actually greater than ours by more than a third of a gallon a head. Italy uses thirty-one gallons of wine a head and rather more than half as much spirits as we do.

Like France, Germany, Austria and Hungary exceed us in consumption of spirits. On the other hand, we are only six gallons of beer a head behind Germany—but thirty-five gallons a head behind Belgium and eleven gallons behind England.

## Newspaper Progress

"YET, on the whole, the newspaper has made genuine progress these eight-and-thirty years," said Henry Watterson the other day, speaking of the palmy, long-past, often-mourned days of the "great editors."

If anybody doubts it let him consult the files. The progress isn't in typesetting machines or telephones or multiplied telegraph wires. A generation ago the papers had as much "news" that anybody cared to read as they have now; but they have grown more civilized. Some of the "great editors" were great blackguards. Possibly they were not so "commercialized"; but if there is any increased domination of the counting room it is preferable, on the whole, to the old domination of political party. The latter was much more venomous. The notion that a mere citizen had any rights whatever that the press was bound to respect had hardly appeared. Malignant cruelty to the individual was commoner.

At present, we understand, some newspapers have advanced so far up the shining heights of civilization that a man may refuse to divulge news to them from motives which he deems honorable, and still not fear that they will take the first possible opportunity to overwhelm him with public ridicule or disgrace. The newspapers are better because they are kinder. We would willingly spare many "great editors" for that.

## An Imaginary Fire

THE vaults of the Equitable Building, in New York, contained pieces of paper worth a billion dollars or more; and when the structure burned there was doubt as to whether the papers had been destroyed. In other vaults on the patch of land between the City Hall and the Battery are other pieces of paper, bound in account books or unbound, worth probably a dozen billion dollars. Please imagine—if you are in a genial mood—that they were all suddenly destroyed.

The actual wealth of the United States, of course, would remain exactly what it was before. The railroads, factories, mines and so on, ownership in which was represented by these bits of paper, would suffer no loss in value or earning power any more than the productivity of a farm is diminished by burning the title deed; but what a wild scurry there would be among individuals to reëstablish their ownership in the wealth! In comparison, the historic fights between Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman to see which should own Northern Pacific, or between Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belmont for possession of the Subway, would seem like the strife of babbling infants over a rattle.

How would it ever be settled—if a few tons of paper in the form of stock certificates, bonds, notes and books of account, the whole intrinsically worth only a few thousand dollars, were suddenly destroyed? Perhaps there would be a grand court of equity, and every claimant to ownership in the country's actual wealth would be asked to show how he got it and what value he had ever given the country for it. More likely, there would be a grand scramble and the best scramblers would come out on top.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Rudolph the Reformer

VARIOUS earnest persons have tried to create the impression that the motto by which Rudolph Blankenburg orders his personal and political affairs is: "*Thue Recht und scheue Niemand!*" which is all well enough so far as it goes. "Do right and fear no one!" is a nice, moral, housebroken motto of large copybook prestige, and we all should live up to it—should, I say.

Nor have I any objection to assigning that neat little sentiment to Rudolph, providing there is any nutriment in it for him in any way; but the point is here: "*Thue Recht und scheue Niemand!*" may be Rudolph's afternoon-tea motto—the motto he has hung up over his fireplace in the library and mayhap engraved on his letter paper; but his genuine, hand-tooled, daily-practice motto isn't any pale pink fluff like that. His real motto is: "'*Raus mit 'em!*'" And who is there to say me nay?—said inquiry being directed specifically at B. Penrose, J. McNichol and Company.

For thirty years Rudolph Blankenburg has surged through Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, joyously hitting on the point of the jaw every political boss he has happened on, and as joyously offering the point of his own jaw for such counter as might be forthcoming. If it so was that political bosses did not appear plenteously enough to satisfy Rudolph's lust for batting them he never hesitated to go into the highways and the byways and look up a few to lambaste. He has been insatiable—that man; and from Pulaski to Perkasie, from Oswayo to Elk Lick, he has shouted, "Throw 'em out!" and has assisted in such throwing as, from time to time, the occasions and the circumstances afforded. The business of calling upon the people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania to rise and eject the bosses has been reasonably disheartening and barren of results for a good many years. The bosses, it seemed, objected to being thrown out and made their objections stick by various little expedients of their own. However, this aversion to ejection, though it may have given other leading citizens acute attacks of that what's-the-use? feeling, never had an appreciable effect on Rudolph Blankenburg. He kept the thought, as the saying is, and crusaded right up to election day, when he voted amid his own clamor of "'*Raus mit 'em!*'" Next morning, when he scanned the returns and found the bosses were still in, he went gayly out and began all over again.

"Though it may be true the bosses have won this time," he would say, "that does not detract from the soundness of my contention that they should be dumped off the Delaware Breakwater. Hence rally, good citizens, and throw 'em out'"

Notwithstanding the stern disapproval of the bosses over such a contingency, there must inevitably come a time when the good citizens will listen and try the experiment. It has so happened elsewhere. It so happened in Philadelphia, the exact occasion being the day early in last November set aside by law for such exercises on the part of the male portion of the community who have reached the age of twenty-one, provided the male portion desires to perform. It always does happen when the voters address themselves seriously to the task.

#### The Thirty Years' War

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, after urging his fellow citizens to throw out the bosses, became the instrument by which the bosses will be thrown out, for he was elected mayor on an anti-boss platform and in an anti-boss campaign. The bosses ingeniously explain that his election was an accident, being accomplished by but a few thousand votes out of a great total cast; but accidents will happen even to the best-regulated bosses, and the general opinion is that Blankenburg's election was rather more than an accident to these explanatory gentlemen. There are some who go so far as to say it is a catastrophe; but, of course, it is too much to expect a public admission of that by the bosses themselves.

His campaign that resulted in his election as mayor was typical of dozens of other campaigns he has made in Philadelphia and in the state—not always as a candidate, but as a foe to the manners, methods and morals of the bosses. He has stood out in the open and fought bribery, graft, election frauds, ballot-box stuffing and all kinds of political trickery and dishonesty. He has always been an ardent Republican, but he has never let that fact stand in the way of his attacks on the men in his own party who controlled the machinery of that party in his city and state; in fact, his fights have been mostly within his own party and against the rulers of that party, and for the rights of the people.

He began years ago. For fifteen years between 1880 and 1895 he was chairman of the election-frauds committee of the Committee of One Hundred, organized in 1880—a body from which all the later reform committees of the city were developed. Blankenburg has fought Quay, McManes, Durham, McNichol, Vare and Penrose day in and day out, stumping the city against them and stumping the state against them. He was active in the fight against Quay in 1897 and 1898, and supported John Wanamaker for senator and later for governor.

Usually he was defeated; in fact, almost always defeated until the great upheaval in 1905 caused by the gas-lease scandal broke the ranks of the bosses for a time; but he never wavered in his fight or lost hope of success ultimately. Once, when the City Party movement was at its height, he ran for county commissioner and was elected. He served his three years and did what he could to purify things in the city. Also, he gave his salary of five thousand dollars a year to the police, firemen's and school-teachers' pension funds.

The bosses went far out of the beaten track in this latest campaign for mayor and nominated Earle, who has somewhat of a record as a reformer along certain lines. Blankenburg assailed the machine as vigorously as he had done twenty and thirty years before—and he won. The machine will get short shrift during his term of office; and that means more, perhaps, in Philadelphia than elsewhere, for the mayor's office has always been the hub of machine politics there, and the feed-bin also.

This sturdy old crusader was born in Germany in 1843. His father was pastor of a little German Reformed church in a village near Hanover. Rudolph was one of seven brothers and was prepared for the ministry. He did not preach, for his tutor came to this country in the early sixties and Blankenburg followed him, arriving in 1865.

When he was twenty-two years old he got a place with a firm of manufacturers and importers of dress goods, in Philadelphia, at six dollars a week.

He was a big, broad-shouldered, intelligent youth, and he rapidly learned the business and was as rapidly promoted. At the end of his first year he was put out on the road as a traveling salesman and in five years he was sent to Europe as buyer and salesman. He traveled all over the world, learned the business thoroughly and in 1875 set up for himself. His business grew into a great establishment and made Blankenburg a fortune. He retired from active connection with his house in 1909.

He married a Philadelphian two years after he landed in this country and was naturalized in 1875. He was a ready speaker, interested in politics; and it was not long before he began the crusade he has kept up for more than thirty years. His courage is unfaltering and his good humor boundless. He became a reformer; but he was an optimistic, good-natured, kindly, genial reformer—not a reformer with a grouch. Every reform movement in Philadelphia that had for its object the purification of the city, its release from boss rule, its progress toward clean and representative politics and government, found a supporter in Blankenburg. More than that, many of the movements originated with him, were financed by him and captained by him. He has been on the firing-line in Pennsylvania against the Quays and all the rest ever since he has had a vote—ceaselessly agitating, ceaselessly fighting, never discouraged and always sure that his end of civic regeneration and state regeneration ultimately would be obtained.

A great, broad-shouldered, bearded man, filled with love for his fellowman and with the joy of living, his activities have been remarkable in their scope. He is a part of the history of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania for the past thirty years. He has been identified with all the great charitable and other movements for the betterment of the city and its people, and for the relief of the stricken in every land. Socially he has been a prime mover in the Five o'Clock Club; and it is his boast that neither there nor at the Clover Club have they ever talked him down.

He is a born agitator, whose agitation has been directed along sane lines. Moreover, he is hearty, genial, good-humored—as pleasant and companionable a man as you know, and a whole heap of fun at a dinner. Unlike many reformers, he is sincere. Unlike many lovers of humanity, he really does want to do things for his fellowman instead of for himself. A very genuine and an exceedingly lovable person is Rudolph Blankenburg—and a big figure in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

*An Optimistic, Good-Natured, Kindly, Genial Reformer*

### Troubled Waters

CAPTAIN JOE WATERS, a Kansas attorney, tried a case at Council Grove not long ago. The captain was up against it; and he turned on the tears and let them flow unrestrained while depicting the woes of his client.

It was a great and tearful speech. In the middle of it a brother attorney who was sitting by was observed taking off his shoes.

"What are you doing that for?" asked another lawyer.

"By gum!" replied the lawyer who was removing his shoes, "I'm getting ready to wade out. It's right sloppy round here already—and Joe ain't half through!"

### Skinny's Feast

ONE of the Toronto golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the caddy boys it employs. At the feast last fall one of the boys, a tough youngster, disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, but loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him and who could stand it no longer shouted: "Gee, look at Skinny, usin' his iron all the way round!"

### Reason Enough

GEORGE S. MARSHALL was elected as a reform mayor of Columbus and did a lot of reforming before he was defeated for reelection. One of the reforms was the establishment of a garbage-disposal plant. This threw out of employment a lot of darkies who had formerly done a general scavenger business with ramshackle old wagons and ramshackler old horses.

One of these darkies, on the way to the polls to vote against the mayor, was asked why he opposed Marshall.

"W'y am I gwine t' vote agin dat man? W'y, dat low-flung rascal done took th' garbage right outen my mout'!"

"This is what I want for my company dinner."

"AND that one is the kind for my next ladies'-luncheon. Just the thing to give an extra dainty touch!"

So it goes with a dozen such every-day home questions. You find a ready and practical answer in

Campbell's SOUPS

Their many-sided variety includes delicate amber-clear kinds; fragrant and tempting vegetable kinds; and various meat soups as full-bodied and satisfying as any you ever tasted.

Why not order half-a-dozen or more of these wholesome soups right *now?* And see how many puzzling questions they will answer for *you*.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"How tempting the savor
Of Campbell's Soups flavor
That steals o'er my spirit prophetic!
The fragrant attraction that stirs me to action
So earnestly peripatetic."

# MINING SECURITIES

## By Roger W. Babson

ONCE upon a time a friend of mine, who is a real Arizona miner, had working for him a man named Josh. This man Josh was a prospector of the type so commonly seen in that land of sand and sage-brush. He was a tall, slim creature of the soil, with skin as tough as leather, but with a big, bounding heart. Originally Josh was a boss miner, working at a fair salary in one of the well-known mines; but as he became more prosperous he mixed with the temptations of Bisbee, Tucson and other mining centers, and unfortunately he became addicted to drink and lost his good position. The rest of his life has been similar to that of the average prospector—work for a few months was only to be followed by a drunk for a month or six weeks, and then a period of repentance and discouragement. At the end of one of these periods, however, some good friend for whom he formerly worked "grubstaked" him and gave him food to go out into the mountains and prospect.

Practically this was simply a matter of charity with the former employer, knowing as he did that in mining only one prospector in a hundred makes good. Therefore when, one day, Josh returned from one of those prospecting excursions lasting a couple of months with some samples of ore, claiming he had "almost struck it rich"—which is the common report returned by most prospectors as they come in—my friend simply took the ore and threw it into the bottom drawer of his desk, saying: "Josh, you have done first-rate; now get a good steady job and quit both your drinking and your prospecting." Josh, however, was not quieted so easily, but kept returning to the office, stating that he could purchase for only a few hundred dollars from some Indians the entire claim from which this sample came; and he urged my friend to make the purchase. The twenty-four years spent in the hills of Arizona had, however, made my friend very weary of these "rich strikes." So he refused to pay any attention to Josh's earnest pleadings and Josh went to work again on day wages.

### A Surprised Mining Man

Readers may imagine my friend's surprise when, about two years later, a new company was formed by some of the best men in Boston, and capitalized for two million five hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of developing this little piece of property which Josh urged him to purchase for a few hundred dollars. At first this stock sold for about five dollars a share; but suddenly, to my friend's still greater surprise, a great pocket of very rich ore was discovered, and in a night—so to speak—the price of the stock soared to twenty-five dollars a share, from which price it gradually climbed to nearly two hundred dollars a share. Today my friend is a comfortable miner, worth probably from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. Moreover, he is probably fully as happy and his family happier than they would have been had he followed poor Josh's pleadings; but he cannot but feel chagrined at the thought of how he continually refused to purchase for a few hundred dollars this tract of land which within a very short time increased in value to several million dollars. Moreover, this stock is today daily traded in on the Boston Stock Exchange and is even now considered one of the best copper purchases.

Now my object in telling this story is twofold. First, I wish to explain to the readers the difference between buying stocks and buying land; and, second, to show how even the very ablest engineers are fooled as to actual conditions. However, of all this I will speak later; and at this point I will say a word relative to the first feature—namely, the difference between mining stocks and mining land.

All the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are acquainted with mining stocks—at least all are who read the Sunday papers, which seem to be the leading marketplace for these valueless promotion offerings. Those of us who do not systematically read Sunday-paper advertisements have doubtless received through the mail alluring circulars offering us some mining stock from one dollar to five dollars a share, which according to the circular—"may soon become worth several hundred dollars a share." Of course, in reading the advertisement, the small investor entirely forgets the fact that the average stock selling at one hundred dollars a share has a par value of one hundred dollars and not one dollar, as in the case of these advertised mining stocks.

### Stocks to Let Alone

It is, however, very difficult to suppress these advertisements, for they are prepared by expert advertisement writers with the advice of the ablest lawyers and with the knowledge that the advertisements will be scrutinized by Post-Office authorities. Certainly, anything that these authorities can nail will bar the advertisements from the mail. The use of the simple word "may" instead of the word "will" renders the Post-Office authorities powerless, and the advertisement still succeeds in separating the small investor from his money. I therefore urge all small investors, and large ones as well, to refuse even to read these advertisements, remembering not only that spending money for such stocks will bring loss ninety-nine times out of one hundred, but that for a man to buy such stocks is like going on a first drunk—it is not apt to be the last.

There are various reasons why I advise against the purchase of such stocks; but the most important is that, owing to the fact that there are many men on the ground fully acquainted with the property, these stocks—when there is any reasonable chance of their ever becoming of value—are taken up long before they ever reach New York, Philadelphia or Boston. The people of Arizona are not poor, and there is just as much money a head in Arizona looking for an investment as in Boston, Philadelphia, New York or Chicago. The Arizona man, however, does not make money from the purchase of stocks, but rather from the purchase of the land itself. If you or I were to buy a farm we should not capitalize it and endeavor to sell the stock; but we would simply work it as a private proposition, raising our crops, selling them, paying the expenses and retaining the profits.

If you or I should discover a small piece of land in Arizona or in any other state which we believed could produce ore and which would require only the digging of a shaft—as a mill near by often can be used for treating the ore—why should we want to capitalize it and give the public such a good thing? Why should we not develop and work it ourselves, as we would our farm? Well, this is the way the Arizona man enters mining. He stakes out a claim, agrees to spend at least one hundred dollars a year on development, and holds the title to that claim, gradually working it as you and I would work our farms. If he is a man of wealth he may have a large force of men and expensive machinery; if he is poor he will have only two or three working for him—but he will make proportionately as much. As he digs the ore out of the ground, he hauls it to a mill and sells it either before or after it has been treated.

Therefore the first point I want to make to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, though rather radical, is briefly as follows: Keep out of mining ventures altogether; but if you really have the desire to "take a flyer," and will not purchase one of the high-grade stocks, then go to Arizona, buy a claim from some Indians for three or four hundred dollars, hire a man and work it! In other words, there should be no halfway about this mining business. Either have nothing to do with it at all, which is what I advise, or else simply invest in the land itself, working it and holding it for a purchaser or letting some one work it on a royalty.

Even in buying the land, one does not eliminate the possibility of loss; for, as has often been said, "almost as much money has been put into the ground as has ever been taken out of it." Among my acquaintances I know possibly twenty men who have devoted their lives to the development of mining properties, and of these twenty only two have anything left to show for their efforts. The competition for these claims is very keen; large companies, such as the Phelps-Dodge interests, the Cole-Ryan interests, and others, have engineers continually in the field, seeking new propositions. Moreover, it is necessary to spend considerable money to break out any claim before one knows whether or not he is to receive anything in payment for his labor. Therefore, even for the man who deals only in land and is located on the ground, it is a hard uphill fight amid keen competition, subject to the greatest discouragement. Of course this works two ways. In some years the engineers of the great mining and smelting interests get all the prizes, while the prospectors and independent miners get none; but in other years these great engineers themselves fall down, while the "plums" come to the small miners.

One of the largest interests, if not the largest in the world—the Phelps-Dodge—owns, and has owned ever since it was a raw prospect, a mine known as the Copper Queen. This mine was regarded by them as the one mine of the Bisbee Camp, in Cochise County, Arizona, and it turned into the coffers of the company millions of dollars annually; but the company also sends mining engineers into the far corners of the world to hunt up other mines. While such a search was going on, some plain native prospectors located claims adjoining the great Copper Queen; and, what is more, they offered to sell them to the great Phelps-Dodge interests for a trifling amount. The engineers looked at them—and "Nothing there!" was the verdict.

### Early Days of Great Producers

A little later those same prospectors disposed of the claims to some people not so wise, who, in turn, sold them. A great new mining company, well known throughout the world, is the result. Already it has paid out in dividends over ten million dollars, and the property of the company is now said to be as valuable as the Copper Queen itself. Still the Phelps-Dodge people looked far afield, and other prospectors made locations adjoining another side of the great bonanza. Again the great engineers investigated the matter and shook their heads. "Nothing there!" was the reply. But another now well-known mine immediately opened up a great ore body, blocking out some fifteen million dollars' worth. One other mine which those same experts are said to have looked at and declared "worthless" is the United Verde. I am told that it was offered to the Phelps-Dodge interests for sixty thousand dollars; but the report again came back: "Nothing there!" It was offered later to Mr. W. A. Clark, of Montana, and taken. The United Verde is today recognized as one of the world's great mines and enriches him by millions yearly. The idea that the prospects of Cripple Creek would ever develop into big producers was pooh-poohed by men at the head of the profession; but Cripple Creek has poured out gold by the hundreds of millions of dollars since that day and is still turning out its golden stream.

Such mistakes, perhaps, do not happen often; but it is well to say "perhaps," for who knows what the future may unfold? Prospectors years ago passed by many a mine the earmarks of which they did not see in the light of their limited information. The world progresses. The engineer and the prospector are keeping abreast of the times, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the greatest and most valuable opportunities of all are today lying idle and undiscovered. You or I could probably have them for only the small filing fee of a few dollars if we would but hunt them up.

Is there any formula by which the average man can separate the wheat from the chaff when it comes to the selection of mining stocks? The question has been asked a thousand and one times in the past, and the answer given has been most perfunctory and unsatisfactory. So the question is yet before the public, and there

to stay until such a formula is produced. If a broker is consulted on the subject he will be able to give you some advice, it is true; but that advice will not be first-hand and, though honest enough, must of necessity be frequently misleading.

Like every other class of stock, mining shares may be divided into two broad classes: investments and speculations. Whether the "man in the Street" is moved by the spirit of speculation or a desire to secure a safe investment, he naturally likes to know something about the mine.

The first inquiry on the subject is addressed, most likely, to a broker, who, if an investment is desired, will secure without difficulty a record of any mining company since the time it came before the public.

With the information thus secured as a starting point, the most natural question that arises is: What is a reasonable rate of interest to expect on a mining stock? The interrogation is a fair one and, whether addressed to a broker or a mine operator, calls for a straightforward answer. The broker will doubtless say that it is difficult to give figures, and will quote the following: Anaconda, which, at forty, pays five per cent a year; Calumet and Arizona, at forty-eight, paying 8.33 per cent; and Kerr Lake, which, at seven, paid twenty-eight per cent last year. These three dividend-payers are selected as being different types of mining stocks and good examples of how widely dividends vary. The broker will tell you this, or the information can be secured from a manual; but, having it, the seeker has only just started on his quest. Thus early will he part company with the broker for a while and carry on his researches independently.

If he knows a mining engineer, so much the better; but if he has none among his acquaintances he may find out the main points about the game by the exercise of his own common-sense. To begin with, he will realize that a mining proposition stands in a class by itself. Long ago Nature placed just so much ore in that particular spot known as the mine. At the time the mine commenced operations there was a certain though unknown quantity. From that day the quantity has grown less and will keep on decreasing until the original quantity of ore is exhausted and the mine closes down. The investor, therefore, will see that his interest must be large enough to provide a sinking fund—and all this must be calculated on the probable life of the mine.

The same standards by which a farming or a manufacturing investment may be judged are not applicable to a mining investment. A farmer may earn eight per cent interest on his capital and, with care, his property may increase in value. A manufacturer may earn eight per cent on his investment, and if he keeps up his machinery his business may be as valuable ten years or even twenty years hence; but a mine, after each dividend is paid, is that much nearer its end.

### *The Life of a Mine*

Now it is well known among mining men that the average life of a gold or silver mine is under rather than over ten years. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Great low-grade mines like the Homestake or the Treadwell, in all probability, will be producing twenty-five or thirty-five years hence; but it is to the average mine that the law of averages applies. The exceptional mines are in a class by themselves and can be judged accordingly.

Granting that the life of a certain gold or silver mine is to be ten years, then, in order to pay back principal and a reasonable rate of interest, dividends of at least sixteen per cent should be distributed. Copper-mining, of which the statistics have been most accurately kept in New York and Boston, offers many inducements to the investor; but too much care cannot be taken in the matter of selection, for copper stocks in not a few instances have been boosted out of all reason.

As with gold and silver mines, so it is with copper mines. They had so much ore to begin with, and after each dividend they are that much nearer to the day when they will close down. For such mines, provided they have a good lease on life, eight per cent, or even ten per cent, may be regarded as only moderate returns.

These are merely samples of some general principles to be considered. They may be utterly at variance with the opinions of many authorities, and attention may be drawn to the stock of such companies as the Amalgamated Copper Company, now paying in the neighborhood of three per cent on its market value; Granby, two per cent; and North Butte, four per cent. In reply to this the investigator is justified in remarking that the atmosphere of speculation has given some stocks a higher market price than their returns warrant. The man who puts up hard-earned coin on an investment is well within the bounds of reason if, when offered a stock paying only seven per cent dividends, he asks: "Has it thirty years of life ahead of it?"

For purely speculative purposes, new issues are the most likely to be in demand. New issues have frequently made fortunes for the venturesome and will always have an attraction. It will be remembered that, in the mine's early history, Calumet and Arizona sold for five dollars. Not so very long afterward, as the life of mines is reckoned, it sold for one hundred and eighty dollars. It is now fluctuating round the fifty-dollar mark. As I explained in the issue of this weekly for December 2, 1911, Calumet and Hecla sold at the start around twenty-five dollars; and it has sold as high as one thousand dollars. Then take the porphyry mines, under which heading are included Utah Copper, Miami, Ray Consolidated and Nevada Consolidated—these mines have all made money for those who bought the stocks in the early stages; but in regard to them, as they stand today, may it not be questioned whether the milk has not been extracted from the cocoanut and whether they will not be fully occupied in keeping up their present positions?

The new ones coming—what of them? Well, inquiries through the ordinary channels will decide the speculator. If the house bringing out the issue bears a good reputation on the "Street," and its previous issues have made good, then there is a strong chance in favor of the last one. If, on the contrary, the firm has brought out a number and all of them are yet in the embryo stage—or, worse still, have not made good—then the advice of an old Comstock miner, "Metalliferous Murphy" as he was known, may be followed today: "If you are a poor man have nothing to do with it—and if you be rich leave it alone!"

### *Opening up a New Mine*

Scientific management, card systems and the like are important details in the business world; but it is impossible to eliminate the human factor—and where the human factor is there is romance. Corporations are said to have no souls; but before corporations ran mines the human factor was an issue. Again, before fresh mines are discovered and put before the public for investment or speculation, as the case may be, the human factor—the prospector and the miner—might well be taken into consideration. They live today in the West as different from the pen-pictures made of them in fiction as it is possible to be. The mining engineer, with a technical training that puts him "in the foremost files of time," stands side by side with the prospector on the bare rocks of the desert; and for the moment they are on an equal footing.

Reader, while you are looking over these pages, a prospect is being considered. That mineral is there both engineer and contractor agree, but does it go down and will it pay? These are questions that only work can tell. Neither the one nor the other can see six inches below the surface. The mining engineer goes on his way. He deals in accomplished facts and not surmises and prospects. The prospector works the claim. A pit is sunk and the ore gives out. Another one is sunk with the same result; and then the prospector goes on his way. Time has been lost, labor lost and money lost.

Reverse the picture. The first pit had ore in it down to the bottom. A second is sunk with a similar result. Then a third or more, and a system of mineralization is uncovered. Now comes the work of sinking the shaft, and that costs money; but the mine is a winner, and the prospector carefully selects the best of his ore, sacks it and ships it to the nearest custom smelter. With the returns from his shipment he operates; and slowly—compared with what can be done with capital—he develops a mine. In time the engineer returns to examine it. The system of mineralization having been uncovered and the ore-shoots located, he is able to see beneath the surface and can work out his plans. The mine now fetches a price out of all proportion to what the prospector would have taken for it years before, when the two stood on the cropping together. Here begins the history of the mine so far as the public is concerned, and the rest is for the broker and the investor.

Of course, at the best, one may still be fooled. I know of a young man who graduated as a mining engineer from Columbia University, studied at the best institutions of Europe and then went to Arizona with probably the finest preparation that any young man ever had. In order to make doubly sure of his position, he agreed with his father to spend a whole year in looking about for prospects before investing a dollar. During the year he traveled through most of the mining camps of Arizona and Utah and sifted his prospects down to three. On the very day his first year came to an end he visited the one of these three prospects that appeared to him the most attractive.

This was much more than a prospect; in fact, a friend of mine had been extracting ore from this mine for several months and it was paying splendidly. I well remember the circumstances. One morning this young man with the finest mining training came along to my friend, making him an offer for the mine, which consisted merely of a sixty-acre claim with a shaft about a hundred or more feet deep and no machinery to speak of. After digging the ore my friend simply carted it over a rough road to the railroad.

### *What the Water Told*

For some days before the young engineer called, my friend had been getting rather nervous from fear that he had passed through the body of ore. He was just in this uncertain mood when the young engineer called down the shaft: "Mr. ———, I am now prepared to give you what I suggested for this property. If you will take it now I am prepared to give you a draft on New York at once. Otherwise, I shall leave tonight for another camp and trade with some one else." In a moment the thought came to my friend to taste the water! If the water should be clear and sweet he would know he had passed through the body of ore; for otherwise the water would be bitter and sulphurous. Thereupon he immediately stooped down, took up a little water in the palm of his hand, tasted it, found it clear as crystal and called to the young man: "I accept your offer."

The papers were exchanged at the bank of a town near by and my friend went off to hunt for new worlds to conquer, while the young man invested thousands of dollars in extending the shaft and on further development—but he never found a dollar's worth of ore!

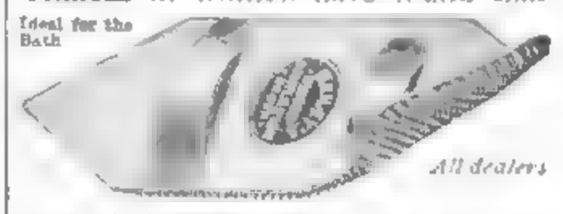
It will, therefore, be seen that to beat a mining game is a hard proposition. If you wish to buy stocks you have not a chance to come in until two or three previous interests have already taken their profits—and even then you have the promoters and brokers, who are well versed in every art of manipulation and exaggeration, against you; while if you go to the mining country and purchase the land outright you have the shrewdest miners trained by years of hard experience to encounter.

Therefore I believe it is not only a safer proposition, but one giving greater profit in the end, simply to confine one's purchases to the highest-grade "listed" stocks of proved value, buying them when fundamental statistics show that the country is entering a period of depression and selling them two or three years later, when fundamental statistics indicate that we are entering a period of prosperity. In this way the investor has his money always in conservative, established, dividend-paying investments, or else in cash. This gives him a sure rate of interest and, once in two or three years, a good profit in addition; but the idea of buying untried and non-dividend-paying mining stocks, with a hope that "some day" they will become of great value, appeals but little to me. Of course, as I have shown, there are cases where great profits have been made in mining; but for every one of these I can name several where fortunes have been lost.

In brief, there is no "short road to wealth" whatever; and there is but one "safe road," which is suggested in the preceding paragraph.


Beauty Lines

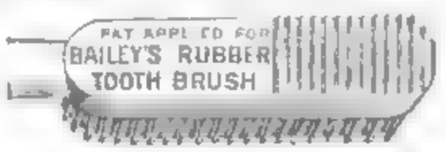
Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that




**Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes**
never failed to give the desired results in all cases
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush, mailed, 50 cents
Bailey's Petite Complexion Brush, mailed, 25 cents

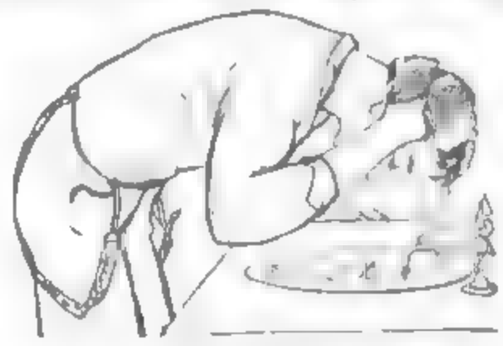
**Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush**
Clean Hands for Every One by Using

Always clean and sanitary—can be used by the whole family. Use with soap and water.



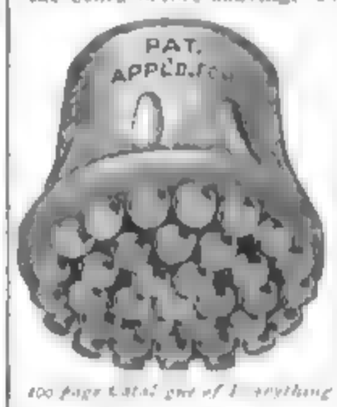

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Invaluable for children's use. No bristles to come out. *No. 1, 25 cents; No. 2, 35 cents.* Mailed on receipt of price.

**Bailey's Rubber Shampoo Brush**



**For Bathing**

It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water. It removes the skin of soil and oily waste, stimulates circulation, builds up the muscles and prevents wrinkles. Ideal for softening the beard before shaving. Price, mailed, *$1.00.*




**Bailey's Won't Slip Crutch Tip**

This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, interchangeable. No. 12, [illegible] No. 15, [illegible] No. 16, [illegible]

Mailed upon receipt of price, *30 cents per pair.*

*100 page illustrated catalog of everything in Rubber Goods, Free.*

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

1898-1912

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We issue a booklet entitled "ODD LOTS." It outlines the advantages of trading in Odd Lots of stock, and tells how to buy and sell them.

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A COMBINED Polish and Cleaner for furniture, woodwork, and all kinds of polished and varnished surfaces. A new discovery. No sediment. No shaking. Best for dusting. Can be trusted with the most delicate and highly finished pieces. At your dealer's, or send 10c for a 2 oz. trial bottle.

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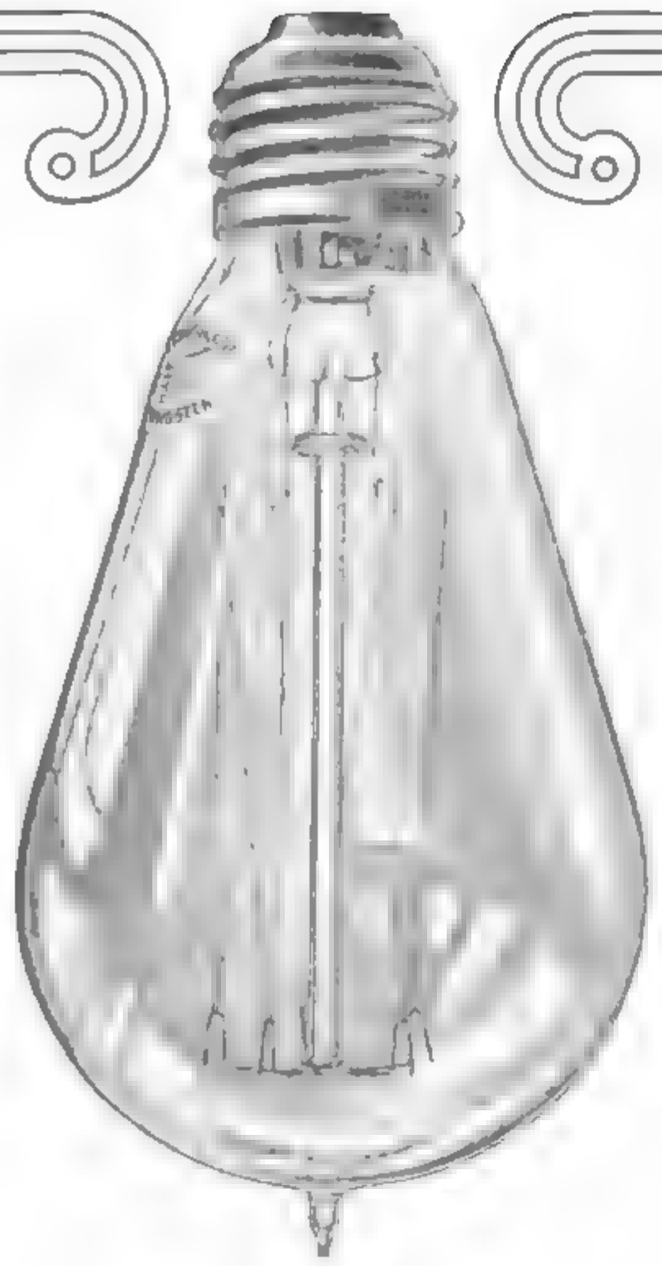
*Manufacturers Famous Gold Shine Metal Polish*



# You want the Electric Lamp with the Long, STRONG Filament

FOR EVERY DOLLAR you spend for electricity you get more *useful* light, *better distributed*, with the Westinghouse Wire Type, *than you do with any other lamp.*

## The Westinghouse Wire Type Tungsten Lamp

is so economical in the use of electric current that with it you can light your home **better than it is now being lighted, and besides** you can use all sorts of electric labor saving devices every day, **with a monthly electric bill no greater than at present.**

The Wire Type is made with the long filament which diffuses the light properly and **which gives the best results with all types of reflectors.**

The Wire Type is **strong.** It is being used in all modern schemes of illumination for homes, stores, public buildings, churches and factories.

You will know the genuine Wire Type by the little seal shown in the illustration marked "Westinghouse Tungsten." Do not accept a substitute. Write us for name of nearest dealer and booklet telling all about the Wire Type Lamp. Address "Westinghouse Lamp Dept. P, Bloomfield, N. J."

**Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.**

Incandescent Lamp Dept. (Westinghouse Lamp Co.)

**Bloomfield, N. J.**

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities. Representatives All Over the World.

# Sense and Nonsense

### *Carefully Weighed*

IN THE Dana days on the New York Sun a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive Life of Napoleon, by a college professor.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority, and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon—who was a professor in another university, by-the-way. He glanced casually over the illustrations and wrote his review as follows:

"Life of Napoleon, by Professor So-and-So. This work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!" growled Mr. Dana again.

Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.

### *All for the Emerald Isle*

TWO ardent Irish patriots met recently in a café—so "Red" McLaughlin, the New York sporting writer, says—and fell to comparing notes, each being boastful of what he had done for Ireland.

"Well," said one, "I've suffered in prison for my principles. I went to jail oncet for six months in Mayo fer tryin' to shoot a landlord."

"I've been locked up on Ireland's account myself," said the other.

"Is that so? Whereabouts in Ireland was you locked up?" said the first skeptically.

"It wasn't in Ireland at all—it was right here in New York," said the second.

"You was locked up in New York on Ireland's account?"

"I was that."

"For the love of Hiven, what did you do?"

"I threw eggs at the Russell Brothers!"

### *Fully Expected*

UP IN Maine, a quartet from a village church choir was asked to go to the country to sing at the funeral services over a rich farmer. After the burial the members of the quartet climbed into the carriage that had brought them and prepared to start back to town. A distant relative of the deceased hurried up to them.

"You gentlemen mustn't be aleavin'," she said.

"Why not?" asked the barytone.

"Because you're all expected for dinner over at bereft's."

### *Easily Satisfied*

BEFORE the fire on Christmas Eve, two old maids were planning for the holiday.

"Sister Mallie," said the younger, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for a Christmas gift?"

"No, Elvira," said the older; "but a pair of socks would."

### *All Sounded Alike*

SAM BENNETT was acting city editor of the early edition of one of the New York evening papers which gets on the street at nine A. M. One morning, just before presstime, a bulletin came in saying Charles Schwab had just been made president of the Steel Trust, at a salary of a million dollars a year. Bennett reduced it to a paragraph, wrote a one-line head over it and stuck it on an inside page. When the regular city editor came down he almost had a fit.

"Good land, man!" he stormed. "Why didn't you smear that story all over the first page, with a big head on it? Don't you know that a young man getting a salary of a million a year makes a great big story?"

"Boss," said Sam, "after it gets above forty dollars a week it all sounds alike to me!"

That was the week Bennett's salary was raised.

### *A Beautiful Decline*

OLLIE JAMES, the gigantic and genial Congressman and Senator-elect from Kentucky, was in conversation the other day with a Washingtonian when the latter made certain inquiries with reference to a mutual friend whom he had not seen for a number of years.

"And how does Colonel Prescott spend his declining years?" he asked.

"Beautifully, sir; beautifully!" answered James. "He has a fine farm, sir. And a string of trotters, sir. And a barrel of whisky sixteen years old—and a wife of the same age, sir!"

### *The Worst Confirmed*

NOT long ago an elderly English actor came over here to take his first American engagement. He had never visited this country before and he had strong—not to say fixed—prejudices touching these United States, as compared with the British Isles.

The voyage across was a rough one and the visitor's disposition did not sweeten any by reason of it. On landing he started for an English boarding house uptown, where he had been told he could get English food uncontaminated by base Yankee notions. To keep down expenses, he elected to repair thither by a street car instead of using a cab.

He emerged from the pier laden with his hatbox, his umbrella, his makeup tin, his grips—two in number—his steamer rug, his tea caddy, his overcoat and his framed picture of the Death of Nelson, and climbed aboard a horse car.

Just as he got fairly upon the platform the car started and he fell through the open door into the aisle, scattering his goods and chattels in every direction. As he got upon his knees he remarked in a tone of feeling:

"There now! I knew I shouldn't like the bloody country!"

### *When Three Were No Crowd*

ACCORDING to an English actor, this happened in a small theater in a small town in provincial England, where a troupe of barnstormers was playing to meager audiences.

The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down stage to the footlights and in her ear he hissed:

"Are we alone?"

"No, gov'nor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery—"not tonight you ain't; but you will be tomorrow night!"

### *Snow Figures*

ONE night during the early part of the winter Boss Clark, the city editor of the New York Sun, called a new reporter up to his desk.

"The man who handed in the weather story forgot to get the figures on the snowfall," he said to the cub. "Go find out just how deep the snow is."

What he wanted the cub to do was to call up the Weather Bureau on the telephone; but the cub, being green, asked the office joker how to proceed. The joker handed him the office space-measuring rule which, instead of being marked with inches and feet, is spaced off into dollars and cents.

"Go over in City Hall Park, where the snow is deep and smooth, and measure it," he said.

The cub put on his overshoes and went. Presently he returned and marched to Boss Clark's desk.

"Well," said Clark, "what does the snowfall come to?"

"A dollar and thirty-four cents!" said the cub.

### *Lacking Modern Improvements*

TIM HURST, the prize-fight referee, was formerly an umpire in the big leagues. He was behind the bat one day and the catcher took exceptions to Tim's judgment of pitched balls.

One came whizzing over that the catcher thought should have been called a strike.

"Ball!" stated Tim.

"Look here, Mr. Umpire," said the catcher, "that plate has got corners on it!"

"Yes, son," said Tim; "but it ain't got bay windows on it!"

# TIMKEN

## There are many things about Axles and Bearings that every automobile owner should understand.

### Timken Roller Bearings have met the severest tests of actual service in every type of automobile—pleasure car or truck.

On the front and rear axle-ends, back of the driving pinion, on the pinion-shaft, on either side of the differential gears, on the main and counter-shafts in the transmission, on the jack-shaft or in the knuckle-head—there is the same supreme evidence of efficiency.

They practically eliminate friction and ensure the "sweet," even running that the "motor-wise" owner demands.

They carry the entire weight of a seven-passenger touring car or a ten-ton truck.

In addition to this they meet the tremendous side-wise shocks and stresses incident to travel.

The illustration at the center of this page shows how a Timken Roller Bearing looks.

It illustrates some of the principles of Timken Roller Bearing Construction.

The tapered rollers, revolving about a cone, are so inclined both to perpendicular and horizontal that they meet every shock or stress effectively—no matter from what direction it comes.

The great principle of "line-contact" of a roller, instead of the "point-contact" of a ball, adds to their long life and efficiency.

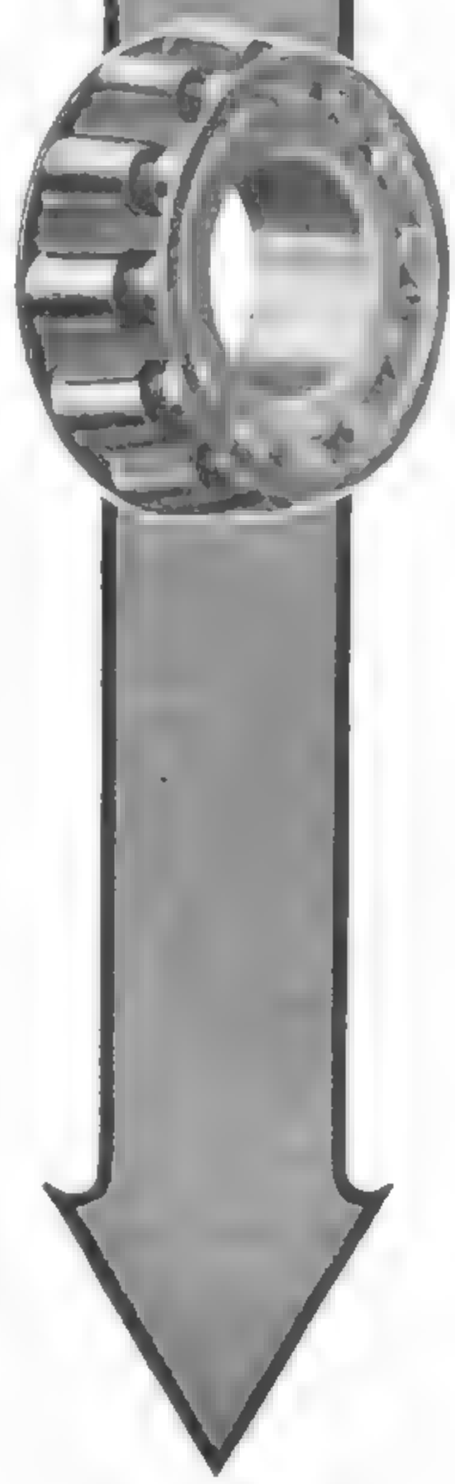
The wear of a tapered roller bearing is next to nothing, yet even that minute wear can be taken up by adjustment—saving maintenance cost.

The importance of the bearings in your car is so great, their proper care so essential that you should know more about them.

**Post Yourself on Bearings and Add to Your Motor Wisdom**

Write for Number I of our Timken Primers, "On the Care and Character of Bearings." You'll not only find the whole interesting subject explained in simple, non-technical language, but you'll add materially to your understanding and appreciation of the automobile

THE TIMKEN
ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO



### To know Timken-Detroit Axles will give you a far greater appreciation of the true skill and ingenuity of motor-car construction.

Do you realize that a Timken Rear Axle is made of 723 separate pieces? This, we believe, is as few as a good rear axle can have.

Do you know that these hundreds of pieces are fitted together with such nicety as to form a unit-part of the car?

That the rear axle of an automobile—the "driving-unit"—performs more functions than any other unit?

That axle-wisdom is as necessary as engine-wisdom?

That your rear axle applies the power to the wheels, checks momentum with its brakes, causes one wheel to revolve faster than the other when turning corners, and carries more than half the car's weight besides?

*That to your front axle—more than to any other part of the car—you trust your life and safety?*

The Timken name and Timken reputation are largely due to ability to understand and meet the engineering and mechanical problems of axle-construction.

It requires all the resources of a great manufacturing plant to turn out a Timken-Detroit Axle.

It requires expert workmen; and machines and methods that eliminate every possibility of human error.

It means years of study, experience and expert engineering knowledge.

The introduction of the pressed steel housing by Timken worked a revolution in axle-construction—and this is typical of many Timken contributions to motor car manufacturing.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Company is the only axle maker licensed to manufacture axles equipped with Timken Roller Bearings.

Axle and bearing knowledge is the next step in the development of a "motor-wise" public—and there's an easy way for you to get advance information.

**How to Get Better Acquainted with Axle Anatomy**

Write for Timken Primer Number II "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles." It doesn't take a technical mind to understand this booklet—and it gives you new insight into the wonders of Automobile construction.

THE TIMKEN
DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

# A Revelation to Advertisers!

Too many of your advertising booklets go straight to the waste-basket. Half a cent is too much to pay for a booklet that takes that route. It is the unread advertising matter that "doesn't pay"—that is expensive, *always*.

To reduce this waste is your one great problem.

Many advertisers labor and worry over their art work and copy, typography and engravings, yet neglect that great essential of all good printing—the background that either vitalizes or deadens the printed words and illustrations. If this hits *you*, let us show you a paper that will add, and add appreciably, to the result-bringing value of your printed matter.

# CAMEO PAPER

**For Printing — White or Sepia**

enriches illustrations, deepens half-tones, dignifies type. Its very appearance arrests attention—your first glance recognizes its superiority to ordinary paper.

### Its Surface is Absolutely Without Gloss

yet it takes the finest half-tones—not only takes, but transforms them into the likeness of photogravures. A comparison of your type matter and pictures on glossy paper and on Cameo will simply astound you.

Whenever you plan any printing, you should ask "Isn't this a Cameo job?"

### Our Beautiful Specimen Books for 1912

They are full of suggestion to advertising men—on page arrangement, on color work, on modern booklet making. They are sent free to any man interested in printing. Cameo is not an expensive paper, nor is it cheap, but it gets results cheaply and reduces the waste of unread copies.

THE Booklets shown on this page are on Cameo, and Cameo was selected because the advertisers wanted to bring out the finest effects that their cuts and typography were capable of and so to get the last possible cent of returns from their booklets. The wisest and most successful advertisers in America are using Cameo because it adds to the selling-power of printed matter.

Note this partial list:

Arlington Mills
Batten's Wedge
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad
Boston & Maine Railroad
Camp Kineo
Central Railroad of N. J.
Century Company
Clinton Wire Cloth
Collier's Weekly
Colt Revolvers
Curtis Publishing Co
The De Vinne Press
Encyclopedia Britannica
Florence Mfg Co
Funk & Wagnalls
Graphic Arts
Harper & Bros.
Lamson Consolidated Store Service Co.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Matheson Automobile
Matthews, Northrup Co
New England Resort Bureau
N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.
Norwood Press
The Outlook
Paige-Detroit Motor Cars
Pettingell Andrews Co.
Plimpton Press
The Printing Art
G. P. Putnam Sons
Rowe's Hammock
Chas. Scribner's Sons
Sherwin-Williams Co
Simonds Saws
Southgate Press
Stein-Bloch Co
B. F. Sturtevant Co.
University Press
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Yawman & Erbe Mfg Co

There is no end to the variety of jobs that Cameo glorifies. It gives a combination of clearness and softness which is entirely unique and which gives the reader of your booklet pages a distinct feeling of pleasure.

S. D. WARREN & CO. (S D) 162 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

*Makers of the Best in Staple Lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers*

THE current advertising for the New Century Dictionary says: "The paper chosen for the new edition of The Century was subjected to the most rigorous tests, including microscopical analysis of fiber composition, chemical analysis, breaking strength, bursting strength, and folding endurance. The last was considered the most important of all, and a special machine was devised for the purpose of folding a sheet backward and forward until it showed a rupture. Out of twenty-eight samples of paper tested, eleven of the most promising were printed with sample pages of the dictionary and bound into volumes which were subjected to further tests for strength and endurance. The paper finally chosen is made by the Warren Mills, at Cumberland, Maine, which have made paper for The Century Magazine for forty years."

# The Senator's Secretary

THE meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington demonstrated one big thing in national politics, which is that, at the time of the meeting and immediately after it, Woodrow Wilson was far in the lead for the nomination for president.

The situation when the committee adjourned and the great Jackson Day feast, with its thousands of cubic feet of hot air, had been held, was—to use a sporting term—Wilson against the field. He was in the lead over Harmon, Clark, Folk, Hearst, Underwood, Foss, Baldwin, Gaynor, Marshall and all the rest; and his chances were better for the nomination than any of these or all of them combined.

This was at the time of the committee meeting, with the convention slated for June twenty-fifth and the nominations not to be made until the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh or maybe a day or so later. Wilson's friends were jubilant. They had shown much strength. They threw the convention to Baltimore, where they wanted it for the double reason that Maryland has no candidate for the Democratic nomination, and Wilson, being a Southern candidate—in a way—wanted a Southern city, but not one too all-fired Southern. Moreover, Wilson, who is without much doubt about the greatest public speaker in this country, made a wonderful speech at the dinner, and so enraptured Bryan that Bryan cemented his friendship and regard by more or less openly declaring for Wilson—or, at least by showing great partiality for him and by more or less taking himself out of the field as a possible candidate for the nomination.

Thus Wilson entered the New Year as the leader in the race, an advantage that is more apparent than real; for, with the situation Wilson against the field, Wilson immediately became the bright and shining mark for all the friends of all the other candidates to shoot at. There is no doubt that the man who beats Wilson will be the Democratic candidate for president. Hence all the sharpshooting of all the other candidates and their managers and friends will be at Wilson, for the sole actuating desire now of the other candidates is to make Wilson's nomination impossible. That is ground on which all can gather; and, once they have eliminated him, they can go at the fight of determining which one of themselves can get the nomination.

### *The Attacks on Wilson*

So they are after Wilson hammer and tongs. They are digging up letters he wrote and microscopically examining speeches he has made to find paragraphs that can be quoted against him. They are not having much trouble either; for if there is any phase of political or economic or philosophical or other human thought on which Wilson, at some time or other, has not delivered an opinion it has escaped the notice of those who are familiar with his writings and speeches. Being largely intellect, and being in a position where it was easy to impress by stating definite opinions on definite propositions, Wilson has talked on about every known subject and has had opinions on the same. The quality of the man's mind precludes his stating anything without stating his conclusions thereon that is, the quality of his mind before he went into politics precluded that; and the speeches and letters that are being collated and annotated and distributed are speeches and writings he made and delivered while he was a college president and before he jumped into the arena and by said jump became a politician and began to talk politician-wise.

This, of course, is but one little phase of the fight that is being made against Wilson. It started with the printing of the fact that he applied to the Carnegie Pension Fund for a pension when he left off teaching. That was played up in the newspapers opposed to him. It may have had some effect. Politicians, who are the timidest persons on earth, thought it would ruin him; but it didn't. It was printed a short time before the Democratic committee met; and, as far as I could observe, no committeeman had left Wilson on that account. Then came the Joline letter, in which Wilson expressed the hope that some way might be devised for knocking Mr. Bryan and his kind of Democracy into a cocked hat. That was printed simultaneously with the meeting of the committee. Whereupon Mr. Bryan lauded Wilson and his speech at the dinner, and Wilson's men calmly put the convention where they wanted it to be.

The campaign has just begun. Wilson will be fired on from every angle. Every other candidate is gunning for him guns loaded with slugs—and determined to bring him down. Plans are being rushed to solidify favorite-son movements, so Wilson can be held away from the required two-thirds on the first ballot and, if possible, kept from getting a majority; for the candidate who has a big lead on the first ballot is in a good position for the next ballot because of the natural tendency of delegates and leaders to get on the bandwagon the first time round.

### *How to Beat a Candidate*

The bulk of the big financial interests are against Wilson and will do what they can to defeat him. Of course, if the big financial interests had any political sense they would be apparently for Wilson and that would do more to defeat him than their opposition; but the big financial interests have no political sense and never have had any. They are so obsessed with their own acuteness and power, because they can grab money, they think they can do everything else; and they confidently expected to see Wilson shrivel up and fade away as soon as he learned of their opposition. Fortunately for Wilson and for everybody else, the big financial interests and their opposition do not cut much figure in hurting a man in that part of the country situated off the island of Manhattan.

The politicians, however, are operating by the cut-and-dried formula. The first rule in beating a candidate before a convention is to multiply candidates and thus corral votes against him that can be used for trading purposes later on. So the favorite-son movements are being stiffened and encouraged, and the search for flaws in the Wilson armor is being prosecuted industriously. They say impressively they have a letter in reserve—it may be printed before this is—written by Grover Cleveland, in which the former president says unkind things about Mr. Wilson and proves what he says. They are hinting at other bombs they intend to explode. There is no doubt that Woodrow Wilson will be a very busy man between this and the convention. They will be potting at him every minute. They are planning night and day to deadlock the convention against him. Wilson's job, though he is clearly in the lead at the time of writing, isn't a quarter over. He has before him the tremendous task of remaining in the lead, of getting safely over the obstacles that will be shoved in front of him and of taking all the hurdles successfully; and he will be variously and completely employed. They'll get him if they can—"they" meaning most of the old-line bosses, the big financial interests of New York, and a choice aggregation of understrappers who do things for the old-line Losses.

It may be the Wilson sentiment will be so strong within a month or two that the opposition will submit to the inevitable; and, then again, it may be that no such conditions will prevail. Certainly every time there is a chance to squash Wilson sentiment said sentiment will be squashed by the managers and friends of other candidates. Hence a lively and entertaining spring may be expected.

Mr. Taft and his friends continue optimistic—for purposes of publication. The real fact is that Taft has his back to the wall now and is fighting, tooth and nail. His dander is up, as we used to say, and he has passed the word to his friends to leave no stone unturned, and other stern words to that general effect—even to instructions to throw a few of the stones that may be turned if the occasion arises.

Naturally Taft is sore at Colonel Roosevelt. Naturally Colonel Roosevelt is sore at President Taft. The secret of it is a two-barreled one. The Colonel, having selected and elected Mr. Taft, had it in mind to continue somewhat in power himself by directing Taft's movements. Taft was willing enough. He avoids trouble in its early stages, and he could have plenty of fun being president and letting T. R. do some subbing; but, though the Colonel had a cinch on Taft, he had overlooked the remainder of the Taft family; and there is where the first break came. The President was willing enough and grateful enough and loyal enough to his former chief—but there were other Tafts, quite a number of them, who insisted that Taft was president, not Roosevelt; and whose insistence rather side-tracked various projects the Colonel had in mind.

Things wore along, and it is quite likely there would have been no disturbance of any consequence had it not been for that stump-speech presentment in the case of the Department of Justice against the United States Steel Corporation. It is offered in excuse of Mr. Taft and the attack in the presentment on Colonel Roosevelt that Mr. Taft did not see the presentment until after it had been made and printed. He was out West at the time and had a telegram saying the presentment had been made, but did not see the document or know of the language employed until afterward.

### *T. R. Watching and Waiting*

Two things on which Colonel Roosevelt prides himself are his courage and his ability to take care of himself in any contingency, and to have a department of the Government he had formerly conducted come along and say, in a legal document, that he had been bamboozled and fooled and goldbricked by leading New York financiers was too, too much! Right then and there the passive boom for T. R. for president took impetus; and right then and there T. R. began his policy of saying nothing and sawing wood.

As it now stands, there are a few things reasonably clear. One is that Colonel Roosevelt, being a good politician, is keeping himself in a position where he can meet any emergency that may arise. Another is that, up to date, there is no real reason for thinking Mr. Taft will not be renominated by the Republicans. And the third is that, if the Democrats use ordinary and extremely common common-sense in their nomination and hold the Democratic House of Representatives steady, the Democratic candidate will be elected. Even if Mr. Taft should be defeated for the nomination and Mr. Roosevelt selected, those persons who are shouting that the Colonel surely will be elected are shouting without adequate information back of the noise. It is miles and miles from being a sure thing that even the supernatural Colonel could win; and that fact is nowhere better appreciated or weighed more carefully than at Oyster Bay, New York. The Colonel couldn't afford to take a beating. They put a crimp in him in the state of New York in 1910; and to be defeated for election to the presidency would be politically fatal. He would immediately become an historical instead of a live character. The Colonel's philosophy runs along the lines that La Follette, for example, could afford to take a beating while he—the Colonel—positively cannot. Hence the Colonel is watching and waiting. Besides, he says—and justly—it isn't his fight anyhow!

Meantime, with an acuteness of political needs that was marked, the Wilson people saw to it that the Baltimore people appeared with a check for one hundred thousand dollars and secured the convention. After they brought in that check on a salver, garnished neatly with certification, and the Democratic committeemen had felt it and smelled it and tasted it, there was nothing else to the struggle. The St. Louis people thought they could get the convention with less money and more oratory; but oratory is no good as collateral at the bank. And, inasmuch as the actual expenses of a national convention are about twenty thousand dollars, there will be a nice little bunch left for the financing of the early stages of the campaign.

The time has not yet arrived, dear brethren, when campaigns can be conducted without money. And suppose it is hot in Baltimore next June! It takes a heap of hot weather to make one hundred thousand dollars look undesirable, as Mr. Mack, and Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Taggart, and Mr. Woodson and various others might say.

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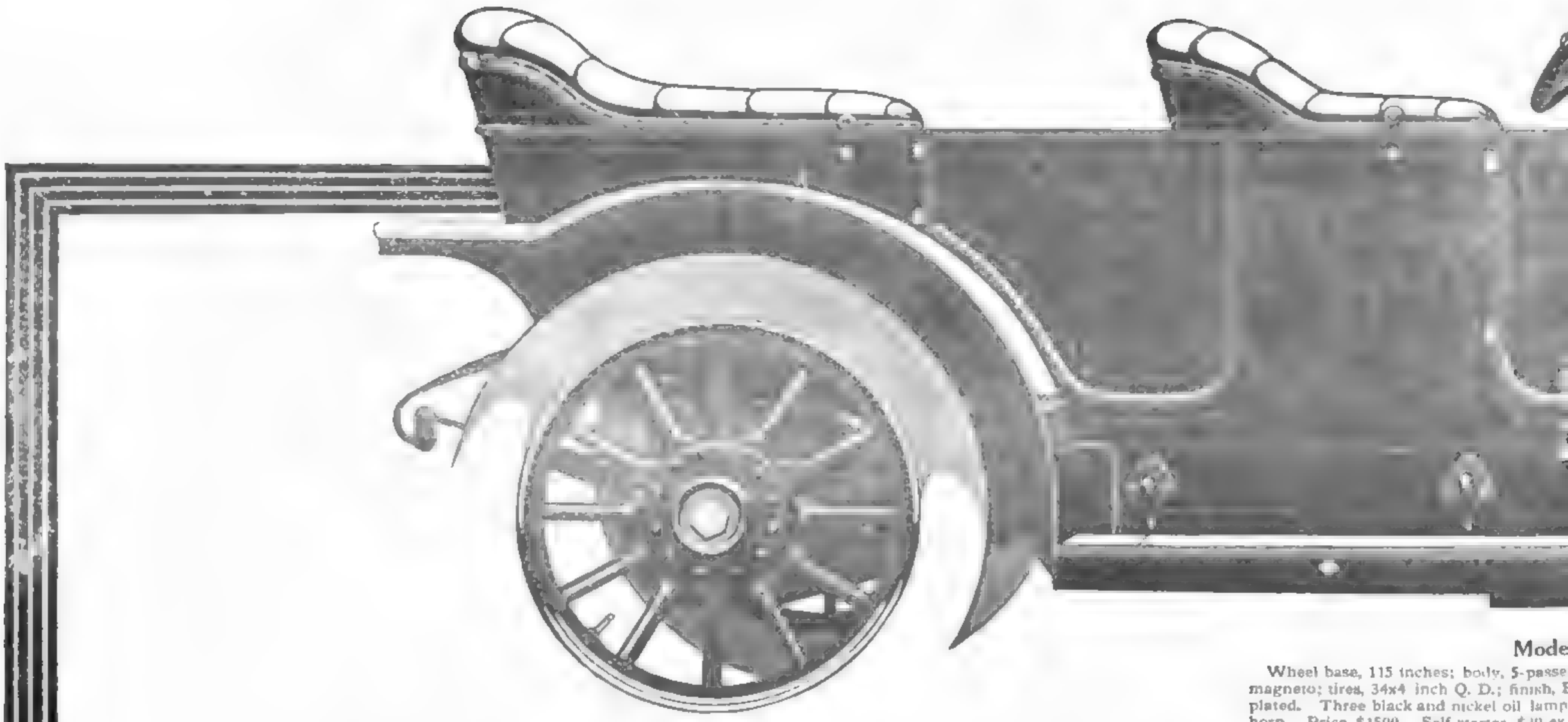

Mode

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passe
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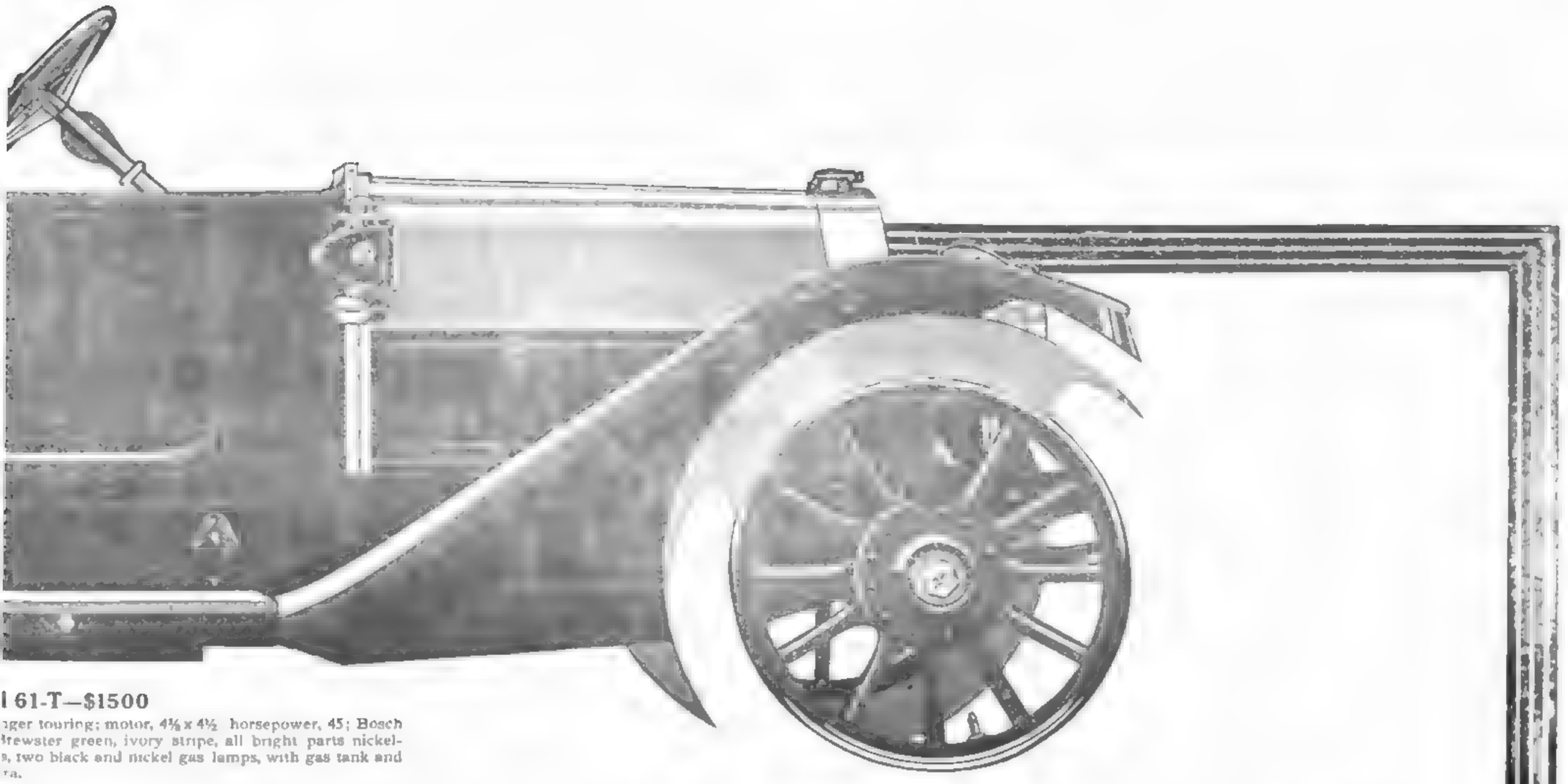

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*If your dealer hasn't it we will ship a box of a dozen pints to any address for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha.*

**The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.**


# JAN TINGLOFF

Continued from Page 13

mate made his way to the upper deck. He found his captain in the pilot house, studying the barometer

"Freight all aboard, sir."

"All right," nodded the captain; "but did you hear about the storm flags being up?"

"So I heard, sir."

"M-m! Close that door. It's cold." The mate closed the door; but almost immediately the captain raised a window and gazed down the harbor. "It looks bad to me," he said after a while.

"It is a bad-looking night," assented the mate.

"A wicked night!" barked the captain; and gathering up one end of his mustache he drew it between his teeth and begun to chew on it.

The mate pursed his lips. "What will I do, sir?"

The captain stopped chewing his mustache. "It all comes down to dollars and cents. Use our judgment and stay tied up to the dock here and it's go hunt another berth. Do you want to hunt another job?"

"I got a family to look after—I can't afford to."

"Nor I. We'll put out."

"In with that freight runway and plank!" the mate called out to the waiting longshoremen. "And you"—a colored steward was at his elbow—"tell 'em all aboard on the dock and all ashore on the boat that's goin' ashore."

The steward voiced the mate's instructions; the last passenger came aboard and the last friend went ashore. The gangplank was hauled in, the lines cast off and the Port Rock steamer slid out from her slip.

She was well down the harbor before Jan took a piece of paper from [illegible], "Number two hundred and seventy-six," he read. "That's it—two hundred and seventy-six." And seeking out the number he knocked on the door. It opened slightly and Jan saw peeking out at him the lips, chin and half an eye each side of the nose of a pretty and well-dressed girl. Jan looked up at the number over the door again to see if he had made a mistake. Then the door opened more widely—and it was she smiling out at him; but she was so rosy and terribly pretty that Jan felt afraid and drew back.

"I thought maybe you would like to get out for some fresh air soon," he stammered.

"I was just trying on the new hat I bought with the money you sent up last night—and a shirtwaist and a lovely long coat. How did you get through the night?"

"Fine! I went over to the drydock and turned into a bunk on the schooner."

She made a mouth at the mirror. "That was no place to sleep. You ought to get a comfortable room at the hotel."

Jan was silent.

"Yes, you should. I'll be right out!"

She came out, but with her face veiled, and clung close to him as they walked the deck. Jan sniffed the air.

"Snow, I think," he said.

"Meaning a storm? I was never in a storm. Are they terrible?"

"A storm is nothing," said Jan, "when you get used to them. But wul we go in to supper?"

They went in. The boat was now outside the harbor and pitching slightly.

She did not eat much and at length laid down her knife and fork.

"Seasick?" asked Jan.

"No. I must be too frightened to be seasick."

"Frightened of what?"

"Of him." She leaned across the table. "I'm sure I saw him. Yes—spying through the window of my room just before I left it just now."

Jan tranquilly went on eating. "He can't hurt you aboard a boat."

"I don't mind that, so he won't hurt you."

Jan shook his head. "He won't, because he can't on here without getting caught."

They stepped outside at last. Cozy enough in the dining room; but outside the snow was now thick enough to show white on deck where the passengers had not tramped it down. They sought the open space in the bow—Jan to see how it looked ahead and Mrs. Goles to feel the fresh gale blowing in her face.

"It's a northeast snowstorm," said Jan, "and coming thicker. But no danger. No—no danger," he repeated quickly, with a glance at her.

"It's not danger of a storm I fear," she said simply. She was peering not ahead at the darkening, rising sea but at the form and face of every muffled-up passenger who came near them.

Not many passengers were venturing on to the open deck; and those who did were wrapped high and close, with hardly more than their eyes showing out. "If he comes on us he will come like that—coat collar to his ears and hat over his eyes. She thought as one after another so wrapped passed and passed—and almost with the thought catching sight of a lurking man's figure in the passageway between the pilothouse and the outside row of staterooms, she almost cried. "Let us go up on the top deck."

"It will be pretty cold and rough for you up there," suggested Jan.

"Never mind; let us go there." A man could not very well hide on the more open top deck, was what she had in mind.

They could hardly keep their feet on the top deck. An officer in passing warned them sharply to be careful. She looked after him scornfully. "As if you weren't more at home on the sea than any of them!" she said proudly to Jan.

The wind on the top deck was blowing a gale. The snow was pouring down. Another officer bumped into them. "This is no place for passengers!" he yelled. "Better go below and inside the house!" And he hurried on

"Excited, ain't he?" said Jan. "But maybe we better go below too. But let's go around by the lee side—this way."

Passing the pilot house a window above them was thrown open and a man's face thrust through, and a man's voice said:

"We'll never make Port Rock to-night, not against this gale and snow. And no use trying to see anything ahead."

Jan peered up through the dark and the snow to see who it might be. Against the light in the pilot house he could distinguish the head and shoulders of the captain.

"Then we'd better put in somewhere for the night, hadn't we?" Jan knew that for the mate's voice

"Put in where?"

"I don't know—Gloucester, maybe?"

"Gloucester? And how does Gloucester bear now? -tell me that. And how does any port bear now?—tell me that too. Suppose we did know, would you try to take her into Gloucester harbor on a night like this? Gloucester!"

"Sh-h! There's something," said the other voice.

The voices were hushed. Two long moans came over the sea.

"Wait for them again. And time 'em." The captain's voice that.

Mrs. Goles stepped closer to Jan. "Does it mean there's danger to the ship?" she asked in a low voice in Jan's ear.

"No, no. But listen!"

One long moan and one short moan came fitfully over the sea

"Thatcher's Island steam whistle," said the captain's voice. "An' bearing —" So thick was the night with snow that Jan had to strain his sight to make out the mittened hand and coatsleeve stretching out through the window over his head.

Jan felt the wind whipping him on the other side, and with that there came from the pilot house: "Well, if that ain't the devil's own luck! Here's the wind makin' into the northwest and the chief whistlin' up half-steam's all he can keep on her!"

"Ain't it always something wrong! I told 'em about them boilers -that they been leakin' right along. What will we do?"

"Only one thing to do now. Run her before it. Besides, she'll be blown offshore soon now. Run her across the bay. South-southeast. She ought to fetch Provincetown."

"Yes, sir. But when we get out from under the lee of the land what'll happen?"

"I don't know; but I do know what'll happen to her bumpin' over the rocks of this shore on a night like this!"

Jan touched Mrs. Goles' arm. "We better go below now, I think. And you better go to your room and wrap up in any warm clothes you have—two pairs of

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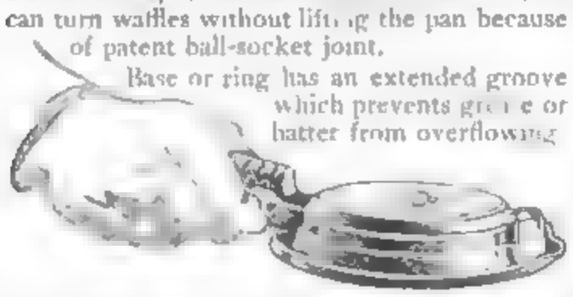

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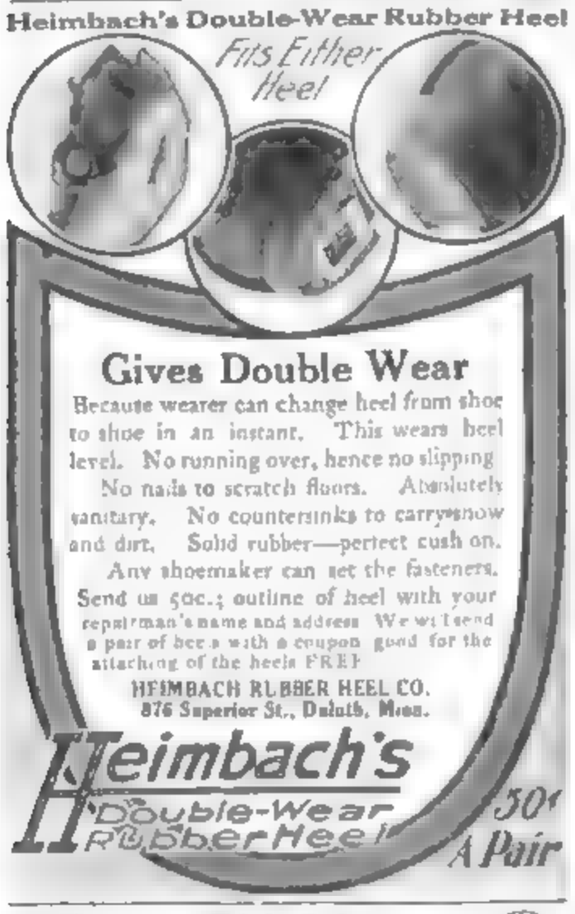


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stockings, if you have them, and things like that. To be ready for accidents, you know. And wait for me in the saloon."

"So there is danger?"

"You must not be thinking of that; but it is foolish not to be ready for accidents. And while you are dressing up I will take a look round."

"Oh, suppose he is aboard! Won't you watch out for him?"

"It's him has to watch out for me on a night like this," said Jan—"and maybe watch out for more than me."

Jan went to his room and put on his extra suit of underwear, and over his vest he drew his sweater. From his suitcase he took his mother's photograph and tucked it in his inside pocket. Then he went up again to the top deck and located a life-raft—made the rounds of the boatdeck and located the lifeboats.

It was time now to study the storm. The snow was not so thick, but the sea was making and the wind colder and stronger. A gale from the northwest it would be when they were out in the open bay; and, besides the wind getting stronger the sea would be higher. And it was as high now as was good for this old-fashioned side-wheeler with her old-time single engine.

Jan shook his head and, still shaking his head, once more made the rounds of the boatdeck. Eight boats; and each boat might hold twenty-five people—that is, if it was in a millpond. But a night like this—how many—even if the running gear were sound? "No, no," said Jan to himself, and reinspected the lone liferaft on the top deck. Two cigar-shaped steel air-cylinders with a thin connecting deck was the life-raft. Jan had seen better ones; but a raft, at least, would not capsize.

He descended to the main deck, to where, in the gangway between house and rail, he could find a little quiet and think things over. While there, amidships, a sea swept up under the paddlewheel casing. It boomed like a gun. With it went some crackling wood. Again a booming—again a crackling. The boat broached to. Sea-water was running the length of her deck.

From out of the snow and night another sea came; and this one came straight aboard, roaring as it came. Jan knew what it meant—there is always the first sea by itself. Not long now before there would be another.

And not long before there was another. And soon there would be a hundred of them, one racing after the other. And a thousand more of them—only this rust-eaten hull, with her scrollwork topsides, would not hold together long enough to see a thousand of them.

Jan tried to figure out how far they were from the Cape Cod shore. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles. Call it twenty. Jan doubted if she would live to get there, even with the gale behind her.

He walked round the house to look into the lighted saloon. She was there—the poor girl—sitting patiently by herself. Long before this the orchestra had given up playing and only a dozen passengers or so were there; but she was the only lone one—in a red plush chair under a cluster of wall-lights. Besides the passengers, there was one steward and a colored maid, both staring together through the lighted window.

Jan's feet were wet. He went down to the bar, where he called for a drink of rye whisky and a pint flask of brandy. "Of your best," he added.

Leaning against the bar he listened to the loungers there. Four of them were at a table under a window which looked out on the open deck. One was struggling in a loud voice with what should have been a funny story. His companions neglected no chance to laugh, but after each laugh they hastily sipped their drink. At intervals the wind would shriek and at each shriek they would look past each other with exaggerated calmness; but when the sea pounded the hull, and the spray splashed thickly against the window over their heads, they would look up at the window or across at the door. And when the boat would roll down and, rolling, threaten to dump them all on the floor, they would grab the table and yell "Whoa!" or "Wait a second!" with just a suggestion of hysteria in their throats; and somebody would call out, "Go on with the story, Joe!" and the story-teller would hasten to resume.

Jan turned to the bartender, who was filling the steward's hurried orders calmly if not impassively. After every heavy sea he would stop pouring or mixing to glance with unaffected interest at the beams above him or the door opening on the deck. He was an undersized man with lean, pale cheeks, a hard chin and a bright, cold eye. Once he looked fairly at Jan and Jan looked fairly at him. It was like an introduction.

"You a seagoing man?" he asked.

"I used to go to sea," admitted Jan.

"I thought so. But those there"—he lowered his voice and leaned across the bar to Jan—"they don't know whether this is a real bad gale or just the reg'lar thing. One of 'em says a while ago: 'This is the kind of weather I like!' I bet it's his first trip. But most of the passengers, the stewards tell me, are turned in, trying to forget it."

"Better for 'em," said Jan.

"Maybe so too; but what do you think of it?"

Jan shook his head. "I will be glad when morning comes."

"Same here. I've seen it as bad as this a couple of times before." He picked up Jan's bill. "But this old shoebox ain't getting any younger. Here's your brandy. It's good stuff—don't be afraid of it. Seventy-five and fifteen—ninety."

"Have a cigar," said Jan, "and finish the dollar."

"Thanks. I will. But I'll smoke it later, when it's quieter, if it's all the same to you." He rang up a dollar on the cash register and turned to a newcomer who had ranged up beside Jan.

"Brandy," said the newcomer.

As Jan thrust his flask in his inside coat pocket he flashed a sidewise glance at the man drinking. The man was buttoned up to his eyes, but Jan thought he knew the voice. Jan buttoned up his own coat, said "Good night" to the bartender and went out on deck, from where, through the window, he could view the man at the bar.

Jan saw the man empty his glass and motion for another drink. He drank that, paid and turned to go. Jan caught a front glimpse of his face. It was Goles. Jan also saw that the bartender was looking curiously after him.

Jan waited for him outside. As he came almost abreast, the ship heaved and the two men fell against each other, while a great splash of sea-water drenched them. Again a roll and jump, and Goles would have fallen had not Jan held him upright. Goles gave him no thanks, but he said huskily: "I heard one of the sailors say she's a goner." With Jan holding on to Goles, the two men were swaying and stumbling to the boat's heavy rolling and heaving.

"I don't know about that," said Jan; "but she's in a bad way. And it's going to be worse, I think."

"That's what the sailor said," muttered Goles.

"So if you want to shoot anybody you better wait till we're safe—tomorrow maybe. And your wife —— But watch out!"

The sea washed fairly over them both. With the wave went a broken rail and part of the splintered house. Following the crashing of the wood and glass came the frightened questions and the patter of excited people running out of their rooms. The story-telling group from the barroom came as one man. The glass of the window over their heads had been showered on to their table. The bartender stopped only to empty his cash-register, stuff the money in his pocket and get into a great-coat; then he came running out too. Bottles and glasses were breaking behind him as he ran.

"Come," said Jan. Goles followed. Jan went up and looked into the saloon. There she was, still waiting. "You stay here and I will bring her out," said Jan to Goles—"and don't you open your mouth when you see her."

Goles made no sign. He had then a grip of the house railing and his face was to the sea.

"Thank God for the sight of you!" she said to Jan as he came in. "Is the ship going down?"

"Not yet. But your husband is outside. He won't say anything. Don't you either. And when —— Hold hard!"

The deck bounded up under them. She gripped Jan's coat and Jan gripped a chair that was screwed to the floor; and then the deck rolled far down and Jan's chair came loose, and both were thrown across the saloon. "She is breaking up!" thought Jan. A moment later it seemed to Jan as if all the passengers in the ship had suddenly awakened and were trying to crowd into the place. A ship's officer and some stewards also came running in. The stewards

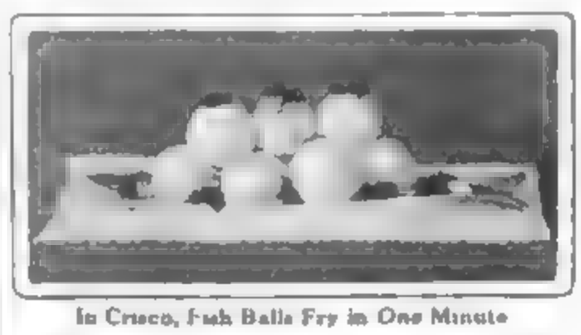
*(Continued on Page 40)*

# Dry Frying with Crisco

IN Crisco, the new cooking product, foods fry so quickly that they are always dry and flaky. Crisco heats to such a high point that you can cook foods in it in less than half the time usually required. Potatoes fry in Crisco in four and one-half minutes, instead of ten. They fry so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption so that they are crisp and deliciously dry. They are absolutely digestible, wholly different from potatoes soaked in ordinary fats.

**Purely Vegetable**

CRISCO, the new product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking, is purely vegetable and should be used for cooking where you now use fats of animal origin.



In Crisco, Fish Balls Fry in One Minute

There is absolutely no animal matter in it. It is exquisitely clean and pure in origin and manufacture. It is put up in immaculate packages protected from dust and store odors. As soon as you see Crisco, you will be impressed with its purity. It is a delicious cream white, pleasing and appetizing in appearance.

**Notice its Delicate Aroma**

CRISCO has the fresh, pleasant odor of a vegetable product. Its use is not attended by the slightest odor in the kitchen, nor do Crisco fried foods or pastries have any suggestion of the offensive odor or flavor which accompanies the use of cottonseed oil or lard compounds. Test it in hot biscuits. Open a Crisco biscuit when it is very hot and notice the delightful biscuit aroma.

Purchase a package of Crisco today.

**Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00 except in the Far West**

Upon request we shall mail a handy illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco.
The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# If you drive your car faster than hour you need a Warner

***The strain on Shaft, Bearings and Connections at higher speeds is tremendous. Warner construction is so sturdy that it will endure any strain which will not wreck or injure the car itself.***

This explains why owners of good cars, capable of making twenty to fifty miles per hour with comfort to the passengers, consistently use the Warner Auto-Meter.

And why those who are satisfied with inferior speed indicators on good cars are usually found to be operating those cars in city traffic at low speeds. Or, on the other hand, that they may belong to the "jog-along" class, who derive no pleasure in traveling much faster than a horse can trot.

The headline likewise explains why Racing Cars and those entered in Glidden Tours and Reliability Runs are so generally equipped with Warner Auto-Meters. It is not merely because the entrants could *afford* the few dollars extra for the Warner—but for the more vital reason that the Warner *stays on* and *keeps indicating* at high pressure, and inferior speed indicators *do not*. At the last Elgin races several speed indicators (not Warners) were found in the tire pits after the first few laps. At Savannah a car was totally wrecked. The Warner was uninjured by the shock or strain, and went through the race on another car without adjustments of any kind. These two illustrations are representative.

## The Warner endures the highest speed without breakdowns

The Warner safely endures the most extreme strains solely because we have persisted in **building up to a standard** instead of **down to a price,** as we are frequently urged to do.

It costs more money to make a strictly high-grade, high-speed Warner, and we naturally have to charge more for this enduring **quality.** Yet, notwithstanding the higher first cost, the Warner is still cheapest in the end.

## The Upkeep Cost of the Warner is practically nothing

Every Warner sold is repaired and adjusted *free of charge* for a year from date of purchase—accidents and self-evident abuse excepted.

This service is performed at any one of twenty Branch Houses (see list below) so distributed that no matter where you live there is a Warner Branch only a few hours away. The percentage of Warners requiring even slight attention is less than *one out of each thousand made* during the first year a Warner is attached to a car. And only 1⅛% have required attention after **three years** of Continuous Service.

## Ask the man who owns an inferior speed indicator about *his* repairs

Total these repairs up for *one season only* and add to the original cost of the inferior indicator and it will frequently be found that the amount would have purchased a reliable, trouble-proof Warner in the first place, which would have remained good as new for years.

**WARNER AUTO-METER**

*"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"*

## Auto Manufacturers Building for the Future are Equipping with or Recommending the Warner

They recognize that satisfactory service in their cars means the *perfect performance of every part.* If tires—tops—or speed indicator give trouble it seriously reflects on the maker's knowledge of values—even though the maker of this car does not himself produce them.

And if an article which has given trouble and caused continued annoyance to owners one season is again used for a second, the customer logically questions the maker's sincerity in claiming to give honest values in every part of his car.

The wisest manufacturers in the auto field are those far-sighted ones who forecast complete equipment with the **best** as inevitable. These have equipped with the Warner Auto-Meter for 1912 instead of waiting until 1913, as many have decided to do.

# WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY,

Main Offices and Factory
1250 Wheeler Avenue

**NOTE** TO DEALERS! When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first.* Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment.

BRANCH HOUSES MAINTAINED AT

| | | | | | |
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| Atlanta | Chicago | Denver | Kansas City | Philadelphia | San Francisco |
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CANADIAN BRANCH: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

(164)

# fifteen miles an Auto-Meter

### The Quality Warner at three to four times the cost of other speed-indicators, visibly indicates the *Quality Policy* of these makers

We do not wish to even insinuate that these cars offer so much extra value simply because these makers have paid from $20,000 to $50,000 extra money on their season's output to give you a Warner Auto-Meter. Quite the contrary. It simply indicates that with these makers *Quality is of Paramount Importance in every item*, and that the **best** everywhere is considered none too good for their trade.

### Reliable Auto Dealers Push the Warner

The auto owner who has owned more than one car is through with experimenting. He knows what it means in comfort and satisfaction to have a Warner on his car. He has found it poor economy to ignore **sterling value** for alleged **bargains.**

In consequence the Auto Dealer who sells him has grown wise by experience. He finds it the best business policy to suggest the Warner to his prospective customers as in perfect harmony with the car he sells. His permanence in business depends on the **satisfaction** and the **sterling quality** of what he recommends to his trade, and the Warner gives both.

### The man who wants a Warner can now have it on any car except the very lowest priced

The far-sighted automobile manufacturer who realizes that future business depends on present **values** (rather than past performances), is already equipping with the Quality Warner.

Other manufacturers who are now attempting to satisfy their trade with an inferior indicator or none at all, will equip with the Warner for 1913 — perhaps before the end of 1912.

### You need a Warner on the car you have or are about to buy

If the car you select is not regularly equipped with the Warner—*buy* one for it. It will double your pleasure in the car

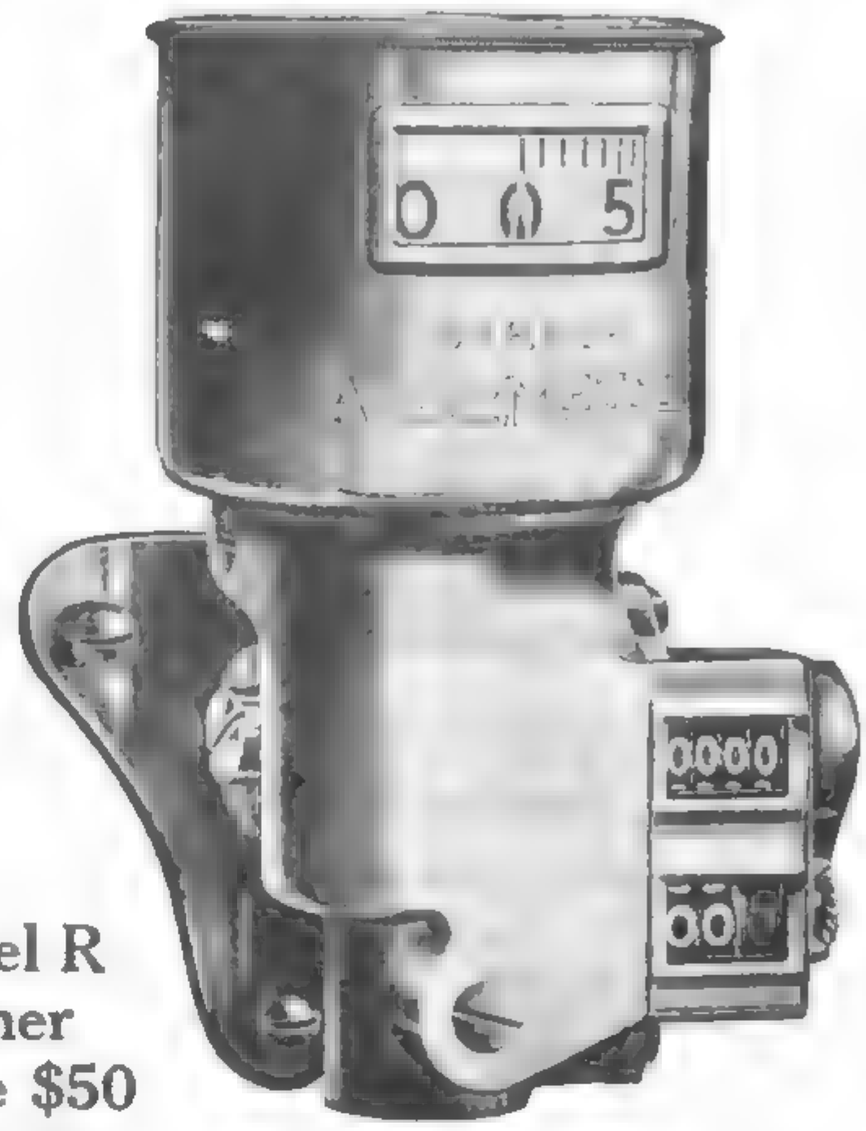
If the car you decide on has an inferior speed indicator on it—throw it away and *buy* a dependable Warner. It isn't worth the wear and tear on nerves and patience to bother with an inferior speed indicator.

If your dealer offers to throw in an unreliable indicator to get your order, don't take it. Pay the difference and get the BEST—the Warner—and *KNOW* instead of having to guess

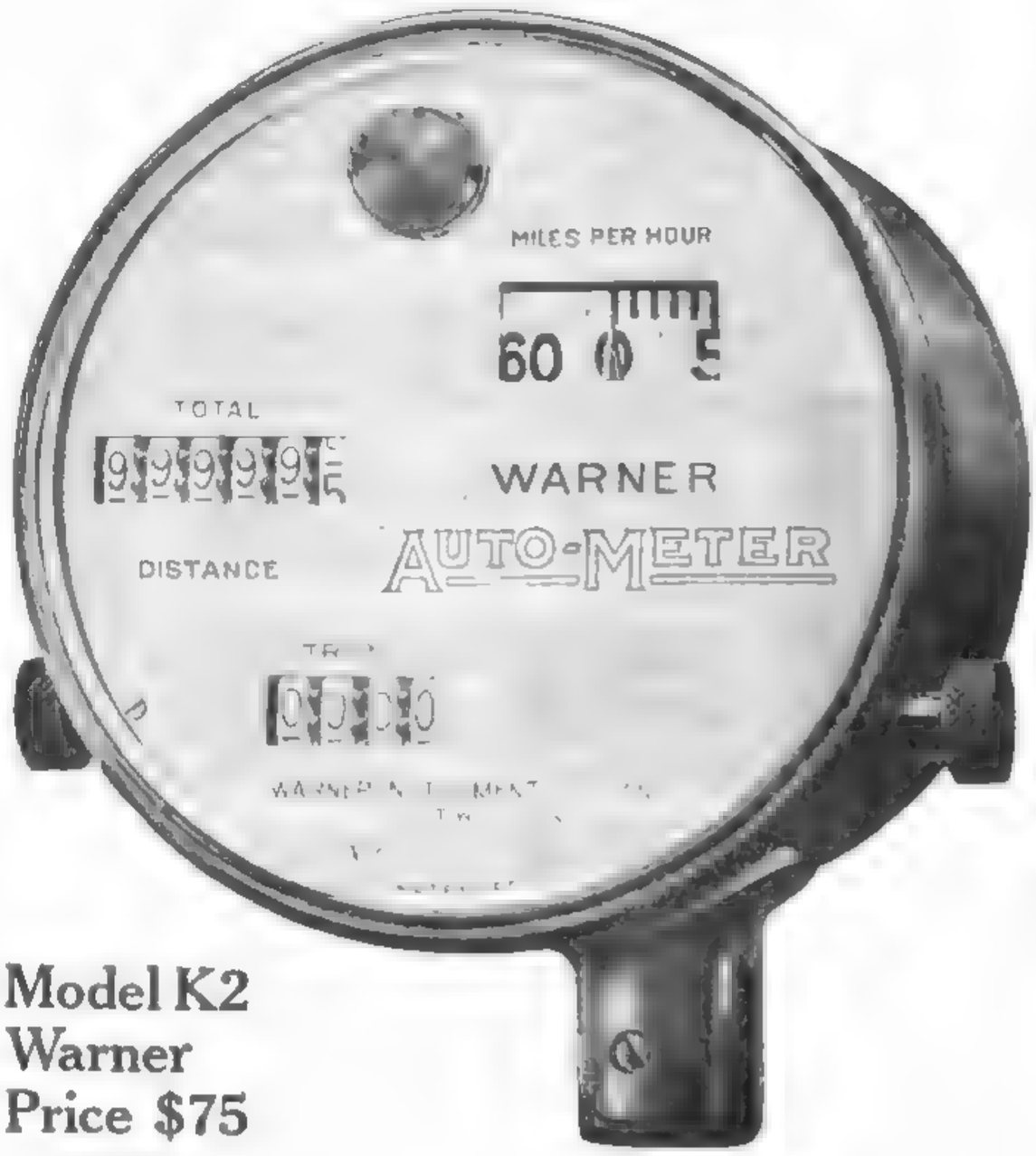
You'll get more pleasure out of the Warner than almost any of the conveniences and comforts on your car. Your dealer will gladly get you the exact style and model you like best.

# BELOIT, WISCONSIN

**The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.**




**Model R Warner Price $50**
(Actual Size)



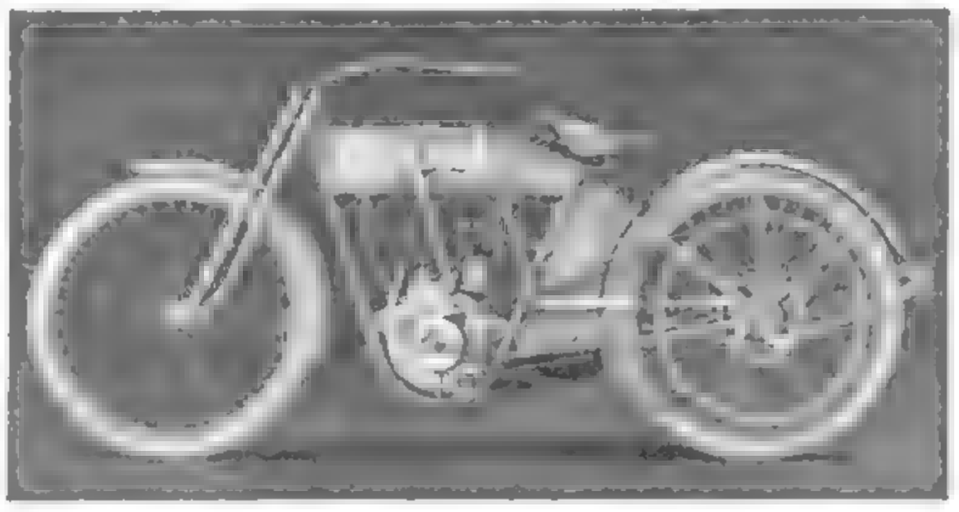

**Model K2 Warner Price $75**
(Actual Size)

**Other Models Up to $145**
**With and Without High-Grade Chelsea Clocks**

THE NEW

# Harley-Davidson

"THE SILENT GREY FELLOW"



## The Motorcycle That Is Not Uncomfortable

**The Free-Wheel Control permits the HARLEY-DAVIDSON to be started like an auto.**

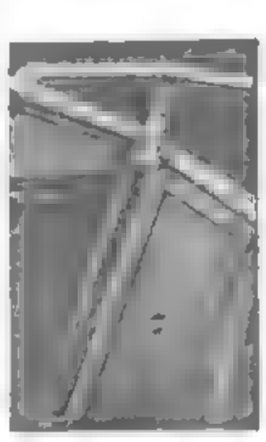
UNTIL the New HARLEY-DAVIDSON was produced motorcycles were more or less uncomfortable.

With only the saddle springs and the resiliency of the tires to absorb the jolts, how could they be otherwise? When a motorcycle struck a 3 inch bump the tires and the saddle springs absorbed 1 inch of the shock—the rider got the rest.

Motorcycle manufacturers have long tried in vain to overcome this. They put longer saddle springs on and found that while this eliminated the hard jolts, when the machine struck bumps or crossings it added a "spring board like" action which threw the rider off the seat. This was even more objectionable than the jolts and jars and was actually dangerous. Other experiments were tried, but the problem remained unsolved, until William S. Harley, America's foremost motorcycle designer and engineer, suspended or floated the seat between two springs held under heavy compression. Hence the name *Ful-Floteing* SEAT.

Jolts and jars were eliminated—it was like riding on air. The "spring board like" action was gone. The rider really floated over bumps and rough roads. The *Ful-Floteing* SEAT had solved the problem.

In addition to its comfort, the new Harley-Davidson is clean—all moving parts where oil is used are encased in oil tight cases, and the machine is so silent that it cannot be heard across the street.



Sectional View of Ful-Floteing Seat

## HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY

226 B Street MILWAUKEE

## Will You Try "COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE At Our Risk?

Use it in your home **for a year**—give it the test of **service**—your **money back any time you say.** THAT'S the **proof!** Only Come-Packt values make this **possible.**

Made from choicest of hardwoods—Quarter Sawn White Oak, splendidly fashioned, honestly built and handsomely finished [illegible] signs that are simple, dignified, forever pleasing. Choice of eight finishes.

**AND You Save Over Half**

by buying direct from our factories the completed furniture which can be assembled [illegible] Money Back [illegible] A postcard brings it postpaid

Write TODAY to COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 214 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O. (Formerly [illegible])

(Continued from Page 37)

had life-preservers, which they were buckling on to themselves. They remained; but the officer, after a look round, ran out again.

The boat rolled back on her keel. Jan led Mrs. Goles to the outer deck. Goles was there. "Come!" ordered Jan, and led the way to an iron ladder. The boat rolled far to one side and again far to the other. Mrs. Goles felt as if she were clinging to the tail of a kite, but still she clung to Jan; and Jan at last made the upper deck with her. He had forgotten her husband; but when he turned to look back the muffled form was there at his heels.

Jan grasped [illegible] to where the [illegible] was lashed to the deck. He ordered Mrs. Goles to sit down on the raft. Goles sat down beside her. Goles seemed the [illegible] of all women.

"You will [illegible] up. I come back," Jan said to him and, turning to go below, bumped into another man.

"Hello! Is this you?" said the other man. "I thought I saw you come up here. 'And there's the man,' I says to myself 'to tie to tonight'"

Jan recognized the bartender. "You're just the man I want too," said Jan. He dove into his pocket and drew out a revolver. "Here, take this."

"A gun!"

"Yes—and loaded. Watch that man on the raft. And if he tries to hurt that woman or not let her on that raft if the boat goes down, shoot him!"

"You mean it?"

"Yes. He's bad! He's the man who was drinking in your place a few minutes ago—after me."

"Oh, him! Yes; he's bad, all right. He's been drinking raw brandy since seven o'clock. I was noticin' him."

"Don't shoot him unless you have to. And don't let him see me passing it to you. I'm going to get a few more people up to the raft."

"All right—but —— Wow! I never shot a man in my life."

Jan had hardly reached the saloon when the great crash came. He was swept away before it. Boom! it was—and again, crash! Now he heard the smothered appeals of people being swept overboard! Crackling wood was following the crash of every sea, and each sea receded only to let the next one strike even more heavily. It was now nothing but solid water that was coming aboard.

Her buoyancy had left her. Her roll had become a wallow. She was settling. "The water's in her hold!" thought Jan, and took a quick look about. All kinds and all ages—but there was one girl with an expression on her face that startled him.

Near the girl were a young man and a woman locked in each other's arms. Jan judged them to be a bridal couple. They were saying nothing just holding each other and waiting. He hesitated an instant and then he saw a woman with a baby. She was leaning heavily against a stanchion crooning to the baby. He now saw that she was almost a middle-aged woman, a poorly dressed and toilworn woman—a Finnish woman probably. Jan's doubt was gone. He jumped to her side. "Want to save your baby?" The woman looked up at him and down at the baby. "Baby!" she said, and handed it to Jan. "Yes, save baby," she said. "Come!" said Jan, and grasped her hand. Then the lights went out.

Jan had marked the ladder in his mind, and in the dark he made his way toward it; but before he could get to it there were many adventures. He went floundering this way and that, holding the baby in one arm and dragging the mother with the other, keeping on until he bumped into a stanchion in the dark. "It's near here," he thought; and, reaching out with his feet, he found the bottom step of the ladder.

He had two decks to surmount. On the boatdeck, as he passed up, he could hear the ship's men shouting wildly and foolishly to each other. On the top deck he found the three just as he had left them. He gave the woman and baby into the care of the bartender and felt about until he found a coil of rope. He cut it loose and, carrying it back to the raft, lashed Mrs. Goles to a ring. Then, taking off his ulster, he wrapped it round the mother and baby, and lashed her. Then he lashed the bartender and Goles, and took a loose turn about a ring for himself. Then he waited.

It came soon enough. A large section of the top deck floated clear of the upper

## Her Best Friend

After all, beauty is a woman's best friend. She who possesses it is always remembered with tender thoughts. Let it be your highest aim, then, to preserve or acquire this priceless gift—use *the one toilet cream of purity and quality*—use ELCAYA.

## CRÊME ELCAYA

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protects it from the harsh winter weather; keeps it soft, clear, inviting. ELCAYA is the delight of the well-groomed American woman—the first choice of those who demand the *best that money can buy.*

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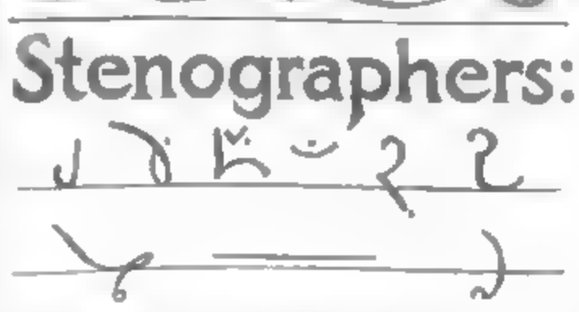
## Stenographers:



*Don't waste time in sharpening wooden pencils.*

Use

## Blaisdell Paper Pencils

[illegible] "shorthand" way of always having a perfect pencil point. They can be sharpened as much quicker than wooden pencils as shorthand is quicker than long hand. Simply nick the paper with a pen or a knife [illegible], or even a pen, and pull off a strip of paper [illegible] as far superior to ordinary [illegible] of wooden [illegible] noiseless, made [illegible] of finest veneers. If your stationer cannot supply you, write for one of our special offers.

**Offer No. 1, 10c,** 3 assorted high grade lead pencils. **Offer No. 2, 25c,** 3 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons. **Offer No. 3, 50c,** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

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COLLARS & CUFFS

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Again, our new air-tight cap keeps the glue from drying up. Use a little, put the cap on, and it will keep ready to use again a year from today. No bad smell, no waste, no mussiness.

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Branches in principal cities from which shipments are made direct. Ideal Glue Pots for desk and office use.

*Library Slips with every Bottle and Tube*

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Why live in only part of your house when you can get 70 degrees comfort in every corner of every room in the coldest weather, by putting in a Pierce Heating System?

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are adapted to every size and kind of building from the smallest cottage to the largest factory. They will heat your home without disturbing your present heating system.

Write us and we will see that you get an estimate. Also ask for our free "Heat Saving Ways for Your Home" booklet that tells how to reduce heating costs.

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THOMAS MFG. CO., 5068 Wayne St., DAYTON, O.


works. Jan stayed by the floating deck until he was sure the steamer was surely sunk beneath them. Then he cut the raft clear of everything and let her drift.

The raft was swirled from wave to wave. The spray broke over them. "We'll get wet," said Jan; "but one thing—she won't capsize!"

The seas curled and boomed about them; but no solid seas rolled over them. They mounted every roaring white crest as if they were swinging from an aeroplane. The spray never failed to drench them and with every heaving sea came bits of wreckage that threatened them; but at least they were living, and not a living soul besides themselves had come away.

. . . . . .

The clouds raced beneath the moon; but by-and-by the clouds passed away, and the moon shone clear and cold on a terrifying sea. And so for hours—until the moon had gone and the struggling daylight revealed a surf breaking high on a sandy shore. They could not land there; so Jan took the long oar and wielded it over one end of the raft and held her parallel to the beach until he descried a point reaching out into the bay. On the other side of that point would be a lee and safety; but he said nothing of that to his companions yet.

In the middle of the raft lay Goles, huddled and silent as ever. Mrs. Goles, at the farther end of the raft, was mostly watching Jan as he heaved on the oar; but sometimes she seemed to be studying her husband. The Finn woman, nearest to Jan, was hugging her baby to her under Jan's greatcoat. She, too, when she was not watching her baby, was looking at Jan. The bartender, between Jan and Goles, was looking out for marks ashore.

The bartender was also thinking that the two other men were about the same age, and yet the man in the middle of the raft, when he let his face be seen, looked the older by ten years. All night long he had not spoken and he seldom raised his head—when he did it was to gaze at the land. He seemed to be taking but small notice of anybody. Toward the bartender who was behind him, he had not once turned his head.

Jan worked on the long oar. The point was coming nearer. "A hard drag yet; but we'll be there by sunrise!" said Jan in a low voice to the bartender; at which Goles looked round suddenly—but still had nothing to say.

At last they were under the lee of the point. The sea was beautifully smooth. Jan stopped sculling and went forward to Mrs. Goles. "The tide has her," he said. "Soon she will be in and we will all be safe!" She looked back at her husband.

The bartender stood up and shouted aloud. "Safe—bah! Say, but it's like looking at something in a moving picture." He stuck a hand into his coat pocket and pulled out Jan's revolver. He stared at it; then, with a low whistle at Goles' back, he returned it to his pocket. Only the Finn woman had seen it and she remained silent.

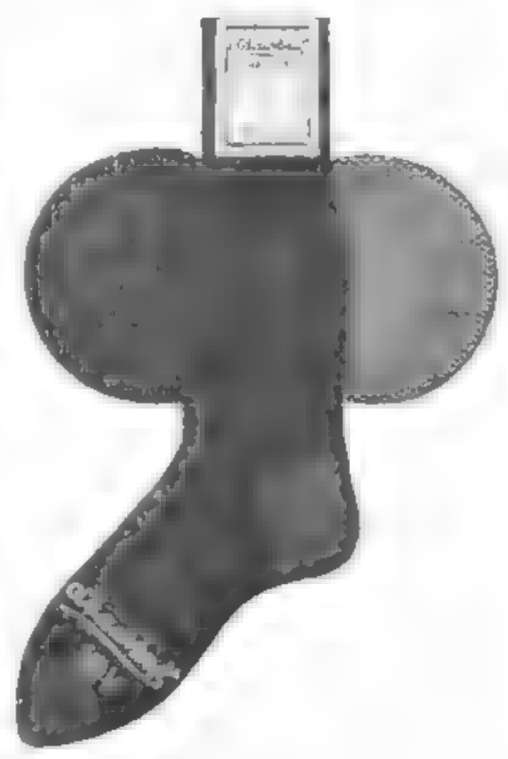
The bartender shoved a hand into his trousers pocket. He pulled out a handful of bills and silver. "Well, what do you know? And I came near putting that into the safe last night!" He unbuttoned his jacket and from his vest pocket he pulled out a cigar. "Well, what do you know?" He drew out a metallic matchcase. "Well, well—dry too!" He lit his cigar, took three or four puffs, contentedly sat down, and began smoothing out and counting the damp bills. "Well, well!—forty-five, fifty-five, sixty, seventy—the only time in my life I ever beat a cash register! Seventy-two—four—and on a good night there'd 'a' been three times the business—eight-four—six—eight. Eighty-eight dollars."

Goles looked over his shoulder at the bartender. He wet his lips and stood up. After a time he threw off his overcoat. "How about a drink from that flask?" he asked suddenly.

Jan, without looking round, drew the flask from his pocket and handed it to him. He had already given the two men a drink each—and the Finn woman and Mrs. Goles two swallows of it during the night; and almost half the brandy was now gone. Goles put the flask to his lips. The bartender stopped counting his silver to watch him; and, seeing it go, he called out: "Say there, Bill, just leave a taste of that, will you!" Goles drank it to the last drop. When he had finished he threw the empty flask overboard. "Well, if you ain't one fine gentleman!" uttered the bartender.

Goles paid no attention to him. "How long before we'll be ashore now?" he asked.


# White Next Your Feet



These new Shawknit "Oxford Grey Mixture" Socks are *white inside.*

Outside is the fashionable new "Oxford Grey," matching the smartest clothes worn on Fifth Avenue.

This effect is produced by knitting *black over white.*

Black Silk outside, with White Lisle next your feet, cost you 50c the pair—*six* pairs in a box for **$3.00.**

Black Soft-Combed Cotton outside, with White Cotton next your feet, light or medium weight, cost you 25c the pair—*six* pairs in a box for **$1.50.**

All these socks are guaranteed. If you are not thoroughly—and entirely—pleased with them, *you can have your money back.*

Most first class stores carry Shawknit Socks. If your regular dealer cannot supply you, send your order and money *direct to us.*

Also write for our "Stylish Socks" book. It tells all about Shawknit Socks, and we send it free and postpaid. Address Shaw Stocking Co., 102 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

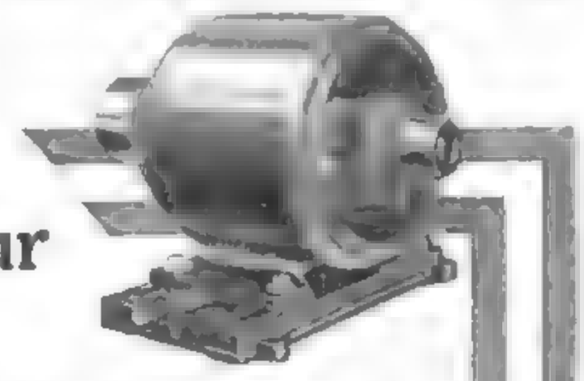
## Look for Stores That Sell—

**Shawknit** TRADE MARK. **Socks**

**Dealers**—We sell direct to you. You can get the benefit of our Advertising in [illegible] and "Home Life" [illegible] of Shawknit Socks. We [illegible] your moderate [illegible]. Write for price list to-day. Address Shaw Stocking Co., 102 Shaw [illegible]



# Our Motors Will Cut a Big Slice Out of Your Power Bills



**Robbins & Myers Motors are saving thousands of dollars for power users everywhere by operating individual machines with greater efficiency, more reliability and at a lower cost.**

**"STANDARD" Motors are now used in more than 2,000 different classes of mechanical work.**

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Many of the largest and most exacting concerns in America have adopted the Royal as their standard typewriter equipment.

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**Fact 1**—The Royal is unconditionally guaranteed to do highest grade work for a longer time ... than machines usually listed 33⅓ per ...

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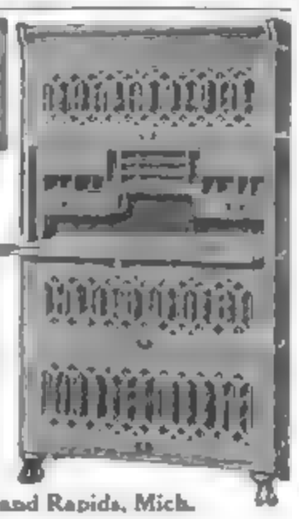

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"Only a few minutes now," said Jan. He was still standing with his back to Goles.

"A few minutes?" repeated Goles. At the words his wife looked round. Husband and wife stared at each other.

"There's the sun coming over the sandhill now," said Jan. She turned to look.

The bartender, counting and chuckling over his money, felt a hand shaking the tip of his sleeve. It was the Finn woman. She pointed a finger toward Goles. The bartender saw Goles' hand come out of his bosom with a revolver.

"So long as we're safe," said Goles slowly, "you're going to get yours—and get it now, you ——"

Jan was looking at the shore, but Mrs. Goles had turned with the first word and thrown herself toward Goles as he fired. Mrs. Goles fell before the bullet. "I was going to get her anyway," said Goles evenly, and leveled his revolver at Jan, who had jumped to save her from falling overboard and was now holding her away from Goles.

"I got you where there's no comeback!" gritted Goles, and took careful aim at Jan!—but did not fire. He felt a ring of cold metal pressed against his neck and half-turned to see what it was. "Don't shoot! Don't!" he begged.

"You ——" The word the bartender gritted out could not be heard, because he pulled the trigger as he said it.

Goles sagged down until his knees rested on the deck. Then he fell forward and over the side of the raft. There was the gentlest of splashes, a patch of red—a cluster of bubbles which burst like sighs.

"Well!" said the bartender, and held up the revolver in wonder. "I never thought I'd live to kill a man!" He looked to see how the others had taken it, but they were paying no attention to him. He saw Jan holding the baby and trying to hush its little cries for its mother, while the baby's mother was pressing the tips of her fingers gently against the upper part of the injured woman's right breast.

"You mustn't die! You mustn't die!" Jan said when the baby would let him.

"I don't want to die—not now!" she answered.

The Finn woman looked up and smiled at Jan. "Not die. No, no—not die."

The raft grounded gently on the beach. Jan took the wounded girl and set out for the top of the sandhill with her. The bartender took the baby and toiled behind with its mother.

"Say," said the bartender, "you're all right! How many more children to home?"

"Home?" She held up seven fingers. "And him," pointing to the baby.

"Great Stork! Here!" He set down the baby, drew out the bar-money and offered it to her. "When a ship goes down, I heard a sea-lawyer say once, all debts go with her. And that means all credits go too. Here—for you."

"Me? No, no. I have husband. Fine job—dollar-half day."

"Dollar an' a half! It's too much for the father of eight children for one day! But this—see. For baby. And the Lord knows a baby who came through last night and never a yip out of him, he oughter get a million. Here; put in bank—for baby."

"Ah-h! For baby. Tenk you." She beamed and took the money. "You brave man! Him"—pointing to Jan's back—"brave man too."

"Him brave—yes. But me? No, no. Me scared blue. He'd 'a' shot me next; but I beat him to it."

"Kill baby too." She kissed the baby.

. . . . . .

The sun was well up when they reached the top of the hill—a pale, frightened-looking sun, but nevertheless a sun. The bartender took off his cap and saluted it gravely. Below them lay the town.

"We'll go down there," said Jan to Mrs. Goles, "and from there, when you're well, we'll go home—to my mother. But," he added gravely, "we will go by train."

She smiled weakly at him. "I could go without a train—on my hands and knees I could crawl to the mother of you! You don't know it, but when I was growing up it was a man like you I always used to dream about. And I'm not sure I'm not dreaming now!"

"Don't worry," said the bartender. "We're awake—and alive. And you bet it's great to be alive again! Ain't it"—he turned to the Finn woman—"you mother of eight?"

The Finn woman made no answer. She was nursing her baby.


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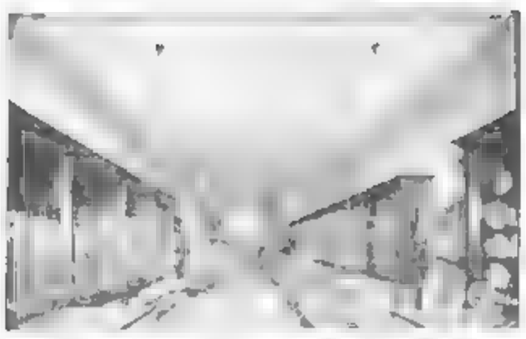
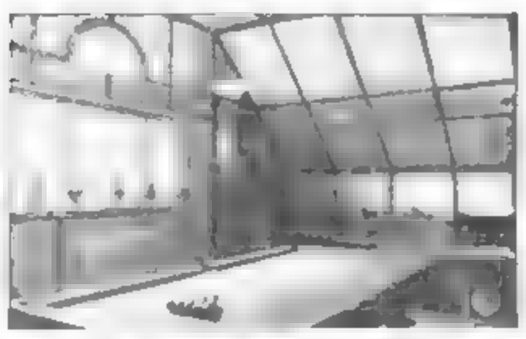
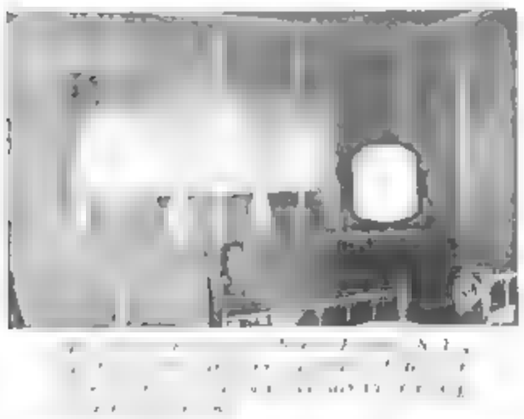
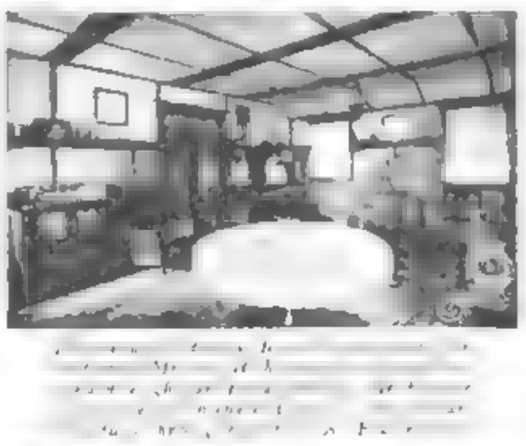


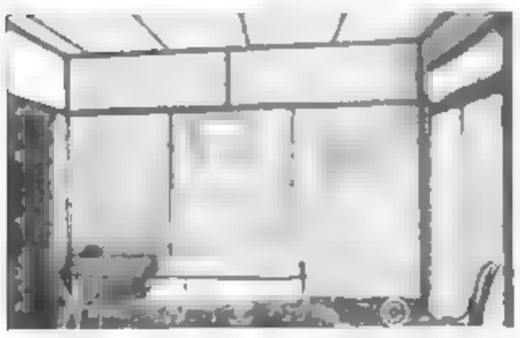


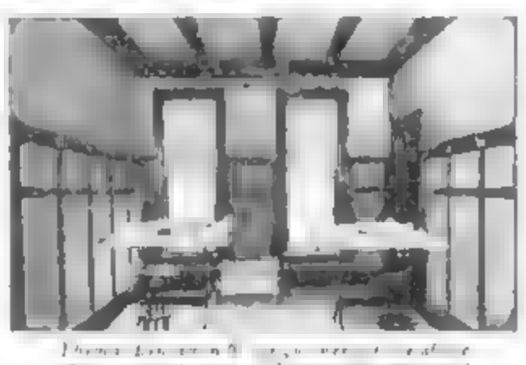


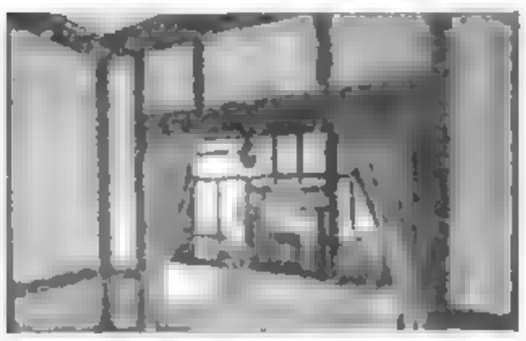
# Eighteen Solutions of the Wall and Ceiling Problem, All Different—and All Successful

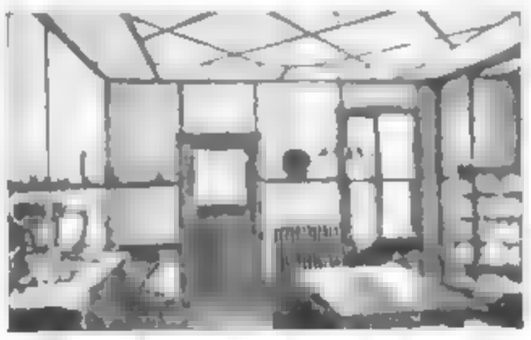
EVERY one of these pictures tells a different *Beaver Board* story. So does every line of description. They're true stories as well as interesting. But they merely hint at the convenience, the satisfaction, the freedom from lath and plaster troubles, the new possibilities of effective design—that you will find in *Beaver Board.*

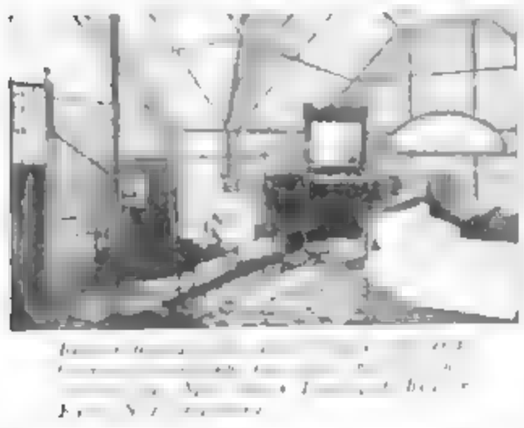


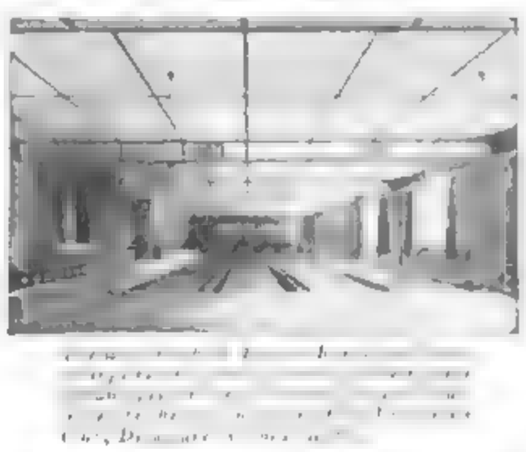


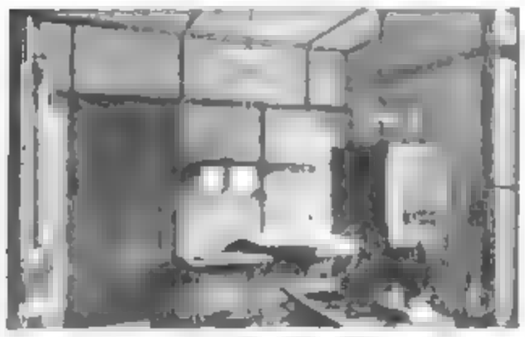


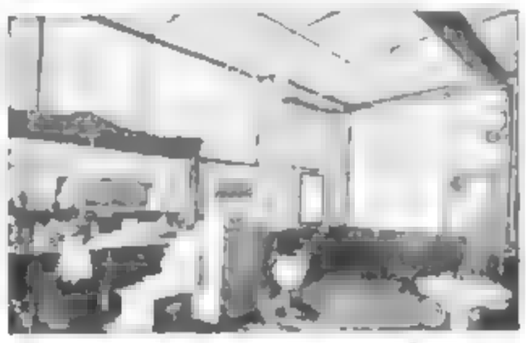


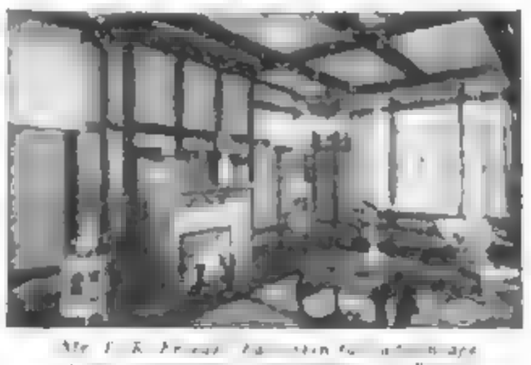


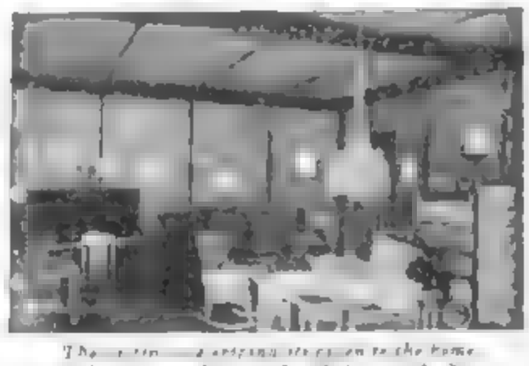










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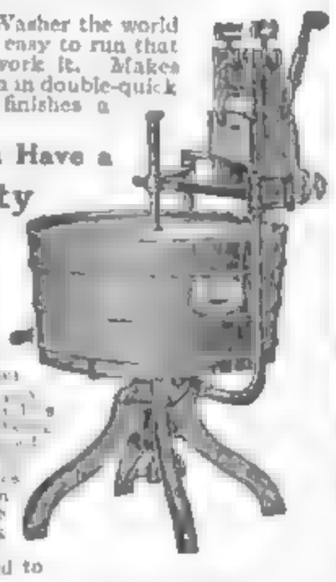

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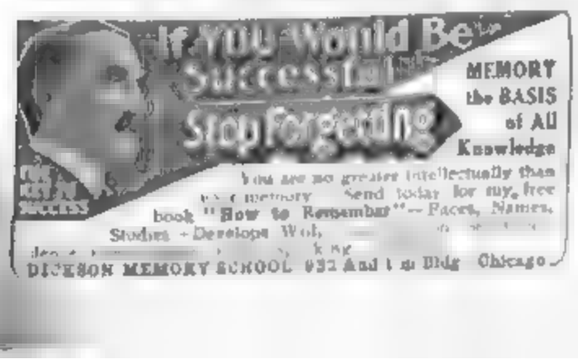


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## The Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Slap

(Continued from Page 17)

"He won't do it. I've seen his picture. He is a bear of a man with gray hair, isn't he? He's got a place up the Hudson. The family is in swell. Something like that. You've gone crazy. You've got him on this letter all right, all right, but he won't stand for the thirty-thousand-dollar slap."

"I want to see," said Mary Inness almost tenderly. "I want to see whether he will or not. The world gets fooled on some of these big men. I want to slap his face. I think he'll let me do it."

"Suppose he won't," said Paymaster with his eyelids narrowing with their characteristic shrewdness. "How do we divide then? Do I get half? You said it was my wit against yours. Well here's a good gamble, my girl. I say he won't stand for it. Suppose I win—do I get half?"

"Yes," said the stenographer with spirit. "I've got that much life in me yet."

"I'm on?" Paymaster asked. "Is that what you mean?"

She nodded.

"What time is it?" he inquired.

She looked at her watch; the hands indicated eleven-ten. Paymaster pointed to the paper on the table.

"I'll just keep this in sight," he explained. "It's a good argument against your calling for help. It keeps us all in the same boat together. When it's within my reach it's a sort of gag against screams and such."

Mary Inness did not answer. She watched her visitor from the seat on the bed as if he might at any moment make some attack upon her or attempt the end for which he had at first come. Apparently her belief that she could summon help in any one of the passing moments was sufficient to hold the situation as it was. Paymaster, for his part, had reviewed all the possible ways in which he might make some such play. None of them was acceptable.

"This is a whale of a sketch!" he said, talking aloud for his own ears. "It gives me a pain! Excuse me, Miss Inness, if I say that I've known a lot of crazy women, but one that will pay thirty thousand dollars for a slap sounds like Matteawan to me!"

"Possibly," answered the other with a sniff; "but I consider it a bargain. Of course your opinion is not exactly disinterested. If you saw your chance I think you would probably knock me on the head."

"I'm too much of a gentleman for that," said Paymaster, lying gracefully. "And I rather like you because you are nervy."

Miss Inness gave a little smile that was composed of sadness, disappointment and loneliness.

"I prefer that you make no love to me," she said. "I have taken vows duly witnessed by my typewriter and rows of lawbooks on a shelf. I have dedicated myself to the office and a furnished front parlor on Twenty-eighth Street."

"Poor little girl!" exclaimed Paymaster.

Mary, watching him from the corner of one eye, went to the window and then looked down into the street.

"You're not a very successful flirt," she said calmly. "It's all white with snow outside. I'm sorry you have no overcoat."

Paymaster winced.

"You're an old maid all right," he growled for revenge.

"That's what I was pointing out," she said. "Listen, there's a motor car now."

"They won't let this Valingworth come up, will they?" exclaimed the man fretfully, scenting an unforeseen complication. "You ain't going out that door either!"

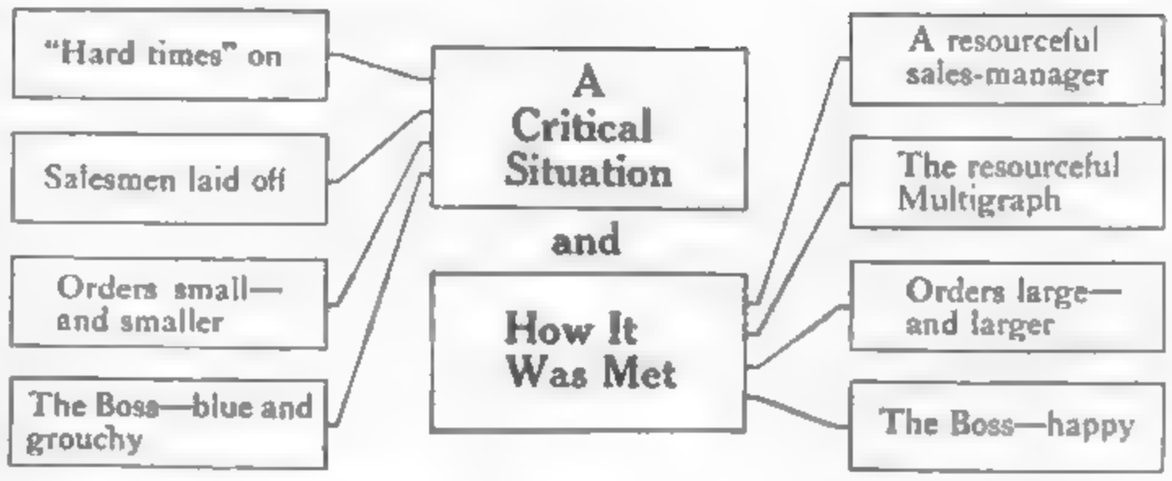
"Oh, don't worry," she said; "it's all right. I've left word to have him shown up and he's coming alone."

Paymaster lit another cigarette. Then came a tap on the door.

"Let him in," he commanded, folding his arms. He showed no sign of his fear that in some way he was about to be outwitted and trapped, except for his shifty glances at this and that exit and at the strategic positions possible in case the affair turned out to be one for fight and attempted escape.

Miss Inness, on her part, seemed outwardly as cool.

"Hide behind that wardrobe," she said to Paymaster, and a second later ushered in the newcomer respectfully as if into a meeting of directors. "How do you do, Mr. Valingworth?" she said.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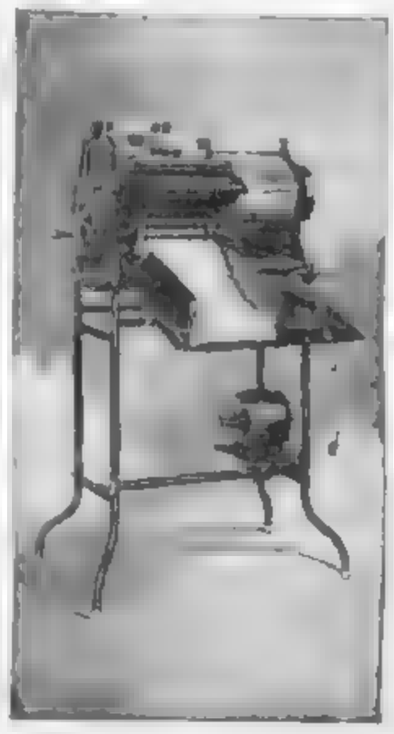

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This beautiful Convertible Table makes your dining room, library or den available for billiard playing on a *real* billiard table.

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For the busy man of affairs, *home billiards* is the ideal diversion and recreation. The necessary *concentration* relieves the mind from cares and worries.

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The lawyer was a heavy man. His face was powerful; some of its lines were as set as those of a bronze head. His hair was thick, iron-gray and brushed back, suggesting a restless, nervous force. Decision was in his chin, hard sense in his large, cold blue eyes. His strong hands were shut as if in anger; his thin, flexible lips moved as if holding in leash the terrors of his wrath.

"What's this all signify?" he cried. "Is it blackmail, eh? Now let me tell you that within three hours I will have you in the hands of the police!"

"Come, come, Mr. Valingworth," said Mary, moving round the table to keep out of his reach. "You are a sane man. You know very well you would not have me arrested. See! Here is a letter on this table. It goes with the contents of the bag and it would look well in a disbarment proceeding, wouldn't it? Don't try to bombard me with your rant and strike poses. I've worked for you fifteen years and have always been at a disadvantage. Now it's you who are at a disadvantage. Sit down!"

"Sit down?" gasped the great lawyer. "No, ma'am."

"You make it hard for me," Miss Inness said. "Personally I am tired of the whole thing. I can scream at any time and let the cat out of the bag. I have a mind to take my chances with you in spreading this whole affair before the authorities."

"Well—well—I ——"

"Sit down!"

Mr. Valingworth sat down.

"It was my intention to give this money to the Clinton Home for Women," said Mary. "But, of course, a woman's peculiarities will come out. I am curious."

Here she paused.

Mr. Valingworth seized this opportunity to execute a change of front.

"Why, that is all right," he said enjolingly. "Miss Inness, you and I can adjust this matter. I knew that you were not dishonest. I knew it all the time. We might come to some understanding as we ride back in my car. It's only a block or two to the garage. I'll go myself and tell my chauffeur. I will only be a minute."

"Sit down!"

"What are you curious about?" he asked after a moment, moving uneasily on his seat.

"I am curious to know whether you big men are big or only seem so," said Mary. "You have taken all the feminine out of me and so I can talk that way now. I've always served you and stood your refined brutalities because I believed I had to or else lose my job. For fifteen years you've held that unspoken threat over my head to crush my self-respect. Now I've got something to hold over your head and I want to find out whether big men, as they call themselves, are any different from us little fry."

"How's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Sit down!" Mary demanded. "Sit down and wait where you are."

She stepped into the bathroom.

"Don't get up," she cautioned. "Wait a minute. I'll find it. I'm going to show you something. I'm going to interest you, Mr. Valingworth." A second later she appeared again—the leather bag was in her hand.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer involuntarily. "So it's here!"

"Yes," said the woman, "and here is the letter too—the—er—damaging letter."

He looked at it eagerly.

"Now, Mr. Valingworth—prominent attorney, owner of a summer villa and motor cars—big, strong, profane, blustering, terrible Mr. Valingworth, don't make any mistake in my meaning to carry out my little thirty-thousand-dollar drama. Here's the bag and the letter. There's only one way you can have them."

"How?" cried the other, rising.

"By letting me slap your face."

"It's absurd," roared the lawyer, growing red with his wrath. "What is it all for?"

"It means so much to me!" cried the woman. Her face was tense and white with a look of desire.

"Bah!" he roared, throwing up his arms. "You're mad! It's absurd. Give me that bag, you ——"

"Stop!" Mary cried, holding up her ten thin fingers. "Do you want me to scream?"

"But, Miss Inness ——" he began.

She smiled grimly.

"You have ten seconds," she said. "Be a man! Refuse to be bullied the way you have always bullied me. Don't sell your self-respect for thirty thousand dollars the way I have sold mine for half that price. That's my advice. But at the end of ten seconds I will scream for help unless ——"

"Unless ——?"

"Unless you put out that powerful face of yours and let me slap it."

The lawyer looked about the room.

"This is between you and me," he suggested.

"You have five seconds, Mr. Valingworth."

"It is mad."

"I hunger for it. You have two seconds."

He thrust his face forward.

He winced.

He closed his eyes.

Miss Inness uttered a little cry of joy—a forerunner of a pleased little laugh.

"That is all," she said quietly. "The drama is over. Open your eyes. I've known you all along—you and men like you. I was sure I was right. There's the money. It's yours. Go now! Don't stop to talk. Go!"

Valingworth reached for the bag and the sheet of paper, but did not raise his eyes to meet her sneering face. As he went out the door he did not look like a man of power.

Paymaster stepped down from the wardrobe. "I suppose now you are satisfied!" he said sourly.

"Yes," said Mary, "and now I am going to gather together my things and leave this hotel. What about you?"

Paymaster did not answer. He was listening to the retreating footsteps of the man with the bag, and he felt in his back pocket for the little pouch of lead shot with which men are assaulted from behind.

Miss Inness smiled at him sweetly.

"You won't forget me," she said as he walked toward the door.

"Why do you ask?" growled Paymaster.

"I didn't ask. I said you wouldn't."

Just before Paymaster slid out into the hall he received the impression that the stenographer was laughing at him.

He went quickly to his own room, pulled on his shoes, ran softly to the stairs, listened and then went down. He saw the lawyer, still holding the bag close under his arm, go out by the front door.

The office, with its tiled floor and ticking clock and sleepy clerk and empty wall chairs, was still. Paymaster crossed it without disturbing its peace and slipped out into the swirling snow.

His footsteps, following the imprints of the lawyer's progress toward the garage, made no clatter. He went one block. Then there was a turn. In the side street the shadows were heavy; even the white snow seemed dark there. He increased his pace, running softly on the balls of his feet. The man ahead did not hear any sound other than the wail of the wind, or see much besides the blinding dance of the flakes.

Paymaster, having reached the heels of his victim, swung the pouch of lead shot with precision. It settled without noise across the back of Mr. Valingworth's thick neck and delivered to the lawyer a new experience in the obliteration of sensations. The unconscious body pitched forward; the bag fell at Paymaster's feet.

There was no time to be lost.

The adventurer knew that his best chances were in leaving the city. Accordingly he rolled the limp body out of its overcoat, and, putting the stolen garment on, hid his prize beneath. Because later the police, having no other description, would pick up their clews by it, he recognized the folly of being seen in possession of the bag by any one. He caught an electric car.

"Cold night," he said to the conductor.

At the railroad station luck was still with him; an express from the north was at the moment standing under the train-shed, engine panting.

As the coach pulled out he folded the bag up in his new coat and tossed it carelessly into the rack above him.

"May have some snowplows out before morning," he suggested to the brakeman.

Half an hour later he was in the good old familiar metropolis once more. He teased his anticipation; he even stopped at an all-night lunchroom to drink coffee from a thick china mug. It was late when he crept up the stairs of his lodging house and shut his door behind him.

He opened a jackknife and slit the bag across one side.

"I always did have luck with women!" he said aloud.

He turned the thing inside out. A closely stuffed wad of blue mercerized cotton wrapped around a piece of gaspipe fell on the table. That was all. He shook the folds out of the cloth. He smiled grimly when he saw what was in his hands. It was a woman's petticoat.

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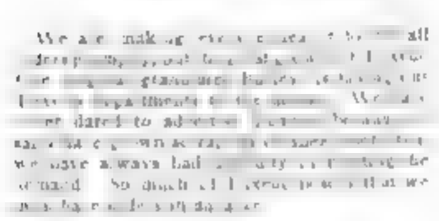

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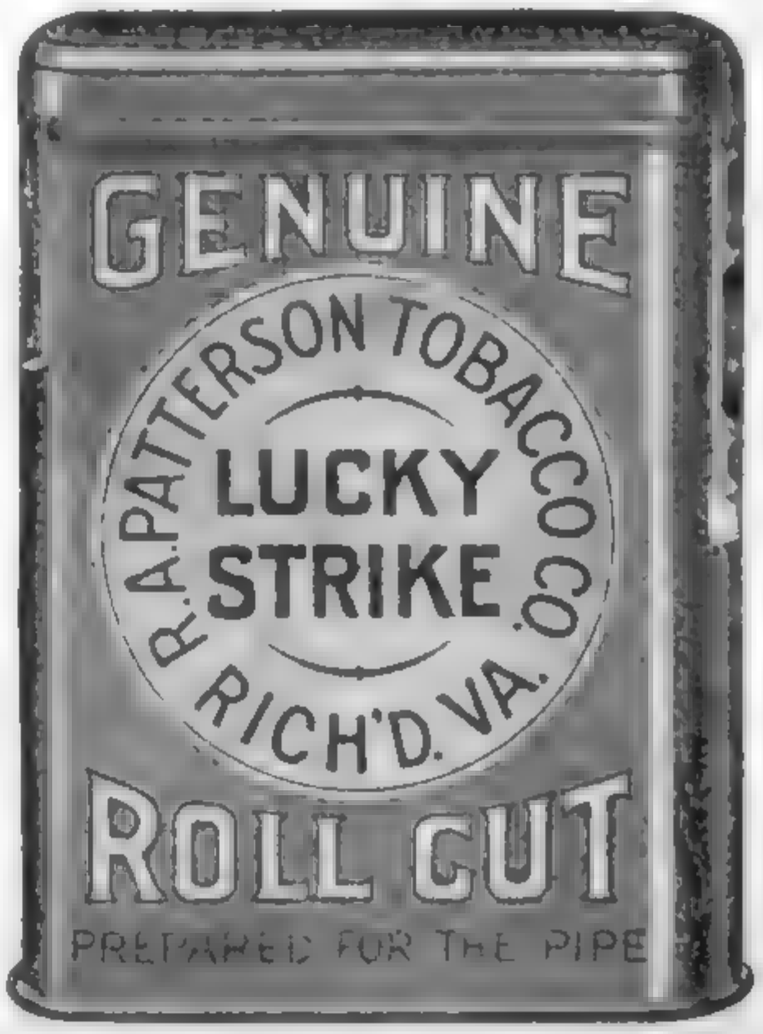

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Actually the differences in constructive principles on which tires are built are negligible.

Why then select one brand instead of another?

With a little thought on the subject you would realize that only two things matter: the knowledge of rubber and the desire to make good tires.

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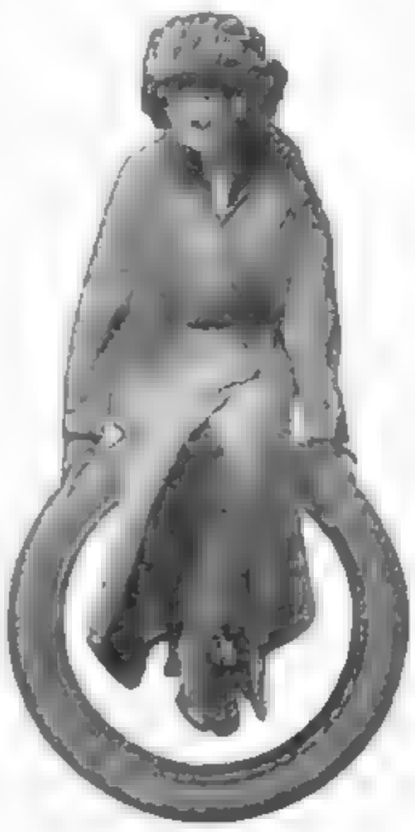

We know how to buy it.

We know how to manufacture rubber composition—for tires are not all rubber, and we know how tires should be built.

When we say "we," we include a large force of trained operatives, many of whom got on friendly terms with rubber when tires were invented.

With all that experience in making tires—rubber tires—solid rubber tires for vehicles—we did not jump to meet the new demand for pneumatic tires for automobiles when it came.

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Not until we were sure that we had gone as far toward perfection as modern ingenuity could lead us did we manufacture pneumatic tires.

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## DRAMA A LEAGUE FROM BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 19)

or drama, but usually drama with a tragic motif in it; and each of them, without exception, gathers his material from the life round him. These Yiddish playwrights do not find it necessary to hunt far afield for their types and their plots and their stories. They draw them from the East Side itself, from the streets and synagogues, the homes and shops, sensing as though by intuition that perhaps nowhere else are the reeking, raw contrasts of life so abruptly and brutally defined—aspiration and desperation, bounding hope and bottomless despair, abject poverty and sudden new affluence.

The lesson which Gordin, the pathfinder, taught has been well learned by these his disciples; and yet their creative work is marked by frequent revolutionary changes matching a city where changes come faster than in any part of metropolitan America. For example, those early pioneers in the field, the strolling, starveling mummers who played in the dingy halls in the slums of Cherry Hill twenty-five years ago, played Old World pieces exclusively. Gordin, coming along a little later, brought forward the Jew's life in all its realities as he lived it in Russia or Galicia or Poland, using it often as a foil for pictures of the Jew in America, struggling with a strange and new environment. He secured his best effects by representing the inevitable clash between the old type of Jew, intent on preserving unimpaired the faith and the traditions of his fathers, and the newer, younger type, filled with a burning desire to adapt himself in all things to newer ideals and newer standards. More lately still, there has been evolved a type of play dealing with the problems which confront the Americanized Jew; and in these the portrayal of the old patriarchal system is either eliminated altogether or else pushed far into the background.

### *The Popularity of English Plays*

Also, with the gradual upbuilding of this Yiddish drama, there has come into existence a small but fast-growing class of Intellectuals, as the Yiddish papers call them—men and women students and thinkers who clamor for the naturalistic and the realistic expression of dramatic forms as distinguished from the *Moyshas*—gallery gods would be the English equivalent—who want idealistic plays, with plenty of color and exaggeration and what is called the popular note in them. It is due in a large measure to the demands of the student body of younger people—college and high-school graduates, teachers, professional men, most of them are—that Yiddish adaptations of the plays of Sudermann and Hauptmann, Ibsen and Tolstoi, have been seen on the East Side before Broadway audiences had a chance to judge of their merits in English translations. The advanced cult also was largely responsible for the fact that certain notable Broadway successes that dealt with the big conditions of life in the country—Klein's The Lion and the Mouse, to name a notable example—have recently been acted in Yiddish for Yiddish-speaking audiences; acted remarkably well, too, by all accounts, and through the talent and intelligence of the actors made to carry their messages home to thousands who, by reason of the differences in tongue, speech and manner of life, would get to know them in no other fashion.

The appearance of a new and much-heralded star from the other side—most of them being importations in these days—or the first performance of a new drama by a playwright who has shown promise, is an event of tremendous importance to hundreds of thousands of persons; indeed, outsiders would find it hard to grasp the significance and the scope of the interest that is thereby aroused. Among the people such a thing becomes the main topic for discussion and in their papers the critics will devote columns and sometimes pages to the new play or the new player, as the case may be—analyzing, interpreting, expounding, expanding if it be a play; criticizing, comparing, even advising and admonishing, if it be a player.

Laterally a wave of vivid temperamental excitement swept the whole East Side a few weeks ago when the announcement was made that Boris Thomasheffsky had engaged for his stock company Rudolph Shildkraut, heralded as the greatest Jewish


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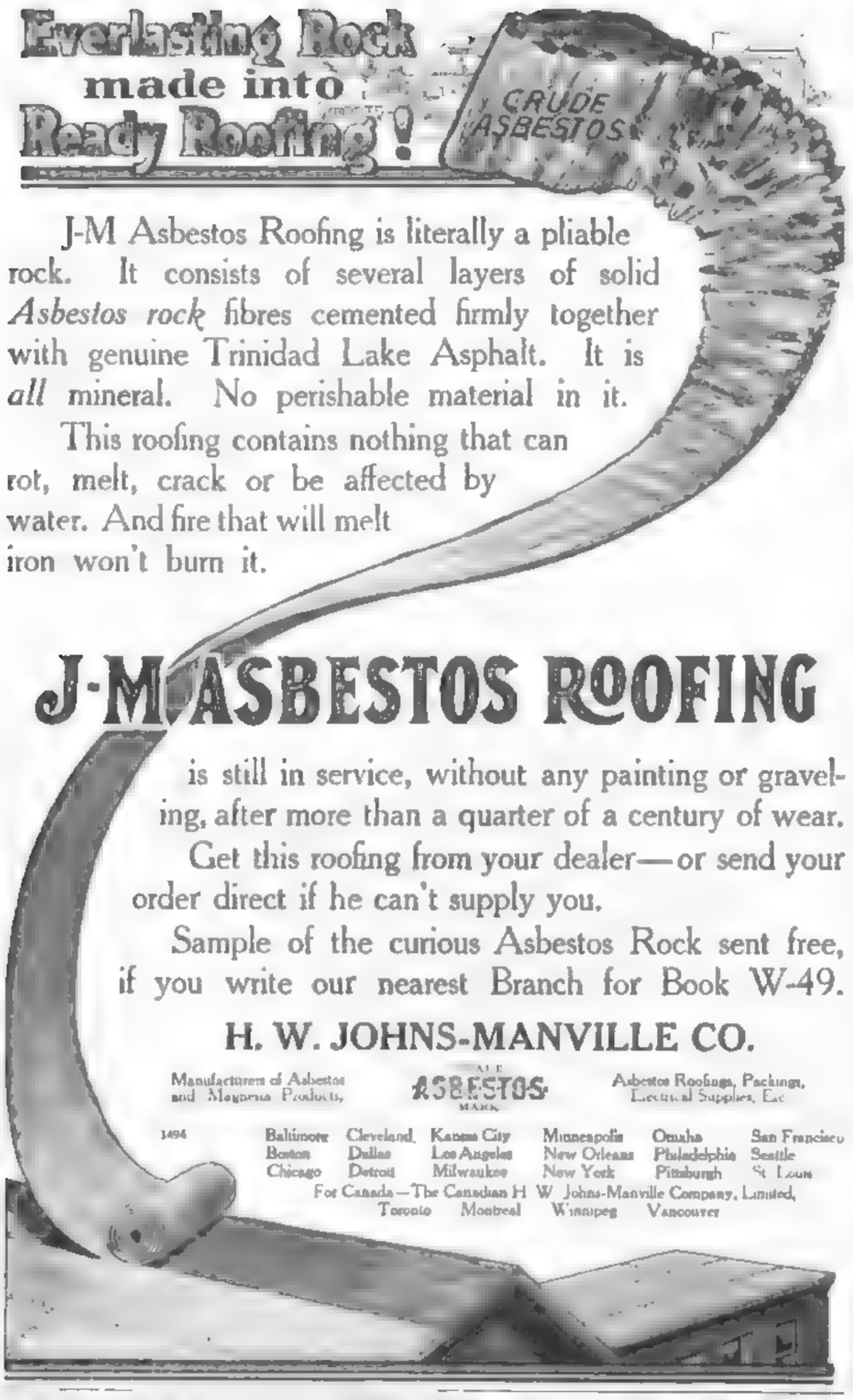


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Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.

*Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere*


actor alive, and was paying Shidkraut a salary unprecedented in the record of theatrical payrolls of the East Side in order to bring him down from the German theater in Irving Place, where he played in German, to Thomasheffsky's People's Theater, where he is now playing in Yiddish. All that the Yiddish papers have printed about this man—and they have printed solid column upon solid column—is eagerly read by Jews of all ages and conditions, and as eagerly discussed. His work is contrasted daily with the work of Jewish actors of an older school; and in the East Side coffee saloons and among the pushcarts the adherents of past favorites quarrel with those who favor the methods of the newcomer. In an only slightly less degree a similar furor was created during the fall by the coming of a new woman actress who, so her sponsors predicted, would take the place that had been held for years by an older woman, the veteran tragedy queen of the Yiddish stage. This vividness of appreciation is fostered by the Yiddish dramatic writers.

"We try to stimulate right thinking on dramatic subjects among our readers—we regard it as the highest mission we could have," said one of these critics when I talked with him at his office—"because, in educating them, we educate ourselves and you know how greedy the Jew is for education.

"In its essentials," he said, "the Yiddish drama, next to the public schools, is the biggest force among us down here on the East Side. It has grown so fast and so rapidly that it can no longer be summed up in a word or a phrase; but if I were set to the task of trying to tell what it mainly and mostly is I should say that, like the life which it reflects, it is a thing of glaring contradictions and paradoxes. It is absolutely a thing of America, for it had its birth and its development here; yet it is rendered in a jargon, which is not, strictly speaking, a language at all, by foreign-born actors to audiences that are ninety per cent foreign-born, and it deals with our problems and our puzzles, our successes and our failures, about which the masses of our native-born fellow Americans know nothing at all."

### *Audiences Loyal to the Last*

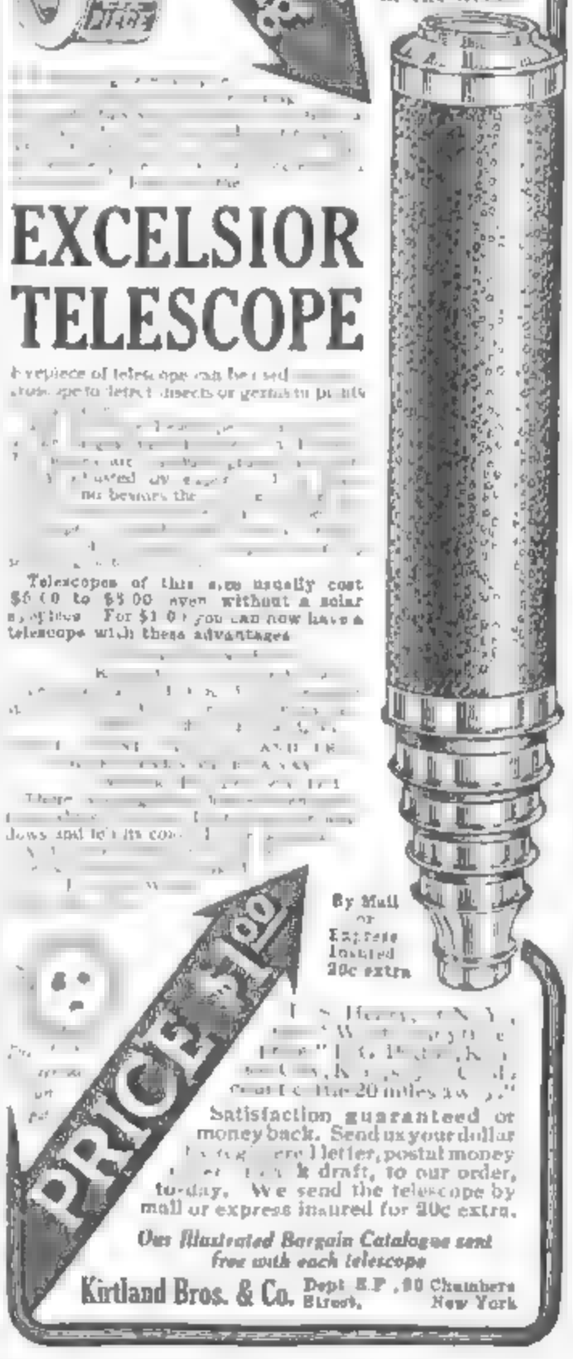
"Then here is another paradox: In our plays we are constantly striving for new lines of thought and new issues; but we love our old actors with an affection which you, perhaps, could not understand and which I could not express in words. Long after an actor or an actress has grown old and wrinkled, he or she, in response to an irrepressible demand, will still be playing the juvenile rôles upon which his or her reputation was originally founded. The sentiment lives after the physical powers and the physical attractions of the individual have faded almost to the vanishing point. We welcome new favorites, but we don't forget the old ones. Moguiesco is an old man now—he played Yiddish farces twenty years ago, before there was a Yiddish theater in New York; but when he plays now, as he occasionally does, thousands go to see him and to cheer for him and to laugh at him and to cry with him, for he was the greatest Yiddish comedian our stage ever produced—and still is, we think.

"Therein—in our loyalty to our actors—we differ, I think, from the rest of New York. There is another point of difference that I have noticed. When I go, as I occasionally do, out of the Ghetto and into the uptown district to see a popular play done in English, I notice in the audience few men who seem to me to be workingmen—men who toil with their hands and who presumably must make a sacrifice in other directions to be able to spend a night at a theater; but among us this is not the case. Fifty per cent at least of our audience is made up of abjectly poor working people—men and women who must stint and deny themselves, even go hungry, perhaps, to scrape together the quarter or half dollar that pays for a seat; and among this class our most capable and discerning students of the drama are to be found. Maybe this is because we have more poor people and more working people in proportion to our population than any other quarter of the city. Maybe it is because the oriental love of amusement and the craving for light and color and music is a part of the Jewish nature. And maybe it is because of the mental hunger of the Jew to know—to know—to know!"


## Special Telescope Offer

You can see objects miles away. Vacationists can multiply their joys with it, for it brings all the country around right up to them. You can watch incoming or passing ships. And for farmers and ranchmen it is [illegible]

Over 32 Ft. Long



## EXCELSIOR TELESCOPE

[illegible] eyepiece of telescope can be used [illegible] as spy-glass to detect insects or germs on plants

Telescopes of this size usually cost $6.00 to $8.00 even without a solar eyepiece. For $1.98 you can now have a telescope with these advantages

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PRICE $1.98

By Mail or Express Insured 20c extra

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send us your dollar [illegible] letter, postal money order or bank draft, to our order, to-day. We send the telescope by mail or express insured for 20c extra.

*Our Illustrated Bargain Catalogue sent free with each telescope*

Kirtland Bros. & Co. Dept. S.E.P., 30 Chambers Street, New York

Think of the Advantage

Columbia "Cutturn" Shirt

[illegible] cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight yet always ready without the bother of attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

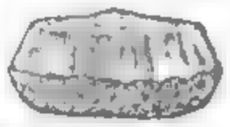
**A Clean Cuff For a Soiled Cuff**

Columbia "Cutturn" Shirts, at $1.50 and $2.00, are made plain or plaited, colors guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you write to

NEW COLUMBIA SHIRT CO.
729-731 Broadway, New York.



## Dessert Book Free



[illegible] over a hundred times in the illustrated [illegible] recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It also contains many recipes for candies, salads, jellies, ices, etc.

**This Book Sent Free**

for your grocer's name and address. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine send his name and 2-cent stamp for pint sample.

KNOX Pure, Plain Sparkling GELATINE

223 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

# The Value of Trade Marks

HALF a century of active experience in selling hardware and cutlery is my warrant for addressing a few words to the retail hardware trade as to the best and most successful methods of conducting this class of business.

I strongly recommend every dealer to adopt one full and complete line of Trade-Marked goods—goods that are high-standard in point of quality and that may be sold on the basis of "Money back if not satisfactory"—goods where the producer stands behind the merchant to prevent his sustaining loss in the event of their being returned, for there always will be goods returned, no matter how excellent the quality or how perfect the construction. A merchant who does not permit himself to be imposed upon occasionally, and who does not accept such imposition good-naturedly and gracefully, will never rise above the average. For one dishonest person who makes a claim on you twenty will be honest, though possibly mistaken. The percentage of actual dishonest claims that we will receive will be so comparatively small that we must make up our minds to put up with them in order to win success in the largest measure.

The great advantage in selling Trade Mark goods is three-fold.

First, a Trade Mark is a distinct and positive benefit to the consumer. This may strike you as rather a wild statement; but think it over. A consumer perhaps is ignorant as to the quality of various kinds of goods in our line; he seldom buys them, because often times an article possesses so much merit in point of quality that it will last a lifetime; but if he has a firm conviction in his mind that the words KEEN KUTTER mean the best sellers and he asks for that brand of goods when he wants any item that comes in the KEEN KUTTER line, he is assisted in getting absolutely the best and something that he may always return and get his money back if it is not entirely satisfactory to him in point of quality and finish. A Trade Mark is, therefore, both a guide and guarantee to the consumer.

A Trade Mark is of still greater benefit to the retail hardware merchant, because

## "The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price Is Forgotten."

Every store has a distinct Store Character, just as positively and clearly as individuals have character. No man can build up good and valuable Store Character by selling cheap goods. A dealer who spends his time and energies selling "cheap stuff" has a cheap class of people for customers—usually transients and undesirables. On the other hand, if a merchant persistently endeavors to sell the very best, and to put his personal guarantee behind his goods, his store will soon be known for the quality and satisfaction it gives. Never in over fifty years' experience have I known anyone to regret buying the best, after that "best" has been put into use, but I have known the reverse to have been the case thousands of times.

The retail merchant is helped by carrying one full and complete Trade-Marked line in this way: If he sells a customer a tool bearing a certain Trade Mark, and that tool gives satisfaction, when the buyer wants another tool, perhaps of an entirely different kind, he is quite ready and willing to buy the same brand and pay the merchant's price for it, because of the satisfactory service that has been given by his previous purchase.

A Trade-Marked line of goods insures a fair profit to the merchant, while unbranded goods or unknown brands sell at any and all prices and profits.

The owner of a successfully standardized Trade Mark, which covers a large line of goods of national distribution, can have attained this standardized position and wide distribution only by reason of the merits of his goods, and to increase or even hold this lead he must necessarily continue to maintain and if possible improve his quality.

This is one of the most important facts for a retail hardware merchant to bear in mind in deciding on his business policy. By linking such a Trade Mark to his business he insures himself against a stock of varying and questionable quality, and assures continuous satisfaction to his customers. That Trade Mark is a benefit both to merchant and to consumer is therefore self-evident.

Next in importance to the above is the value to the merchant of being a *good collector*. I have never known any merchant to be successful in a large or broad way who was not a good collector. Some merchants seem to be afraid to ask their debtors for what is due them. In a certain sense, that might be called "commercial cowardice." I have often said that if a man wants to make an enemy of his customer, let him sell him goods on credit and not ask for his money for six months; he is almost sure to make that man distinctly his enemy. Let me illustrate in this way: If a man asks his customer for the money within thirty days after the purchase the irritation to the debtor could perhaps be measured by a half inch; if he waits sixty or ninety days I would measure that irritation by two or three inches; but if he waits six months I think then the irritation and annoyance would be measured by fully six inches. In other words, the longer you wait the more you irritate the man who owes you money and the more unkindly he will feel towards you and the sooner he will go to some other store and buy his goods and pay cash for them and let you wait for your money.

Therefore, by all means, my friends—because every retail hardware merchant I consider my friend—be good collectors. I wish I could impress this upon every retail hardware merchant in the United States, because it is of the utmost importance if he wants to be successful in his business.

Referring again to the value of Trade Marks, it is currently believed by the best informed judges of Trade Mark values in this country, that KEEN KUTTER is the most valuable Trade Mark in the world to-day, because that brand is put upon more different kinds of articles than is any other known brand. More than one million pocket knives alone go out every year under the KEEN KUTTER brand. Then imagine the thousand and one other things in the hardware line that also carry it, such as scissors, shears, razors, butcher knives, hatchets, hammers, files, saws and tools of all kinds.

Goods that are marketed under a well standardized brand not only add to a merchant's reputation, but are half sold when they are put into stock. Many people will ask for these goods and others who don't ask for them will take them without argument or discussion when they are shown. Let me illustrate:

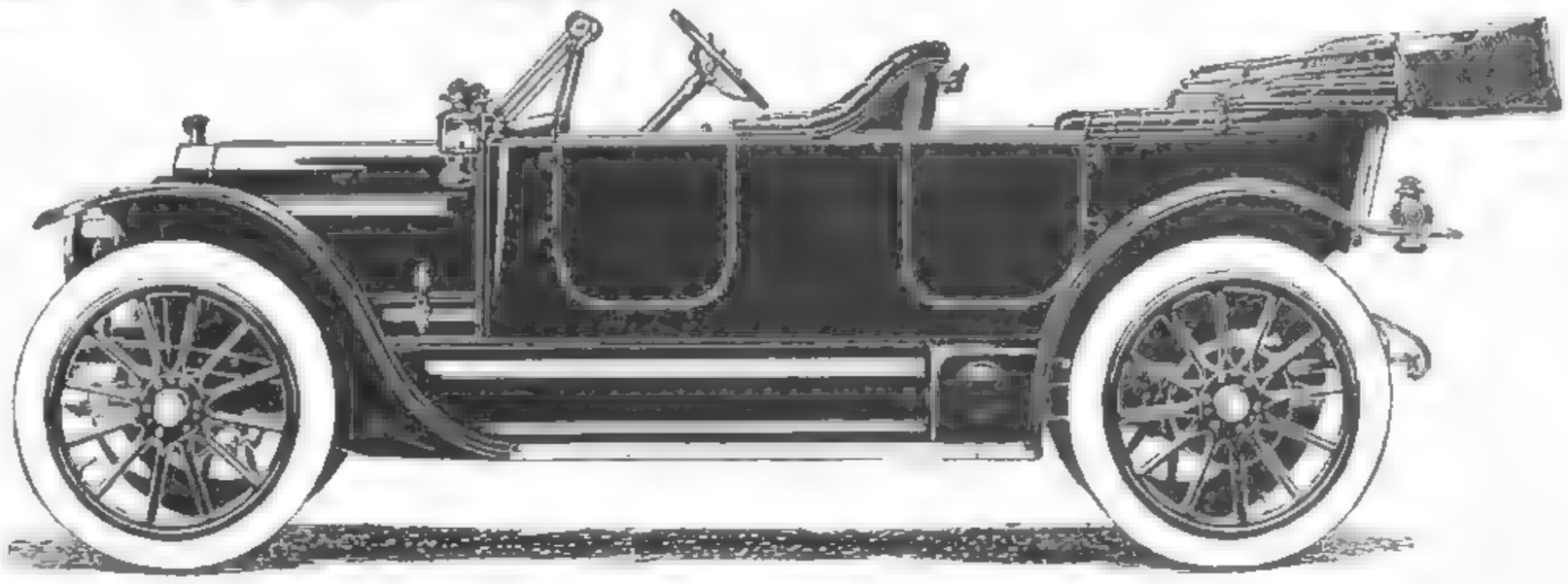
During the month of September, 1911, a lady, who lives three miles from Delaware, went to a hardware store in that city and asked for "*a real* hatchet." The clerk showed her several kinds, but she did not seem satisfied; he then showed her a KEEN KUTTER and said, "This is a 'real hatchet.'" She said, "That is the kind I want. Why didn't you show me that before?" "I was afraid the price was too high; it is a dollar," said the clerk. "It is worth the money," replied the customer; "I have had KEEN KUTTER goods before. I find KEEN KUTTER scissors and shears the best I ever used. Wrap it up. I am perfectly willing to pay a dollar for a hatchet with that brand."

There are many thousand merchants handling KEEN KUTTER goods who are having this experience every day. Those merchants who carry a complete line of KEEN KUTTER goods save both their clerks' and customers' time. They need only to be shown to be sold. Their reputation for quality and satisfaction has been standardized for years and is becoming more firmly established every day. We are constantly letting the public know that we are responsible for every single article that goes out under the KEEN KUTTER brand, that we allow our dealers to make good by replacing any article that does not give absolute satisfaction, and we want all retail hardware dealers to know that we stand back of them in every instance.

E. C. SIMMONS.

P.S.—All Retail Hardware Merchants are cordially invited to come to St. Louis and pay us a visit. Let us take you to the factory and show you how KEEN KUTTER Tools are made and let you see, in the process of their manufacture, why they are the Best Tools in the World.—SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.

Rambler
Motor Cars



*The Rambler Cross Country—$1650*

*With Self-Starter, Top, Top Envelope and Wind Shield, $1815*

# Here Is a Story of Real Comfort

Here is a car that appeals to all your senses Graceful in lines, distinguished in color, long and low hung—it's pleasing to the eye. Step in and you will marvel at the feeling.

Settle down in the deep cushions at the big eighteen inch steering wheel—stretch out your legs and know what comfort is

Start the motor and you will sense its silent dignity and power. It runs without vibration.

## Ride in Careless Ease

Take to the open road and at the first release of the clutch its silent action deceives you for the moment. You wonder if the motor has stopped. Open the throttle and away it springs with eagerness. You ride on and on in careless ease and the farther you go the satisfaction of comfort grows

This is a car for relaxation—for perfect ease The wheel base is 120 inches, the wheels and tires 36 x 4, and the straight line torpedo body swings low between the axles—three inches lower than the ordinary car

Notice the rake to the steering column. It's adjustable. You can settle down for mile after mile. Your arms are free; your legs not cramped. The wheel is just in the right place to see the road ahead. To steer is but to touch the wheel

## Steer Without Friction

When you hit a stone the wheels don't turn sharply. When you want to turn it guides as without a point of friction. There's no whip to the wheel—no bind—just a pleasing flexibility.

You sink down with pleasure into the eight inch upholstery—yet you never strike bottom—you never reel nor feel a jolt. The rear springs are 2½ inches wide and proportionately thin. The period of vibration of the steel is long. The metal is slow acting—deliberate. You go up and down with the smooth regularity of the pendulum of a clock.

## Let Women Decide

It's a car that women most endorse. The seats are low—yet high enough—with sufficient leg room to choose the attitude you like

Three persons ride with ample elbow room in the rear. The rear seat is four feet wide and twenty inches deep, with thirty-one inches of leg room—enough for the tallest person. The long, easy arm rest is upholstered to the full length of twenty-six inches. There is room for extra baggage in the tonneau, and the robe rail, 34½ inches wide, has five inches of space for wraps.

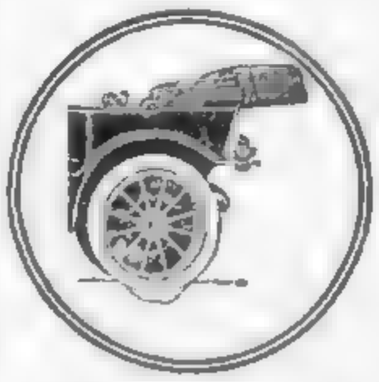
## A Captivating Car

Leather pockets on both rear doors and the left front door are for convenience. The front floor below the cowl dash is not narrowed, but is wide, due to the parallel sides of the torpedo body.

We want you to feel the personality of this car To see it is to appreciate its charms.

Finished in English Purple Lake, with black japanned guards, fillers and tool box, with high, distinctive radiator, it has individuality without eccentricity.

You will want to prove these things to yourself before you buy. Send a postal today asking for the catalog



Big wheels and tires help to carry you lightly over depressions in the road. It's the bumps that cause fatigue. You don't have to brace yourself and hang on in the Rambler.

**Ten Other Styles, Including Open and Closed Cars of 38 and 50 Horse Power**

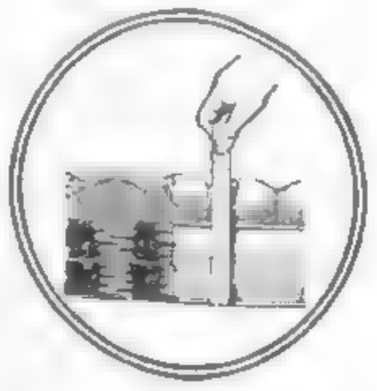
**Equipment**—Bosch duplex ignition Fine large, black and nickel headlights, with gas tank Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps, large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit.

## The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

**Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin**

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Sacramento, San Francisco

*See this Car in the Chicago Automobile Show, Jan. 27 to Feb. 3; at space A-2, Coliseum*



A cushion soft and pliable enough to rest the weary head. Eight inches upholstery of finest leather and selected long hair 45 double acting steel spring coils. Rich in comfort, finished like club furniture.

# THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 93)

cause of it might have been—a misunderstanding with his wife, perhaps, or a certain amount of weariness entailed by his new manner of living. At all events something had happened to set matters right. Mr. Jarvis was quite fluent upon the subject, and every one started his day's work with renewed energy.

Mr. Weatherley's energy did not evaporate with the departure of his confidential clerk. He motioned Arnold to a chair, and for another three-quarters of an hour he dictated replies to the letters he had sorted out for personal supervision. When at last this was done he leaned back in his seat, fetched out a box of cigars, carefully selected one and lighted it.

"Now you had better get over to your corner and grind that lot out, Chetwode," he said pleasantly. "How are you getting on with the typing, eh?"

"I am getting quicker," Arnold replied, still wondering whether the events of last week had not been a dream. "I think, with a little more practice, I shall be able to go quite fast enough."

"Just so," his employer assented. "By-the-by, is it my fancy or were you reading the newspaper when I came in? No time for newspapers, you know, after nine o'clock."

Arnold rose to his feet. This was more than he could bear!

"I am sorry if I seemed inattentive, sir," he said. "Under the circumstances I could not help dwelling a little over this paragraph. Perhaps you will look at it yourself, sir?"

He brought it over to the desk. Mr. Weatherley put on his spectacles with great care and drew the paper toward him.

"Hm!" he ejaculated. "My eyesight isn't so good as it was, Chetwode, and your beastly ha'penny papers have such small print. Read it out to me—read it out to me while I smoke."

He leaned back in his padded chair, his hands folded in front of him, his cigar in the corner of his mouth. Arnold smoothed the paper out and read:

"TERRIBLE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN MAN

"FOUND DEAD IN A TAXICAB

"Early this morning a taxicab driver entered the police station at Finchley Road North and alleged that a passenger whom he had picked up some short time before was dead. Inspector Challis, who was on duty at the time, hastened out to the vehicle and found that the driver's statement was apparently true. The deceased was carried into the police station and a doctor was sent for. The chauffeur's statement was that about midnight he was hailed in the Grove End Road, Hampstead, by four men, one of whom, evidently the deceased, he imagined to be the worse for drink. Two of them entered the taxicab and one of the others directed him to drive to Finchley. After some distance, however, the driver happened to glance inside and saw that only one of his passengers was there. He at once stopped the vehicle, looked in at the window, and, finding that the man was unconscious, drove on to the police station.

"Later information seems to point to foul play, and there is no doubt whatever that an outrage has been committed. There was a wound upon the deceased's forehead which the doctor pronounces as the cause of death, and which had evidently been dealt within the last hour or so with some blunt instrument. The taxicab driver has been detained and a full description of the murdered man's companions has been issued to the police. It is understood that nothing was found upon the deceased likely to help toward his identification."

Arnold looked up as he finished. Mr. Weatherley was still smoking. He seemed, indeed, very little disturbed.

"A sensational story that, Chetwode," he remarked. "You're not supposing, are you, that it was the same man who broke into my house last night?"

"I know that it was, sir," Arnold replied.

"You know that it was," Mr. Weatherley repeated slowly. "Come, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that after I left your house last night, sir," Arnold explained, "I realized the impossibility of that man having been carried down your drive and out into the road, with a policeman on duty directly opposite and a cab-stand within a few yards. I happened to remember that there was an empty house next door and it struck me that it might be worth while to examine the premises."

Mr. Weatherley withdrew the cigar from his mouth.

"You did that, eh?"

"I did," Arnold admitted. "I made my way to the back and I found a light in the room that presumably had been the kitchen. From a chink in the boarded-up window I saw several men in the room, including the man we discovered in your wife's boudoir, who had been spirited away. He was lying motionless upon the table and one of the others was apparently trying to restore him. When they found that it was useless they took him off with them by the back way into Grove Lane. I saw two of them enter a taxicab and the other two make off."

"And what did you do then?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"I went and told Count Sabatini what I had seen," Arnold replied.

"And after that?"

"I went home."

"You told no one but Count Sabatini?" Mr. Weatherley persisted.

"No one," Arnold answered. "I bought a paper on my way to business this morning and read what I have just read to you."

"You haven't been rushing about ringing up to give information, or anything of that sort?"

"I have done nothing," Arnold asserted. "I waited to lay the matter before you."

Mr. Weatherley knocked the ash from his cigar and, discovering that it was out, carefully relit it.

"Chetwode," he said, "I have advanced you from something a little better than an office boy very rapidly, because it seemed to me that you had qualities. The time has arrived to test them. The secret of success in life is minding your own business. I am going to ask you to mind your own business in this matter."

"You mean," Arnold asked, "that you do not wish me to give any information, to say anything about last night?"

"I do not wish my name or the name of my wife or the name of my house to be associated with this affair at all," Mr. Weatherley replied. "Mrs. Weatherley would be very much upset and it is, besides, entirely unnecessary."

Arnold hesitated for a moment.

"It is a serious matter, sir, if you will permit me to say so," he said slowly. "The man was murdered—that seems to be clear—and it certainly seems that he was murdered in your house."

Mr. Weatherley shook his head.

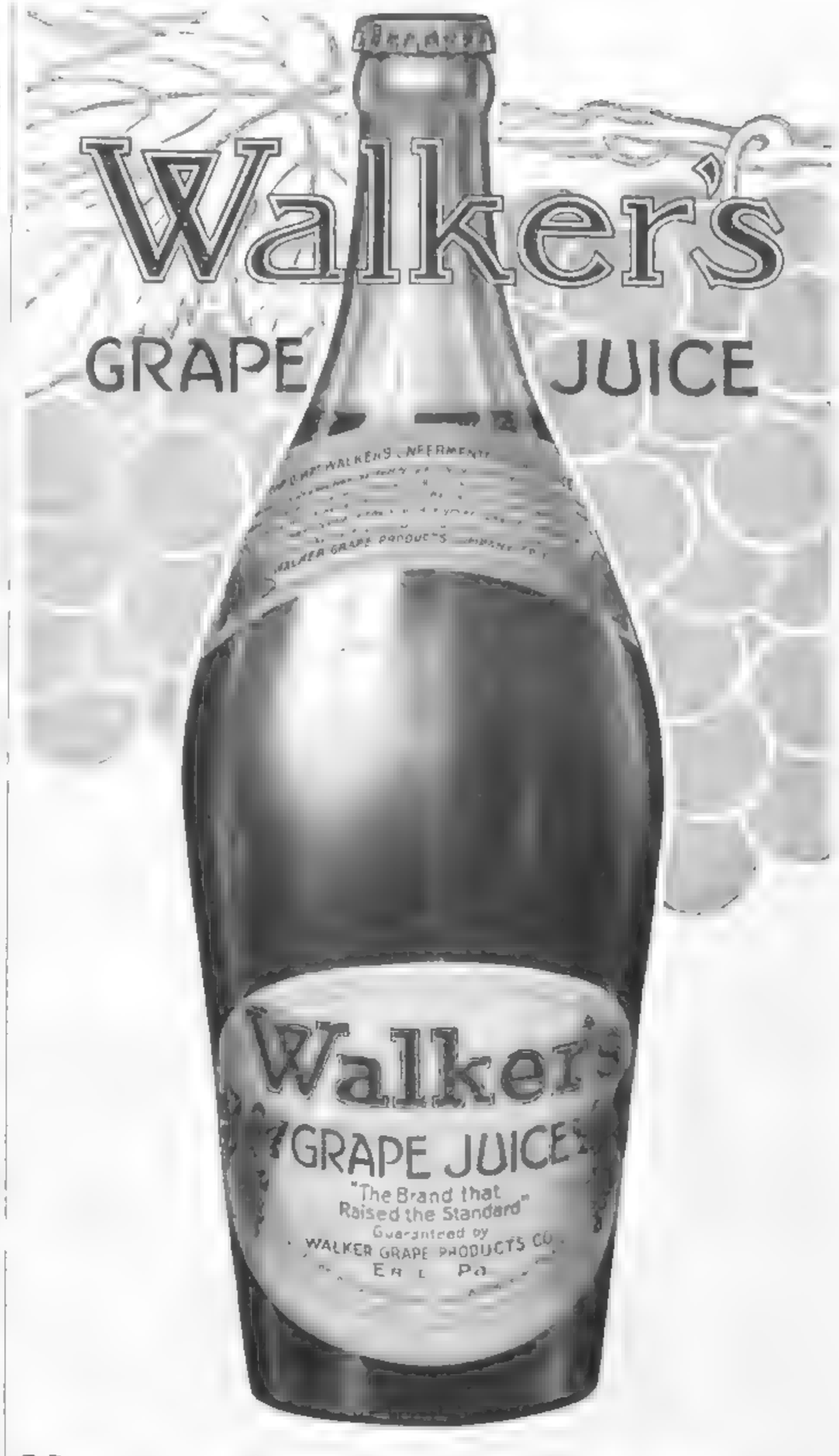
"That is not my impression," he declared. "I admit that at present the mystery is insolvable. The man was found dead in Mrs. Weatherley's boudoir, but there was no one in the house or apparently within reach who was either likely to have committed such a crime or even could possibly have done so. On the other hand, there are this man's companions, desperate fellows, no doubt, within fifty yards all the time. My own impression is that he was killed first and then placed in the spot where he was found. However that may be, I don't want my house made the rendezvous of all the interviewers and sightseers in the neighborhood. You and I will keep our counsel, Arnold Chetwode."

"Might I ask," Arnold said, "whether you knew this man—whether you had ever come into contact with him or seen him before?"

"Certainly not," Mr. Weatherley replied. "What business could I possibly have with a person of that description? He seems to have been, if not a habitual criminal himself, at least an associate of criminals, and he was without doubt a foreigner. Between you and me, Chetwode, I haven't the least doubt that the fellow was one of a gang of the worst class of burglars. Wherever he got that blow from, it was probably no more than he deserved."

"But, Mr. Weatherley," Arnold protested, "don't you think that you ought to have an investigation among your household?"

"My dear young fellow," Mr. Weatherley answered testily, "I keep no menservants at all except old Groves, who's as


*Your Quality Guarantee—*
*The Walker "Ten-pin" Bottle*

WALKER'S Grape Juice is made in the Chautauqua Grape Belt—where the sweetest, juiciest Concord grapes are grown. An extra and exclusive clarifying process is employed to extract the excess tannin, tartar and vegetable fibre, which substances, pressed from the skins, seeds and stems, detract from the purity and richness of ordinary grape juice. Walker's is then drawn into new sterilized "Ten-pin" bottles and hermetically sealed. The most healthful food-drink in the world.

There are as many grades of grape juice as there are of fruit. Learn to discriminate—insist on Walker's "Ten-pin" bottles and give your reasons to your dealer.

*Sold throughout the United States and Canada by best Grocers, Druggists and Confectioners. The Walker Book of novel recipes and social dainties sent free on receipt of your dealer's name. If he can't supply you, send us $3 for trial dozen pints express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains. Made only by the*

**Walker Grape Products Company**
**Erie, Pa.**

*DEALERS*—Write for best proposition ever offered to the trade on advertised grape juice.

SELF CLEANING
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

# Announcement

The celebrated **LITHOLIN** Collars are now, for the first time, packed *two dozen* in a box—each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, with the popular sizes predominating.

### *To the JOBBER this means*

a much wider distribution and increased sales, with the selling made *easier*; also greater facilities for handling the small and miscellaneous orders. Write for detailed proposition.

### *To the RETAILER this means*

*closer buying*, with the advantage of having *all* the *sizes*, and greater variety of styles, without the necessity of being over-stocked—*just* the sizes and styles your customers ask for and no dead stock on the shelves. Write for detailed proposition.

### *To the WEARER this means*

that **LITHOLIN** Collars in *any size* or *shape* can be bought of up to date dealers everywhere—**LITHOLIN** is made in *your* favorite shape.

**LITHOLIN** Collars and Cuffs are made in all the newest styles—dust and water proof, with the *dull linen* finish that always appeals to the careful dresser—the turndowns have a "slip-easy" space for the tie.

The life of a genuine **LITHOLIN** Collar (worn every day) is about *two* months, and it costs but 25 cents—A damp cloth quickly removes the dust and travel stains—There are no laundry bills nor frayed and saw-edged linen—just solid comfort and purse satisfaction.

***Buy a LITHOLIN Collar to-day and be convinced***

**COLLARS 25 CTS. CUFFS 50 CTS.**

*If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size and number of collars wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.*

**We also make a *two for a quarter* collar—particulars to the trade on request.**

THE
FIBERLOID COMPANY
7-9 WAVERLY PLACE
NEW YORK

THE SWAN SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

**Is the one pen that can be depended on at all times.**

It is so constructed that it writes instantly the pen point touches the paper. It is impossible for the "SWAN SAFETY" to leak, no matter in what position it is carried.

Pen points made to suit any hand—broad or fine point, flexible or hard. Fitted in barrel of scroll vulcanite, sterling silver, rolled or solid gold. At all stationers and jewelers $2.50 and up.

Used by professional men, business men, authors, court reporters, etc., the world over. Every pen guaranteed

MABIE, TODD & CO.
17 Maiden Lane, New York
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Rubero SANITARY TOOTH BRUSH

**Has a Velvet Touch**

and is a boon to sensitive teeth. With it you can give them the thorough brushing they need without pain. This pure Para rubber brush keeps your gums healthy, prevents erosion and formation of tartar.

This illustration is nearly double the actual size. These rubber bristles do not shed nor soften. Their firm yet elastic grip holds the dirt off, not in. They are pointed, edged and welded together and remove all stains, mucus or bacteria, and you'll never use bristles.

**Rubero**

outwears other brushes and is easily cleansed—frequent sterilizing does not injure it.

We'll send you one by mail if your druggist cannot supply you—45c, no postal charges.

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meek-spirited as a baby, and a footman my wife has just engaged, who was out for the evening. A blow such as the paper describes was certainly never struck by a woman, and there was just as certainly no other man in my house. There is nothing to inquire about. As a matter of fact, I am not curious. The man is dead and there's an end of it."

"You will bear in mind, sir," Arnold said, "that if it comes to light afterward, as it very probably may, that the man was first discovered in Mrs. Weatherley's boudoir, the scandal and gossip will be a great deal worse than if you came forward and told the whole truth now."

"I take my risk of that," Mr. Weatherley replied coolly. "There isn't a soul except Groves who saw him, and Groves is my man. Now be so good as to get on with those letters, Chetwode, and consider the incident closed."

Arnold withdrew to his typewriter and commenced his task. The day had commenced with a new surprise to him. The nervous, shattered Mr. Weatherley of yesterday was gone. After a happening in his house that might well have had a serious effect upon him he seemed not only unmoved, but absolutely restored to cheerfulness. He was reading the paper for himself now, and the room was rapidly becoming full of tobacco smoke. Arnold spelt out his letters one by one until the last was finished. Then he took them over to his employer to sign. One by one Mr. Weatherley read them through, made an alteration here and there, then signed them with his large, sprawling hand. Just as he had finished the last the telephone by his side rang. He took the receiver and placed it to his ear. Arnold waited until he had finished. Mr. Weatherley himself said little. He seemed to be listening. Toward the end he nodded slightly.

"Yes, I quite understand," he said, "quite. That was entirely my own opinion. No case at all, you say? Good!"

He replaced the receiver and leaned back in his chair. For the first time when he spoke his voice was a little hoarse.

"Chetwode," he said, "ring up my house—16, Post-Office, Hampstead. Ask Groves to tell his mistress that I thought she might be interested to hear that Mr. Starling will be discharged this morning. The police are abandoning the case against him at present for lack of evidence."

Arnold stood for a moment quite still. Then he took up the receiver and obeyed his orders. Groves' voice was as quiet and respectful as ever. He departed with the message and Arnold rang off. Then he turned to Mr. Weatherley.

"Have you any objection to my ringing up some one else and telling him too?" he asked.

Mr. Weatherley looked at him.

"You are like all of them," he remarked. "I suppose you think he's a sort of demi-god. I never knew a young man yet that he couldn't twist round his little finger. You want to ring up Count Sabatini, I suppose?"

"I should like to," Arnold admitted.

"Very well, go on," Mr. Weatherley grumbled. "Let him know. Perhaps it will be as well."

Arnold took from his pocket the note that Sabatini had written to him and that contained his telephone number. Then he rang up. The call was answered by his valet.

"In one moment, sir," he said. "The telephone rings in his Excellency's bedchamber. He will speak to you himself."

A minute or two passed. Then the slow, musical voice of Sabatini intervened.

"Who is that speaking?"

"It is I—Arnold Chetwode," Arnold answered. "I am speaking from the office in the city. I heard some news a few minutes ago that I thought might interest you."

"Good!" Sabatini replied, stifling what seemed to be a yawn. "You have awakened me from a long sleep, so let your news be good, my young friend."

"Mr. Weatherley hears from a solicitor at Bow Street that the police have abandoned the charge against Mr. Starling," Arnold announced. "He will be set at liberty as soon as the court opens."

There was a moment's silence. It was as though the person at the other end had gone away.

"Did you hear?" Arnold asked.

"Yes, I heard," Sabatini answered. "I am very much obliged to you for ringing me up, my young friend. I quite expected to hear your news during the day. No one would really suppose that a respectable man like Starling would be guilty of such a ridiculous action. However, it is pleasant to know. I thank you. I take my coffee and rolls this morning with more appetite."

Arnold set down the telephone. Mr. Weatherley had risen to his feet and walked as far as the window. On his way back to his place he looked at the little safe that he had made over to his secretary.

"You've got my papers there all right, Chetwode?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir," Arnold answered. "I hope, however, we may never need to use them."

Mr. Weatherley smiled. He was busy choosing another cigar.

### XIX

THEY sat on the edge of the wood and a west wind made music for them overhead among the fir trees. From their feet a clover-field sloped steeply to a honeysuckle-wreathed hedge. Beyond that was meadowland, riven by the curving stream that stretched like a thread of silver to the blue, hazy distance. Arnold laughed softly with the pleasure of it, but the wonder kept Ruth tongue-tied.

"I feel," she murmured, "as though I were in a theater for the first time. Everything is strange."

"It is the theater of Nature," Arnold replied. "If you close your eyes and listen you can hear the orchestra. There is a lark singing above my head and a thrush somewhere back in the wood there."

"And see, in the distance there are houses," Ruth continued softly. "Just fancy, Arnold, people if they had no work to do could live here, could live always out of sight of the hideous, smoky city, out of hearing of its thousand discords."

He smiled.

"There are a great many who feel like that," he said, his eyes fixed upon the horizon, "and then as the days go by they find that there is something missing. The city of a thousand discords generally has one clear cry, Ruth."

"For you perhaps," she answered, "because you are young and because you are ambitious. But for me who lie on my back all day long, think of the glory of this!"

Arnold sat slowly up.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Why not? Why shouldn't you stay in the country for the summer? I hate London, too. There are cheap tickets and bicycles and all sorts of things. I wonder whether we couldn't manage it."

She said nothing. His thoughts were busy with the practical side of it. There was an opportunity here, too, to prepare her for what he felt sure was inevitable.

"You know, Ruth," he said, "I don't wish to say anything against Isaac and I don't want to make you uneasy, but you know as well as I do that he has a strange maggot in his brain. When I first heard him talk I thought of him as a sort of fanatic. It seems to me that he has changed. I am not sure that such changes as have taken place in him lately have not been for the worse."

"Tell me what you mean," she begged.

"I mean," he continued, "that Isaac, who perhaps in himself may be incapable of harm, might be an easy prey to those who worked upon his wild ideas. Hasn't it struck you that for the last few days ——"

She clutched at his hand and stopped him.

"Don't!" she implored. "These last few days have been horrible. Isaac has not left his room except to creep out sometimes into mine. He keeps his door locked. What he does I don't know, but if he hears a step on the stairs he slinks away and his face is like the face of a hunted wolf. Arnold, do you think that he has been getting into trouble?"

"I am afraid," Arnold said regretfully, "that it is not impossible. Tell me, Ruth, you are very fond of him, aren't you?"

"He was my mother's brother—the only relative I have in the world," she answered. "What could I do without him?"

"He doesn't seem to want you particularly, just now at any rate," Arnold said. "I don't see why we shouldn't take rooms out at one of these little villages. I could go backward and forward quite easily. You'd like it, wouldn't you, Ruth? Fancy lying in a low, comfortable chair and looking up at the blue sky and listening to the birds and the humming of bees. The hours would slip by."

"I should love it," she murmured.

"Then why not?" he cried. "We'll stop at the next village we come to and make inquiries."

She laid her hand softly upon his.

"Arnold, dear," she begged, "it sounds very delightful, and yet can't you see it is impossible?"

He turned and looked at her looked at her, perhaps, with new eyes. She was stretched almost at full length upon the grass, her head, which had been supported by her clasped hands, now turned toward him. As she lay there, with her stick out of sight, her lips a little parted, her eyes soft with the sunlight, a faint touch of color in her cheeks, he suddenly realized the significance of her words. Her bosom was rising and falling quickly. Her plain black dress, simply made though it was, showed no defect of figure. Her throat was soft and white. The curve of her body was even graceful. The revelation of these things came as a shock to Arnold, yet it was curious that he found a certain pleasure in it.

"I had forgotten, Ruth," he said slowly, "but does it matter? You have no one in the world but Isaac, and I have no one in the world at all. Don't you think we can afford to do what seems sensible?"

Her eyes never left his face. She made no sign either of assent or dissent.

"Arnold," she declared, "it is true that I am an orphan. I have scarcely a relative in the world. But what you say about yourself is hard to believe. I have never asked you questions because it is not my business, but there are many little things by which one tells. I think that somewhere you have belonging to you a family with a name, even if for any reason you do not choose just now to claim it."

He made no direct reply. He watched for some moments a white-sailed boat come tacking down the narrow strip of river.

"I am my own master, Ruth," he said. "I have no one else to please or to consider. I understand what you have just told me, but if I gave you my word that I would try and be to you what Isaac might have been if he had not been led away by these strange ideas, wouldn't you trust me, Ruth?"

"It isn't that!" she exclaimed. "Trust you? Why, you know that I would! It isn't that I mind for myself either what people would say—or anything, but I am thinking of your new friends, of your future. If they knew that you were living down in the country with a girl, even though she were an invalid, who was no relation at all, don't you think that it might make a difference?"

"Of course not," he replied, "and, in any case, what should I care? It would be the making of you, Ruth. You would be able to pick up your strength, so that when our money-box is full you would be able to have that operation and never dare to call yourself an invalid again."

She half closed her eyes. The spell of summer was in the air, the spell of life was stirring slowly in her frozen blood.

"Ah, Arnold," she murmured, "you must not talk like that. It makes me feel so much like yielding. Somehow the dreams out here seem even more wonderful than the visions that come floating up the river. There's more life here. Don't you feel it? Something seems to creep into your heart, into your pulses, and tell you what life is."

He made no answer. The world of the last few throbbing weeks seemed far enough away with him too. He picked a handful of clover and thrust it into the bosom of her gown. Then he rose reluctantly to his feet and held out his hands.

"I think," he said, "that the great gates of freedom must be somewhere out here, but just now one is forced to remember that we are slaves."

He drew her to her feet, placed the stick in her hand and supported her other arm. They walked for a step or two down the narrow path that led through the clover-field to the lane below. Then with a little laugh he caught her up in his arms.

"It will be quicker if I carry you, Ruth," he proposed. "The weeds twine their way all the time round your stick."

She linked her arms round his neck; her cheek touched his for a moment and he was surprised to find it as hot as fire. He stepped out bravely enough, but with every step it seemed to him that she was growing heavier. Her hands were still tightly linked round his neck, but her limbs were inert. She seemed to be falling away. He held her tighter; his breath began to grow shorter. The perfume of the clover, fragrant and delicate, grew stronger with every step he took. He felt that somehow that walk along the narrow path was carving its way into his life.

"Dear Ruth!" he whispered.

She went very pale and very soon afterward she insisted upon being set down. They walked slowly to where the Weatherley car was waiting at the corner of the lane. Ruth began to talk nervously.

"It was charming of Mrs. Weatherley," she declared, "to lend you this car. Tell me how it happened, Arnie."

"I simply told her," he replied, "that I was going to take a friend out into the country who needed a little fresh air, and she insisted upon sending this car instead of letting me hire a taxicab. It was over the telephone and I couldn't refuse. Besides, Mr. Weatherley was in the office and he insisted upon it too. They only use this one in London, and I know that they are away somewhere for the week-end."

"It has been so delightful," Ruth murmured. "Now I am going to lie back among these beautiful cushions and just watch and think."

The car glided on along the country lane, passing through leafy hamlets, across a great, breezy moorland, from the top of which they could see the Thames winding its way into Oxfordshire, a sinuous belt of silver. Then they sped down into the lower country and Arnold looked at the milestones in some surprise.

"We don't seem to be getting any nearer to London," he remarked.

"It will come soon enough," she said, with a little shiver. "It will pass, this, like everything else."

They had dropped to the level now, and suddenly without warning the car swung through a low white gate up along an avenue of shrubs. Arnold leaned forward.

"Where are you taking us?" he asked the driver. "There is some mistake."

But there was no mistake. A turn of the wheel and the car was slowing down before the front of a long, ivy-colored house, with a lawn as smooth as velvet and beyond the soft murmur of the river. Ruth clutched at his arm.

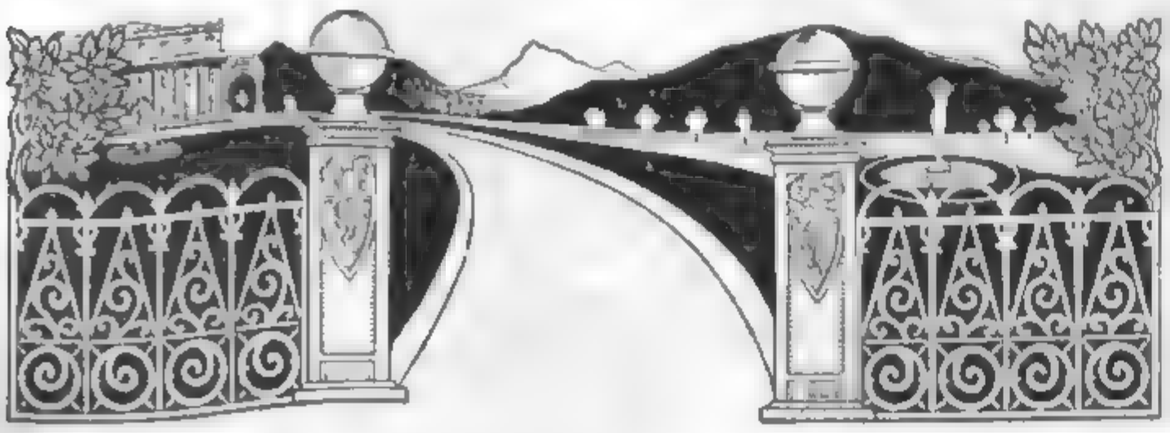
"Arnold!" she exclaimed. "What does this mean? Who lives here?"

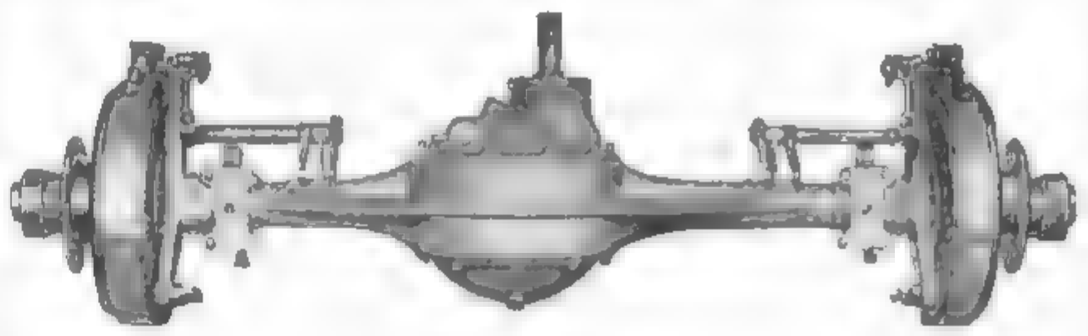
"I have no idea," he answered, "unless ——"

The windows in front of the house were all of them open and all of them level with the drive. Through the nearest of them at that moment stepped Fenella. She stood for a moment framed in the long French window hung with clematis—a wonderful picture even for Arnold, a revelation to Ruth—in her cool muslin frock open at the throat and held together by a brooch with a great green stone. She wore no hat and her wonderful hair seemed to have caught the sunlight in its meshes. Her eyebrows were a little raised; her expression was a little supercilious, faintly inquisitive. Already she had looked past Arnold. Her eyes were fixed upon the girl by his side.

"I began to think that you were lost," she said gayly. "Won't you present me to your friend, Arnold?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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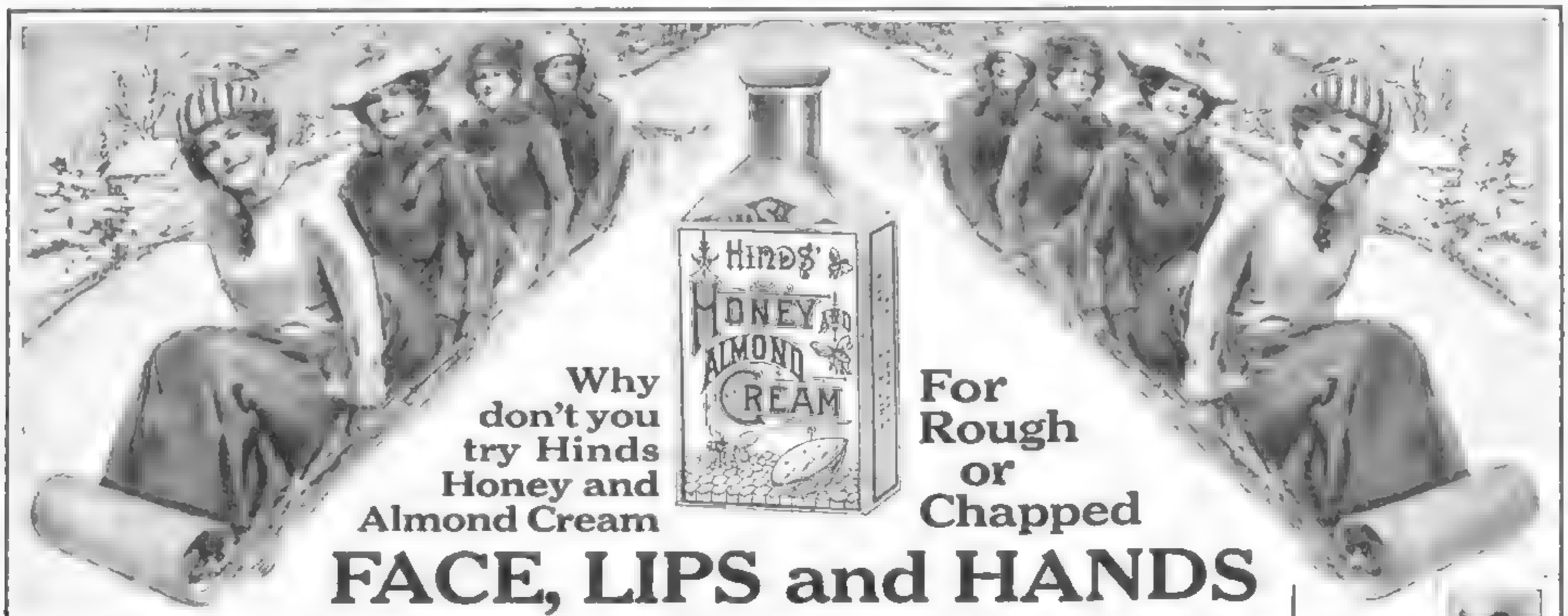


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# WORK AND PLAY

(Continued from Page 20)

It is a well-known fact that in those of our state prisons where the inmates are not allowed to work they often go mad. The idle rich are in a prison to which they have condemned themselves, and the specter of insanity looms before them. It is a well-known fact, also, that the most ghastly feature of our industrial civilization is that there are periods of business depression, when hosts of men are thrown out of work—men who have been working and who want to work, but who are suddenly forced out of employment by no fault of their own. They suffer bitterly; but these sufferings cease when times get better and there is again work for all who apply; and their misfortune, hard as it may be, is only temporary. The misfortune of the idle rich is permanent. And what makes their position the more pitiable is that they do not know the cause of their own misery. They do not recognize their responsibility to the body politic. They feel no obligation to their fellowman. They believe themselves to be free to do as they please—and they think it will please them to do nothing. It was the wise Huxley who once declared that it is when a man can do as he pleases that his troubles begin.

All this is obvious enough—it has been said more than once before, even if there is advantage in saying it again; but there is another aspect of our modern organization of society which has not received all the attention it deserves. This is the compulsory idleness imposed upon a large proportion of the women of the well-to-do, not only in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, but also here in the United States. Until comparatively recently, the wife of the head of the house had abundant duties of her own which kept her busy. The Greek spouse and the Roman matron supervised the labor of the slaves and other servants; and so did the lady of the castle in medieval times. Less than a century ago the wife of the owner of a plantation in the South was charged with a host of incessant responsibilities; and, even if she no longer had to oversee the spinning and the weaving, she had to supervise the making up of the garments for all the slaves, as well as the curing of the bacon and the ham, the grinding of the corn, the baking of the bread and even the provision of the soap—then an article of domestic manufacture.

### *The Lilies of the Field*

Today she—and her servants also—are likely to purchase most if not all of their clothes ready made; and the soap, the ham, the bacon, the flour, the bread, and even the cake and the pies, are likely to be bought from day to day as they are needed. The era of domestic manufacture has departed forever, and most of the things which it supplied are now produced and distributed by the factory system. In many ways this is an immense advance and it has lifted the burden of excessive and unceasing labor from the backs of countless women; but it has its disadvantages also—and in well-to-do circles it is slowly depriving the wife and mother of her proper share in the family work. She is ceasing to be as useful as she was; she is ceasing to be as necessary; and she bids fair to become, in a great many cases, only an ornament.

The modern man who toils feels it to be his duty to relieve the women of his family from work as far as he can. Especially is the American husband what is known in New England as "a good provider"; in fact, the ideal husband, in the eyes of many American wives, has come to be one who supplies his wife with all the money he can make, allowing her to do with it as she sees fit. And a great many American husbands attain this ideal; they are proud of the fact that they are able to release their wives and their daughters to luxurious idleness. Of course the immense majority of American women are still fortunately engaged in the most congenial work for any woman—they are engaged in bringing up their children, a task in which they are most likely to find happiness; but there is also a large and increasing minority to whom this privilege has been denied and who find themselves with no obvious duties and with all the former household tasks reduced to a minimum by the factory system. They have abundant leisure and abundant money, thanks to the devotion of their toiling husbands; and they are therefore at a

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Age Occupation


loss to find employment. Their condition, strange as it may seem to make the suggestion, is not altogether unlike that of those inmates of our state prisons who are not allowed to work -and who often go mad in consequence of this deprivation. These women can do as they please; and, to paraphrase Huxley, it is when a woman can do as she pleases that her troubles begin.

The evolution of the social organization has taken from many a woman most of those useful activities which formerly kept her busy, and she is reduced to a freedom to do nothing -to a barren idleness often accompanied by superabundant luxury. It is no wonder she feels forced to fill out the emptiness of her existence by a feverish quest of pleasure—a quest which is foredoomed to failure. She has been deprived of her right to share in the useful work of the world. Robbed of this she has nothing to take its place; and it is not surprising that so many of these women are discontented and hysteric, petty, self-pitying and selfish. Nor can we hope that this is only a temporary condition. There is no reason to suppose that the social organization will ever revert to its earlier form.

Fortunately, as so often happens in life, the evil brings its own remedy. The social organization that has condemned so many women to luxurious idleness is very complex; and it has created a host of problems to be solved only by time, by tact, by knowledge and by hard work. It is a marvelous coincidence that, at the very moment when these women find themselves deprived of the work which kept their mothers and their grandmothers happy, the boundless possibilities of work of another kind, but of an equal necessity, now open before them. These women are living on themselves, which is always unwholesome—they are in constant danger of nervous prostration; but they do not need a rest cure so much as a work cure. Some of them have sought to fill out the emptiness of their lives by self-culture, which is a good thing in itself, no doubt, though finally it is not satisfying. The only true panacea is work for others—social service.

### *Nobody's Business*

Now the social organization of today proffers an abundance of work of this sort for willing hands to do. There is no community—large or small—no metropolis and no city, no town and no village, where a woman of intelligence, of energy, of patience and, above all, of sympathy and tact, cannot find endless opportunity to do good, to do things that need to be done—things which are now nobody's business, but which a woman of this type can make her business and which a woman of this type is specially fitted to undertake. Some of these are big things, to be attempted only after long forethought and careful consideration of the ways and means. Others are little things—the little things which are often the most necessary to be done. It is given to very few women to be a Joan of Arc or a Florence Nightingale or a Jane Addams; but every woman, if she seeks diligently, can find something that needs to be done, something close at hand. Perhaps nobody else has seen the need and perhaps some other woman, keener-eyed, has already taken the first steps.

There are many things which have been undertaken by women of comparative leisure, free to employ themselves in unremunerated labor. Their efforts may not have been paid for in actual cash; but their reward is all the greater. Theirs has been a labor of love, amply remunerated by the knowledge of the good it has done for others. Work of this sort is to be found easily by any one who seeks it. It calls for sympathy and for tact—and it is not to be undertaken lightly. It demands untiring unselfishness; a willingness, first of all, to take trouble, and, secondly, to stand aside, if need be, and let others take a large share of the credit. It requires, above all, the ability to coöperate—to work with others and to enlist others in the work. Therefore it is possible only to those who have a sense of proportion and, above all, a sense of humor that will prevent their taking themselves too seriously. Social service is work, and hard work—but it is also play if it is done in the proper spirit. It is the safety valve of the women of compulsory idleness; but it will be ineffective unless they take the trouble to understand the machinery. If these women want to be saved they must work out their own salvation—like the rest of us.


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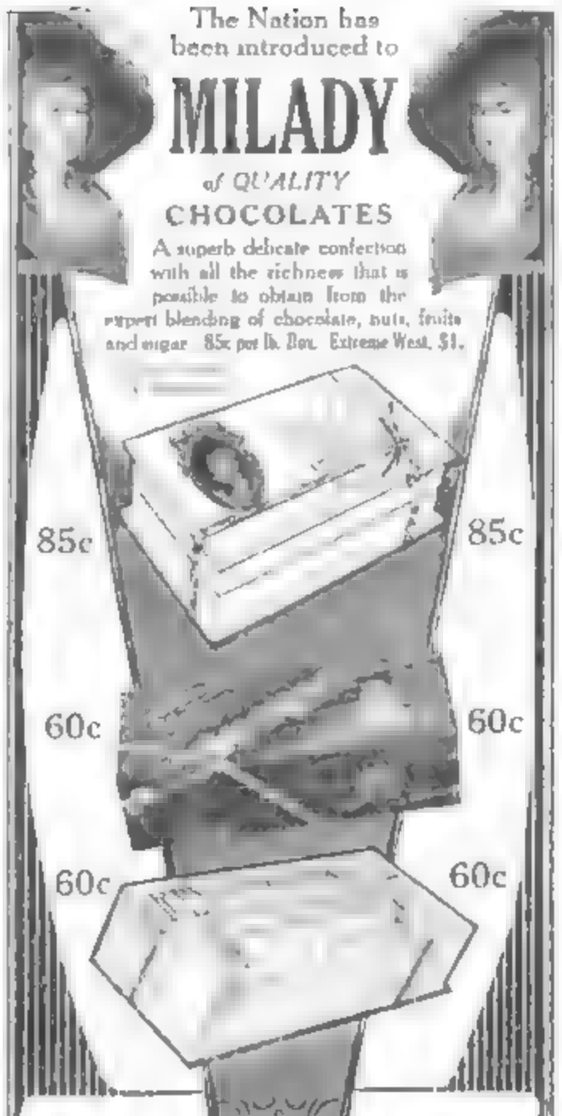


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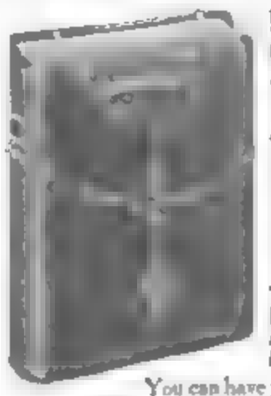

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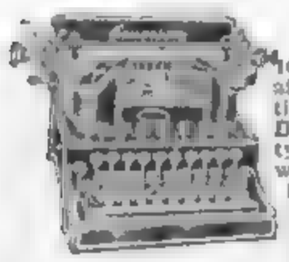

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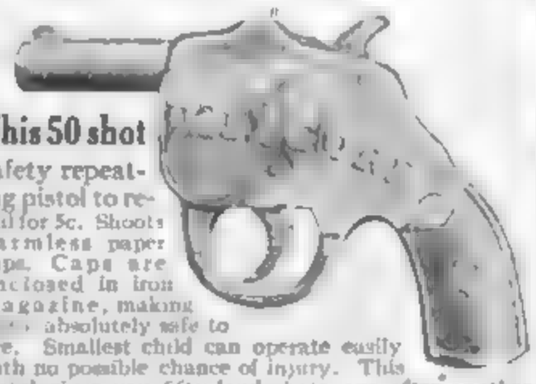

**This 50 shot** safety repeating pistol to retail for 5c. Shoots harmless paper caps. Caps are enclosed in iron magazine, making [illegible] absolutely safe to fire. Smallest child can operate easily with no possible chance of injury. This pistol gives you fifty loud shots, one after another as fast as trigger can be pulled. Retails for 5c, but looks better than a $10.00 gun to the small boy. We want live merchants to write for selling plan. Exclusive territory for quick replies.

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# Buick

## A Giant in Action

***If there is one word that most fully expresses Buick efficiency, it is "UNITY"—all Buick parts being made at the one great Buick plant—everything excepting lamps, carburetors, coils and magnetos—no essential parts being entrusted to other makers.***

This "one-ness" of construction insures that unison of operation which today makes the Buick such a favorite wherever the utmost in automobile service is demanded.

Every Buick Car develops horse power far in excess of its rating. The roughest going presents no difficulties to the Buick, for the Buick Motor is a veritable giant in action, fully sustained by the utmost stability of every part—transmission, frame, body, steering gear, axles, shaft, differential, brakes, springs, wheels—**everything** down to bolts, nuts and cap screws. All this enables the Buick to take "low gear" hills on high gear speed, "picking up" at every yard without the shift of a lever.

In addition to all this, the Buick Motor has been so refined that all Buick models for 1912 stand in the front rank with the most **silent-running** cars. As every car-wise man is familiar with the unequaled racing record of the Buick, it is not necessary to mention speed.

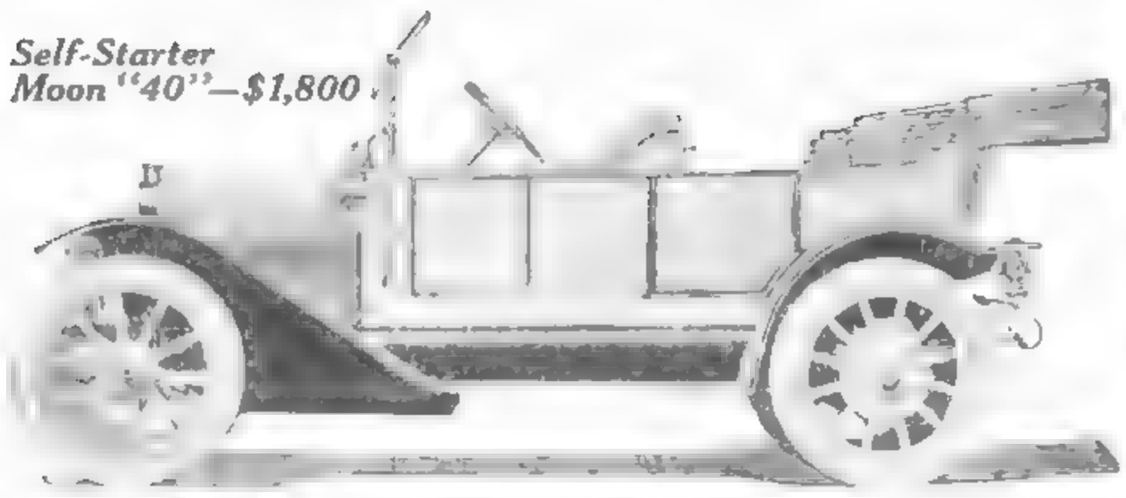
**Five models, priced according to power and size—$850, $1000, $1075, $1250, $1800. One-ton Buick Truck, $1000. Catalogue showing the various models sent on request, also the name of nearest dealer.**

**Buick Motor Company**

**Flint, Michigan**

**Model 35—Price $1000. With Top, Glass Front, Prest-O-Lite Tank, $1060**

Self-Starter
Moon "40"—$1,800



Look Under the Hood and Beneath the Body!

As a life-long manufacturer, I want you to look [illegible] Moon "40" as a manufacturer would look at it. Look under the hood, look the engine all over, and make up your own mind [illegible]. It is a 45 horsepower L-head motor with the [illegible] of any motor car, even the high priced ones. It took me five years to develop my motor. It is a long stroke motor—4½-inch bore, 5½-inch stroke. It goes to full 45 horsepower on the brake test and will take the car over any kind of road, and up any [illegible] I just talk in the big 4-bolt connecting rods—[illegible] who [illegible] crankshaft [illegible] bearings, the largest I know of in a motor of this size.

The Moon Self-Starter is a time-tried starter. I have been using a self starter in my factory and road experiments for three years.

I want you to notice the Moon Frame. I never heard of a Moon's sagging. Observe the generous shaft and gears of the Moon Driving System—the big 36-inch wheels—demountable and quick-detachable rims—36 x 4-inch tires, front and rear—120-inch wheel base.

Then—when you have satisfied yourself, as I have, that Moon "40" is the utmost of mechanical excellence at $1,800, the beauty of its roomy, all-metal body in nickel plate and black finish, and the completeness of equipment will appeal to you all the stronger.

*Write me and I will tell you where you can see Moon "40" near you. I will also send you my 1912 catalog and the famous Moon Book of Charts.*

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and Almanac for 1912 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators [illegible] Only 15c
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200 EGG Incubator; actual hen heats, ventilates, controls. No lamp, no oil; no expense. Big hatches. Catalog Free.
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After Shaving
Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and must upon your barber using it also. It is aseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c
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Here are shown two of the new patterns in Summer
CHENEY SILK CRAVATS
Your haberdasher probably can show you the entire line as well as his regular assortment of Cheney tubular, all-silk, pin-proof, reversible cravats.
All our CHENEY SILKS are the same
Also ask to see the new Cheney Silk Handkerchiefs—in white, colors and border effects; absorbent.
CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York


# NOTHING FOR SOMETHING

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Good morning," she said. "Did you come about money?"

. . . . . .

By the end of the fourth year I was desperate. Because of those four crisp ten-dollar bills—and the other money I had had to borrow to pay the interest on them—I had spent about two thousand dollars. Still I owed three hundred. For four years I had worked like a slave. I was a slave!

During all that year I was a sick man. What with the worry and not eating and sleeping, I was worn down to a skeleton. I could hardly get through my day's work; I could hardly drag myself home. I had no pleasure in my wife or my children or my friends.

One week I had to pay nineteen dollars and I had earned only fourteen. I begged an extension from Miss Blank; for, though I had twice paid up and left her, I had always returned.

"If you don't pay today," she said, "we'll send the collector Monday."

"You won't!" I cried in despair. "I'll kill myself!"

She laughed mockingly.

"They all say that," she answered. "Of course, if you do commit suicide, we'll close the office for a day and send flowers; but, whether you do or don't, our collector calls on Monday."

That night I almost threw away my life. I was insane. I wandered aimlessly. Late at night I found myself on the bridge, staring at the water. I had no fear—only a madness to be rid of the shark. I clambered out to where I could jump free—but, even as I did so, the face of my wife flashed across my mind. What would become of her? What would become of my little girl when she reached the age when a girl needs a father?

That night Anna learned all. I was in a fever when I reached home; and in bed I talked in my dreams. "Please!" I begged. "Only one week. I'll pay anything—only one week!"

My wife waked me. She was deathly pale.

"George," she said, "I have known something was wrong for a long time. Let's have a straight talk."

That night I learned to know my wife as I had not known her before. One thing the shark did for me—it taught me the bottomless depths of a woman's forgiveness and love!

. . . . . .

For a few days I felt better. My wife knew. However, together we were as helpless as I had been alone. Deeper and deeper the inturned teeth of the shark sank into my flesh.

Then, one Sunday morning about three months later, my wife came to me.

"George," she said, "I see by this piece in the paper that the Shylocks are against the law and there's a society to fight them. Why don't you see them and get their advice?"

### *Unshackled at Last*

On Monday I went to the society and told its secretary the whole story. He made no promises. "I shall do what I can," he said.

As soon as I had unburdened my mind I felt better. Not that I had any hope, for things had been moving from bad to worse. I was desperate. I owed twenty dollars every week and I was doubling up, borrowing from one firm to pay another—borrowing to pay. I was sucked out—like an orange; and the offices—even those I had never been to before—all seemed to know it. No longer did the manager smile as she asked: "Did you come about money?"

On Saturday I had been refused loans at three offices and had failed to make payments at five. On Monday five collectors arrived; and I had nothing for them—not even an excuse. I knew that by Tuesday they would file on my wages.

On Tuesday morning I was called up to the president's office. I had never spoken to the president, though I knew the gruff, white-haired old man by sight. It was the first time in eight years that I had been called up. It was the end.

"Luce," said my employer as I stood before the long, black desk, "you've been a faithful employee for eight years; but you're a blamed fool!" I made no answer.

"We can't use fools in this office," he continued, glowering at me; "and the only reason I'm keeping you is because I am one myself. I learned yesterday for the first time that we have a rule in this office discharging men who borrow from loan sharks. Hereafter we don't discharge them, but defend their cases."

"You'll defend me?" I stammered.

"Don't make any more payments; and if any shark comes swimming along send him to our attorney. And now," he went on, "you look a little white in the gills. Take a day off with pay—and go home to your wife."

He did not let me thank him. I have passed him a dozen times in the building and have wanted to tell him how grateful I am; but he does not seem to remember me.

That five minutes' talk ended it. The collectors were sent to the lawyer of my employer—and they never came twice. The loan sharks did not dare sue. They came to my house and spread evil reports about me to my wife and the neighbors—going even to the minister; but they could not do anything, because they were outside the law and had already been paid ten times over. One day I passed Miss Blank on the street, and she gave me a black look and called after me a name that I shall not repeat.

### *How Employers Can Help*

That was a year ago. Since then I have become a well man. I have had my wages raised. We have moved into a better house—twenty dollars a month. I have paid off my debts and have three hundred dollars in the bank. My wife is happy. My children look respectable. I have hopes and ambitions. I am no longer a slave.

Thank God, it's over!

. . . . . .

It is over for me, but is it for you? No salaried man can be sure that he will never have to borrow from a loan shark. You cannot go into any big office without seeing men who are secretly borrowing to pay—borrowing to pay. You cannot enter a street car without meeting some man who is planning to escape. As I skulked through the streets like a hunted criminal, not daring to look people in the face, so men are skulking through the streets today. As I thought of suicide—of the knife, the pistol, the glass of poison—so men are longing for death today. There are honest girls ready to sell their bodies to meet their notes—ready to go to the brothel to escape the shark! May God have mercy on all these!

It is over for me; but the game goes on as before. What has become of that giant of a man who came staggering out of the inner office, wailing like a child? What became of the young fellow, the indorser of a note, who stole to pay and served his time in jail? What becomes of the wretched men and women, old or young, foolish or unfortunate, who spend their Saturdays week after week making the rounds of the loan sharks? What becomes of the men discharged for debt and blacklisted ever afterward?

What can be done to save these others who travel the road I traveled? It seems to me that every city should have its society to fight loan sharks. If business men would not advertise in newspapers that carried loan-shark advertisements; if they would defend and not discharge employees who borrowed; if they would advise men as I was advised—much of the evil could be remedied.

More must be done however. There should be companies in every city where men could borrow—at two or three per cent a month—on their household furniture. In every big business there should be a cooperative loan society where men who save might invest their money and men who had to borrow—and were honest and decent—could get money at a fair rate. So long as there is no other place to go, a man will go to the shark in his day of trouble.

It is over for me; and yet, night after night, I wake up staring, babbling, begging for a week—for one week only! In my dreams I see the faces of all those women managers.

Occasionally I run across the newspaper that prints the advertisements, and when my eye falls upon its columns I shiver. And sometimes on the street I see men, pale, haggard, with death in their faces, and I wonder if they, too, are in the jaws of the shark—if they, too, have wandered into the offices where a quiet girl asks you:

"Did you come about money?"

*Have you seen the Blouse that can't lose its drawstring?*

LOOK for the LOOP

K&E BLOUSE

CAN'T pull it through the hem. Can't come untied. No loose ends to dangle. No knots for the boy to tie and untie. Mothers and boys both think the K•E Blouse with the patent LOOP is the greatest thing ever. These blouses are a real economy, too. Lock-stitching throughout, finished seams, hand-turned collar and cuff, guaranteed fast colors. *They wear better even than the home-made kind.*

Blouses for school and dress. Each in a separate parchment envelope.

Write for Booklet and mention name of best dealer in your town.

**K•E Blouse Makers**

K & E Building, Cleveland, Ohio

New York Salesroom, 220 Fifth Avenue, at 26th St.

*K•E ROMPERS wear like leather, but are soft and comfortable on little bodies. Best materials, cut and stitched by experts. Look for the label.*

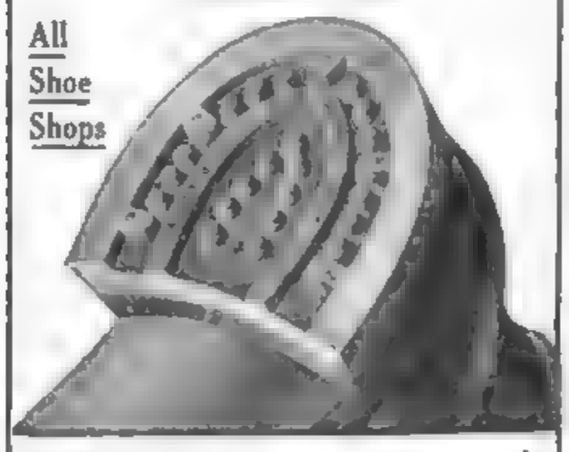


# Nature's Way

Is for man to walk on the earth and not on hard surfaces. *Bailey's* way beats *Nature's* way by making *all* surfaces easy and safe for the wearer of

**Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels**

All Shoe Shops



*Thousands* of wearers have proved this *scientific* construction to be *superior* to *all* others. *Insist on having them and enjoy life.* Dealers, write for prices.

Attleboro, Massachusetts. Mailed 35c. Send pattern of heel or your boot.

*To you* we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

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130 EGG Mankato Incubator $7.25

260 EGG ONLY $10

[illegible] story to user, no middle [illegible] binding guarantee and [illegible] Has three distinct [illegible] with asbestos and heavy [illegible] metal legs, copper hot [illegible] perience. Big catalog free.

Brooder $2 Our Mankato Incubator Co. Box 844 Mankato, Minn.



BIG MONEY FOR YOU

[illegible] Any [illegible] Write [illegible]

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 423 North Clark Street, Chicago


## THE LAYMAN AND THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

The purchaser should never rely upon such security. The person from whom he buys the land may be insolvent in ten years, and then his warranty in the deed will be of no benefit. The one who purchases may have lived on the land for fifty years and yet it may happen that he holds only under a life estate. There may be infant heirs whose right to proceed against the land will not accrue for fifteen or twenty years; there may be obscure defects in previous deeds or wills, or the like, which would invalidate the title of the present owner; and if one should purchase from him one might lose the land in a suit brought by collateral heirs, or some other purchaser or claimant.

There are so many jeopardies connected with land titles that a purchaser cannot be too strongly urged to take every precaution to see that the title to the land which he purchases is clear and unquestioned. The litigation which arises from the carelessness of persons in this respect crowds the court dockets.

There is another thing that requires a word here—namely, the common impression that one may safely purchase lands at a judicial sale—that is, in a suit and under the direction of the court. This is not an unreasonable opinion, since men would naturally believe that the court would not order a public sale of lands to which the title was not valid. The fact is, however, that such suits are often not ones in which the question of title arises; and the court is merely selling the right of the litigant, whatever it may be, to the lands, and the purchaser is purchasing that right at his peril.

### *Laws That Affect Land*

These things are true in certain jurisdictions; and consequently the same rule applies to these purchases as to all other purchases of lands, that one should never acquire them without first knowing that the title which he purchases is valid. Here again he should not take the common rumor or the opinion of the officer making the sale, or the advice of his neighbors.

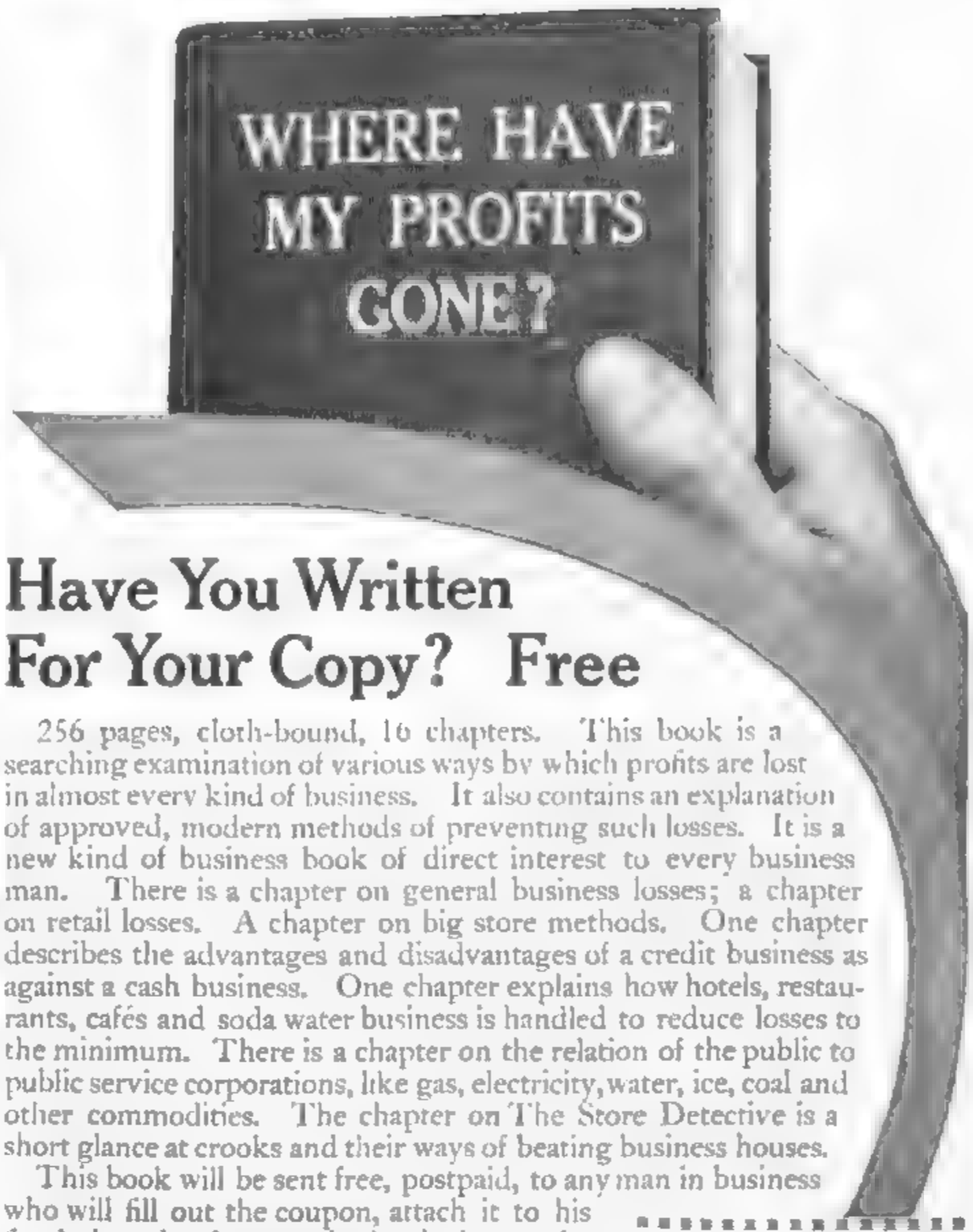
It is important to remember, along the line of these suggestions, that there are contracts, agreements, and the like, which cannot be enforced in the courts unless they are in writing. These agreements were first embraced in what is called the Statute of Frauds, passed in the reign of Charles II, the contents of which have been enacted generally, in some words, in nearly all of the United States.

Thus, usually all contracts for the sale of lands must be in writing or some memorandum thereof, and signed by the person to be charged or his agent; contracts not to be performed within a year; promises to answer for the debt default or miscarriage of another; certain promises of executors and administrators; agreements in consideration of marriage; and so forth. All of these cannot be gone into here in detail; but to rely upon any of these agreements, unless some memorandum is kept of it in writing, according to the provision of the law of the state in which the transaction arises, or in which the contract is to be performed, is to rely upon something you cannot enforce. The agreement may be made in good faith; and, though the parties may believe it to be valid, it is, in fact, voidable.

It is therefore evident that, if we are to arrive at that chief end which Confucius suggested, the cheapest and wisest way to accomplish that result is to set out right in the beginning in all matters that may result in litigation. The safe thing to do when there is any doubt about the matter is to consult a competent attorney in advance.

Partnerships are a source of more danger than men usually suspect. In some states it is no crime for a partner to appropriate partnership funds. A rogue in such jurisdictions may draw out a partnership account in bank, put it in his pocket and snap his fingers at the criminal law. Men often rely upon the restraining effect of the criminal law only to discover that it is by no means the broad, protecting shield they believed it to be.

Again, in some jurisdictions a partner may become personally liable to the limit of his whole personal estate for partnership debts, and he may easily be ruined by a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256 pages, cloth-bound, 16 chapters. This book is a searching examination of various ways by which profits are lost in almost every kind of business. It also contains an explanation of approved, modern methods of preventing such losses. It is a new kind of business book of direct interest to every business man. There is a chapter on general business losses; a chapter on retail losses. A chapter on big store methods. One chapter describes the advantages and disadvantages of a credit business as against a cash business. One chapter explains how hotels, restaurants, cafés and soda water business is handled to reduce losses to the minimum. There is a chapter on the relation of the public to public service corporations, like gas, electricity, water, ice, coal and other commodities. The chapter on The Store Detective is a short glance at crooks and their ways of beating business houses.

This book will be sent free, postpaid, to any man in business who will fill out the coupon, attach it to his firm's letterhead, state whether he is proprietor, manager, superintendent, representative, or whatever position he holds with the firm, and send to us.

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It's a business builder for the dealer because it's a customer pleaser. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you samples free. Write for package No. 3.

Samuel Ward Company
57-63 Franklin Street Boston, Mass.

careless or unscrupulous partner. It is a relation that one should form only with the greatest care and only with persons of known and tested integrity. There is much more safety in corporations, for there one is only responsible, as a rule, for the amount of stock for which he subscribes, except in the case of bank stock, when the liability is usually double that of the subscription.

With a corporation, however, the average man who is not a moving factor in it ought to be very careful how he takes a place on its board of directors, because, by his negligence in such a position, he may very seriously involve himself, even to the extent of criminal liability. This is especially true of directorships in banks. Unless one intends to give his time and attention to it, and determines to know exactly all that is going on, he should never take a place on a board of directors. The laws are now very strict. Make it a rule never to go on the board of directors of a corporation unless you have enough financial interest in it to watch every transaction as closely as if it were your own private business.

Men living in little communities and in the country are often named as executors and guardians, and not infrequently they involve themselves in litigation and loss through their ignorance of what the law requires of them. The fact is that the law is very exacting with respect to executors and guardians, and no one ought ever to undertake to act in these capacities except upon the advice of some attorney upon whom he can rely. In dealing with the funds of estates or as guardian one should never make any move with respect to them without first having a definite order of the court to do so. It is not safe to do the thing first and then to apply to the court to confirm it—that is, to take the chance of meeting the loss yourself. The law requires certain settlements, as a rule, at certain designated intervals, and these should be made exactly and as the law directs.

### *Fight When Right*

The administration of the law and, for that matter, the whole structure of civilization itself rest on the fact that men are naturally honest, and that they are disposed to rely on the honesty of one another. Certain precautions, however, are not only wise in themselves but prevent annoyance and litigation. In such matters as proofs of loss in life and fire insurance, or railroad or express freights, or the like, one should promptly comply with the conditions required in the printed policies, receipts, bills-of-lading, or the like. Usually there is no particular difficulty in doing this; and it not only puts one in the position of having done exactly what the law might require one to do but it also enables the insurance company, or the railroad or express company, to act promptly and with a degree of certainty in paying what is due, or in finding or returning the lost articles. It is carelessness that fills the court with cases.

It may be useful to bear in mind that one is not compelled always to go to law to settle a controversy. The courts recognize the right of adjustment by arbitration, and the findings of arbitrators often can be entered upon the records of the court with the same validity as the finding of a jury. This is often the cheapest and the most expeditious way of settling disputes; but it is of no use to undertake to adjust a matter by arbitration unless the intention of both parties is to abide by that arbitration.

It is not possible always to avoid litigation. The most honorable man may be sued at law or charged with a crime. It is the right and duty of such a person vigorously to defend himself. He ought not to take such attacks, as the English say, "lying down," merely because he is innocent of the crime or in the right in a suit at law.

Civilization, after all, depends more than one may imagine upon maintaining what has been so aptly called "the fighting edge." The upright and the just should strike back hard and quickly—they should make the rogue respect and fear them; and when they are assailed they should respond with such virility that they will be remembered. When you are thus charged with a crime, or sued at law, do not consider yourself in disgrace. Go at once to some competent attorney, prepare your case for trial according to his directions, and give the person who assails you good reason to remember you.

In doing that you are supporting law, order and justice, and you are making for the peace and dignity of your neighborhood.

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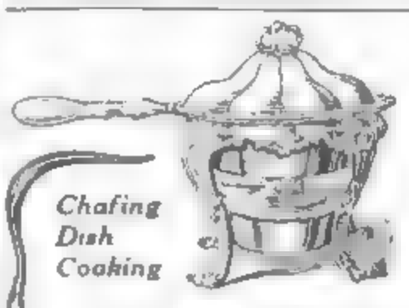

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# A Message to the 300,000 Traveling Men of America

SOME fine day, Mr. Traveling Man, you'll wake up and find out what a punch you have. You don't begin to realize what a real power you are. There are three hundred thousand of you, and you spend about ten dollars a day each in expenses. That is three million dollars a day, and that alone should give you tremendous weight.

But that is not where your real power lies. You are one of the biggest, active, progressive forces in American life. You have the promotive spirit. Every one of you is boosting something. You fairly radiate the spirit of enterprise. I am a cigar manufacturer and I don't know what I wouldn't give to have you men, as a class, talking for and pushing my cigars.

Why, Men, anything that has you Traveling Men back of it is bound to win. You could swing a national election if you were united

Yet, while you are doing big things in a big way and carrying the spirit of progress far and wide, you are imposed upon in a good many ways. Each one of you gives up enough, in tips alone, to support a family. I'll bet you scatter $300,000 a day in tips. Of course,

*The "expectant hand" is everywhere in some hotels. A traveling man's tips would support a family.*

some of these tips you give willingly, but isn't it a fact that you are practically held up for money by porters, bell boys and waiters, in Pullman cars and hotels, from one end of the country to the other?

### Where Do the Tips Go?

Ninety per cent of the hotels of this country are supported by the Traveling Men, yet many of them are not content to charge you a fair price, but your tips are depended on to pay most of the wages of the help. This tipping evil has grown to an enormous extent, and I am glad to know that some of the Traveling Men's Associations have now a movement on foot to check it. I hope they will be able to do it, and I am mighty sure they will if you three hundred thousand men get together and exercise your enormous power.

There is another unreasonable condition you have to put up with. That is, the methods of cigar stands in many hotels where you go. It is only fair to the proprietors of these stands to say that they usually have to pay enormous rents and they can't get it back with the ordinary profit on a cigar. To make a bigger profit they frequently sell private brand cigars instead of the well-known brand which you would prefer.

Of course, every dealer has a right to conduct his business as he likes. But it would be better business for him to sell good cigars at a fair price, because he would sell more.

Take my cigar, the Rigoletto, for instance. I sell the Rigoletto cigar to dealers at a price which permits it to be sold, everywhere, at a fair profit. I have had lots of dealers ask me to put up this cigar under another name so that they could sell it at fifteen or twenty cents. I refuse to do this.

The Rigoletto has one price and one quality. I put into it the costliest tobacco and the best workmanship that can be had. It is a wonderful cigar. It sells rapidly and makes big business for every dealer who handles it.

Since I began to advertise the Rigoletto in this weekly last fall, I have had thousands of letters from Traveling Men all over the country asking me to send them quantities of this cigar. That is why I am addressing this to you Traveling Men. I want you to be able to get the Rigoletto wherever you want it. I want you all to try it, because I know that when you have smoked it and find out what a good cigar it is, you will recommend it to your friends and carry the news of it far and wide. In other words, I know that when you have tried the Rigoletto it will get the benefit of the great promotive, progressive influence which you Traveling Men carry. I want you to be able to buy the Rigoletto cigar at every hotel cigar stand, in dining cars and in every good cigar store from Eastport to San Diego.

### Duck the Unknown Brands

It is already sold very widely, but, frankly, some dealers would rather handle an unknown brand on which you couldn't possibly guess the profit, and, when you can't guess the profit, you bet your boots you can't guess whether the cigar is worth what you pay for it or only half as much.

Ask for the Rigoletto at the next hotel stand you pass or the next corner cigar store. If you can't find it, send me a dollar and I'll send you ten cigars prepaid so you can know exactly how it smokes. This is only a get-acquainted offer. I'm not doing a mail order business, and I cannot supply you direct from the factory regularly. But I want you to try this cigar and I know you will then ask for it at cigar stands and stores.

You'll do this because you will know the Rigoletto. You will know it is always the one price—always full value and always a

*This is the answer. Ask for the Rigoletto.*

*Some cigar stands prefer to sell private brands on which you can't guess the profit*

rattling good smoke for yourself or to give away to your friends.

In other words, Mr. Traveling Man, I am going to do what I can to standardize the cigar business, and I want you to help me. This is the first definite plan to make one high-quality cigar, in four popular shapes, standard at 10 cents throughout the United States, but I am going to do it. I am going to clear up some of the dark and devious ways of the cigar business and put it on a fair and square money's-worth-for-money, know-what-you-are-getting basis.

I am going to tell you in these pages some things about cigar making and cigar selling that you never dreamed of. I am going to tell you things that lots of cigar dealers don't know. Look out for my advertisements in future issues of this weekly. They will make interesting reading.

### Use the Power You Have

I am depending upon you three hundred thousand Traveling Men to put in a few licks to help me. Buying the Rigoletto and asking for it, and telling your friends to buy it, you are going to help my business. But I want you to know that you are also going to help yourself a whole lot. Your influence counts with these hotels and cigar stands. It is your money that keeps them going and if you ask for a cigar and ask for it as if you meant to have it, that cigar dealer is going to put that cigar in, even if he does not make quite so big a profit on it.

I tell you, Men, this is a big question. Like the tipping graft, it is not a question of spending a little extra money here and there, but it is the principle of getting your money's worth for what you pay. It is the principle of putting the details of traveling on a sound basis. Your expenses may be paid by the firm directly, but you pay them indirectly because your income depends on keeping down your expenses to a reasonable basis.

You owe it to yourself to help settle these questions. You can't do it alone by a little good-natured growling. You have to take a stand.

E. A. Kline

*President*
*E. A. Kline & Company,*
*Cleveland, Ohio*

After The Winter, Your Skin Needs Refreshing

# Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

The constant strain imposed upon the skin during the winter months when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise, makes it unable to withstand such trying conditions. Each spring it needs *refreshing*.

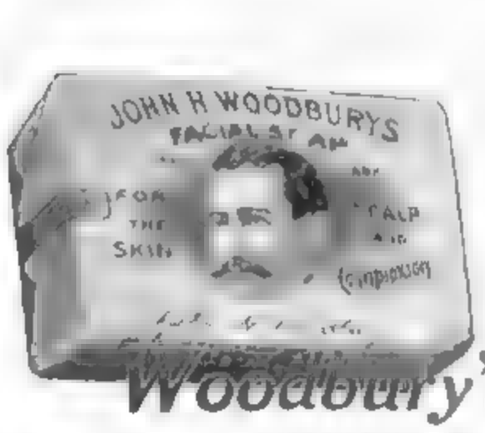
## To refresh your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap re-supplies what is exhausted from the skin by these conditions. If used regularly, Woodbury's arouses your skin, keeps it active, makes it glow with health.

Get a cake today. Notice its stimulating tonic effect the first time you use it. This is a promise of what its *steady use* will do. Woodbury's costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake*.

## Write today for samples

*For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The* [illegible] *, 2603 Spring* [illegible] *, Cincinnati, Ohio*




*Woodbury's Facial Soap*

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere


# AN OLD WOMAN IN THE OLD WORLD

Concluded from Page 35

beside your door with a long spear shining in the lamplight. He unlocks it for you and says: "Adios!"—God go with you!—as you ascend, looking back to see him still smiling and his spear still glistening. Of course one is safer in a well-policed American city, but I doubt if one ever feels so delightfully safe.

Looking back over our long pilgrimage, I do not know yet what to say in conclusion about the women in the Old World, what to prophesy. One thing is certain, the new women are facing a crisis everywhere of which they do not seem to be sufficiently aware.

The suffragists are still somewhat in the air as to their ideals and the methods for accomplishing what they want. As we go along we face life, not a new or old theory of it, but life, and we must act accordingly, which is much more difficult than merely thinking out a solution or organizing a procession in the interest of this new suffrage. And just here the women come face to face with an obstacle that they overlook. Men like one woman at a time, not ten thousand with a brass band leading them.

I am far from wishing to stir up any neurasthenic apocryphal sect, but I have always thought it a matter for regret that Our Lord did not call at least one woman to be His disciple. In these days we should have been profoundly interested, say, in the Gospel according to Martha. And I doubt if women would have had then so many prejudices to combat as Paul put in against them. Paul was a good man and did the best he could, better than any man could who is not divinely inspired. But though there is no limit to divine inspiration, my observation is that there are amazing limits to a man's capacity for acting up to it. Paul acted up to all the times would stand in that day. But we have come somehow upon very different times in this century. The oriental estimate of women is no longer large enough, or at least they do not think it is.

Of one thing we may be reasonably sure—the women will get suffrage in that nation where the men make the least love to them. This indicates England, of course. Women always see themselves the way they look in men's eyes. So long as that image indicates adoration and tender flattery, they are contented. But when it becomes an exact, realistic, less and less complimentary negative they find the discontent to rise and to rebel against the conditions no longer to be endured. In those countries where there are the greatest number of advanced women in proportion to the whole sex, you will also find the men most indifferent, least faithful to feminine charms, the greatest number of bachelors who are only casual lovers. The men in Spain, for example, do not make good husbands, but they do become husbands, most of them. And they are the most fascinating lovers in the world. They have a practiced and highly developed gift for framing those humble, adoring speeches so dear to the hearts of us all, and so long as Spanish women are the objects of this passionate eloquence they will never "advance." They will endure frightful privations, sorrows, infidelities, for the sake of the hope they have of men simply as their lovers. In Italy the same conditions hold fast. Here I am reliably informed that platonic friendships actually exist between men and women for a lifetime; that signora may be an honorable married woman and still have an affinity. I set that down here for what it is worth. It seems to me not only reasonable, but natural, that a middle-aged woman would prefer an eloquent, fatuous soul like this to a lover. But somehow I could never make up my mind that a man of any age would become this kind of a sublimated being. It may be that Italian men are different. They do not look it; but I am willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

The point is, if they really exist there they will retard the movement for woman suffrage longer than all the other traditions put together. A woman will always sacrifice her own rights and the rights of her unborn granddaughters to pose as the ideal of a devoted man.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Corra Harris.


# Sixty-four Years!

Every packet of Henderson's seeds that is sold has behind it the experience of 64 years of successful seed growing and selling. The methods of seed testing and trials that were the best three generations ago have been improved and bettered by us from year to year and are, to-day, still the best. The initial cost of the seeds is really the smallest cost of your garden and it pays to be sure you have started right. Henderson's are Tested Seeds.

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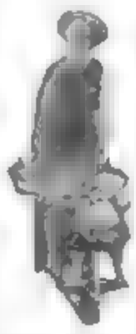
Our 1912 catalogue Everything for the Garden, a book of 204 pages, over 800 illustrations, color plates, etc., will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents. In addition we will send our Garden Guide and Record and our collection of 6 Henderson's Specialties, in a coupon envelope which will be accepted as 25 cents on any order of one dollar or over.



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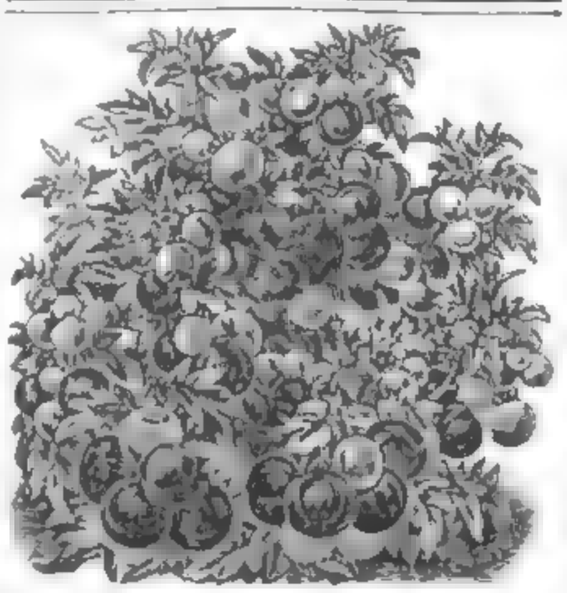

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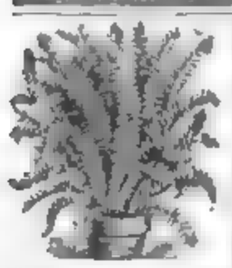

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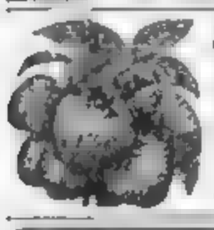

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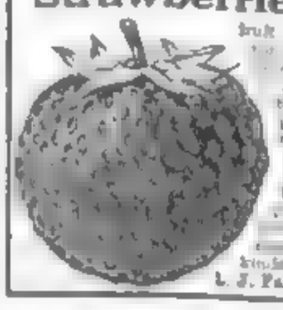

[illegible] kinds of Berry [illegible]

L. J. Farmer, Box 373 Pulaski, N. Y.

# THE CHECKERBOARD TABLE

(Continued from Page 6)

inches behind her. Here they were tacked to the floor. As a final measure of security a spool of silk thread was wound in numberless coils round the psychic and the chair, in such fashion that a movement on her part would have snapped the frail cord.

"The table was moved beyond the psychic's reach but directly in front of her. In its center was placed the tin megaphone which the psychic herself provided, but which, subjected to the closest scrutiny, revealed nothing out of the ordinary. A tag with the price, seventy-nine cents, was glued inside, and to err on the side of safety this was carefully scraped off. At the psychic's direction we also placed in the center of the table the photograph of a gentleman, some years deceased, from whom the psychic hoped to receive a message.

"The table was the Checkerboard one used in the previous sittings. This table, as mentioned in the accounts of the earlier phenomena, had been made some years before by the psychic's control, Adolph Degelman, and presented to the writer's father. This opens an interesting field of speculation. Do our spirits return to hover over and round that which interested us most on the earth plane? Does the spirit of the great artist linger lovingly over his masterpiece? Does the little girl's spirit still live in her sampler or her doll?"

[This is a very uncomfortable theory. I have slept for years under a quilt made by my grand-aunt Mary Hill. Would the man who loved pigs during earth life have to pass his spirit life in a pig-pen?—L. M.]

"The circle was arranged as on the previous evening. The writer held the right hand of the psychic as it was fastened against her breast. The writer's other hand was placed lightly on the table. On the left side of the psychic Mr. Sands occupied the same position. Next to him on his left was Miss Lizzie Maitland with both hands on the table. Beyond Miss Maitland was placed Hannah Thompson, an old and trusted servant, thoroughly reliable and without imagination. Hannah's left hand touched the writer's right.

"By the time everything was in order the psychic was in an unspiritual frame of mind. Possibly owing to this the first two hours were without result. The psychic groaned and twisted and complained bitterly of her wrists and ankles. Hannah Thompson grew impatient after the first hour and only with the greatest difficulty was induced to keep her place. At five minutes after ten the psychic declared that Adolph was in the room, but she was unable to locate him. Shortly after that she reported the floor throbbing under her feet, a phenomenon not observed by the rest of the party. At ten-thirty she went into a trance state, muttering 'Adolph' at intervals, but not replying to questions. At eleven o'clock the real phenomena began to occur."

▼

I PREFER to describe what occurred myself. Tish and I differ on one or two points. For instance, Tish still maintains that the megaphone was floating above the surface of the table when the voices began. I am positive it was not. The room was dark, but the megaphone lay exactly between me and the gray rectangle of the window. I do not believe it lifted an inch.

Aggie had been in her trance for half an hour, during which she had sneezed twice but had only roused enough to ask Tish to wipe her eyes for her, when suddenly the table began to tremble. "Ah," said Charlie Sands, "is that you, Adolph?"

The trembling ceased immediately, but from back of Aggie's chair in the cabinet came a sort of scratching noise.

"Are you there, Tom?" asked Aggie in a trembling whisper. Tom was Mr. Wiggins. There was no answer and the scratching stopped at once. I could feel Charlie Sands straighten up next to me.

"Is somebody here?" he asked.

And a muffled voice that we had never heard before said "Yes."

"Is it Tom?" asked Charlie, who hadn't any idea who Tom was.

"No," whispered throatily from the megaphone or just beside it.

"Who is here?"

"Ida."

"What Ida?"

"Ida Forsyth."

"Do you mean she is in this room?"

"No."

Aggie leaned forward and glared through the darkness at Charlie Sands.

"If this séance is to go on," she said disagreeably, "you will let me do the questioning or I'll get up and leave."

"Good heavens," he objected, "why do you talk and spoil it all? Besides, if you're the medium you'll have to go back into your trance. You can't be the whole show."

"Are you there, Tom?" said Aggie defiantly.

*Tom, Tom, the piper's son,*
*Stole a pig and away he run!*

said the muffled voice. And then it laughed, an awful, choking, muffled ha-ha that was worse to hear than a yell. Every hair on me stood straight up.

"Now listen," said Charlie Sands soberly. "We want to help Ida. Do you understand? We will help her. We won't let anything happen to her."

"That's what they all say," said the voice.

"What made Ida leave home?" asked Charlie Sands.

"Peaches!"

The peaches seemed to be a sort of joke, for it laughed again.

The idea of carrying a sense of humor to the great beyond hadn't occurred to me before, but if we do take it along it will make Heaven more endurable.

"Do you really mean peaches?"

"No. It was some sort of poison."

"Who gave it to her?"

"She didn't take it. That's one on you!"

"Who tried to give it to her?"

"Now you're talking!" said the voice. "Martin St. John."

I gasped and Charlie Sands clutched my hand.

"Why?"

"Money, of course."

"Who sent Mrs. St. John the special-delivery letter?"

The answer came at once, "I did." But Charlie Sands said it was probably meant for "Ida."

"Ida was living then?" he asked.

"She still lives."

"You're doing that yourself, Charlie Sands!" Tish said suddenly.

"By all I hold sacred," he replied excitedly, "I couldn't do it if I wanted to! Adolph, was the letter the cause of Mrs. St. John shooting herself?"

There was no answer to this, but a sort of sob seemed to come out of the megaphone.

"Can't you bring Thomas Wiggins, Adolph," asked Aggie plaintively from her side of the table. "You'd recognize him by the picture on the table."

"Wiggins!" said the voice. "What a name! Wiggins! Wiggins! Wiggins!" And went off into peals of muffled laughter. The laughter seemed to get farther and farther away and then died in a sort of gasp.

For ten minutes Charlie Sands asked question after question, but the horn lay perfectly still and nothing happened.

He was angry. He said that Aggie had broken up the current, or whatever it was, just as he was getting what he wanted. Aggie was fearfully offended, of course, and wanted to be cut loose and put to bed. But Tish said it was still early and perhaps at midnight we should get something more: that the other world seemed to get busy at midnight.

Hannah had been twisting and wriggling, and now she declared she was cold and her tooth was killing her. So we let her go to bed. Charlie Sands tried to coax her to stay, but she was downright nasty about it and finally we had to let her go. She stumbled out of the room and down the hall as if she'd been asleep and we heard her door slam behind her.

Charlie Sands wanted to go too, but Tish insisted that we try again. Nothing happened for almost an hour. We'd agreed that we would not speak at all for sixty minutes, and that no matter what occurred we would not break the circuit.

What followed I quote from Tish's report:

"Hannah Thompson having left the circle there was some doubt as to what we could accomplish with a smaller battery.

"Just before the clocks struck twelve the psychic, Miss Pilkington, complained in a low whisper of cold air blowing from


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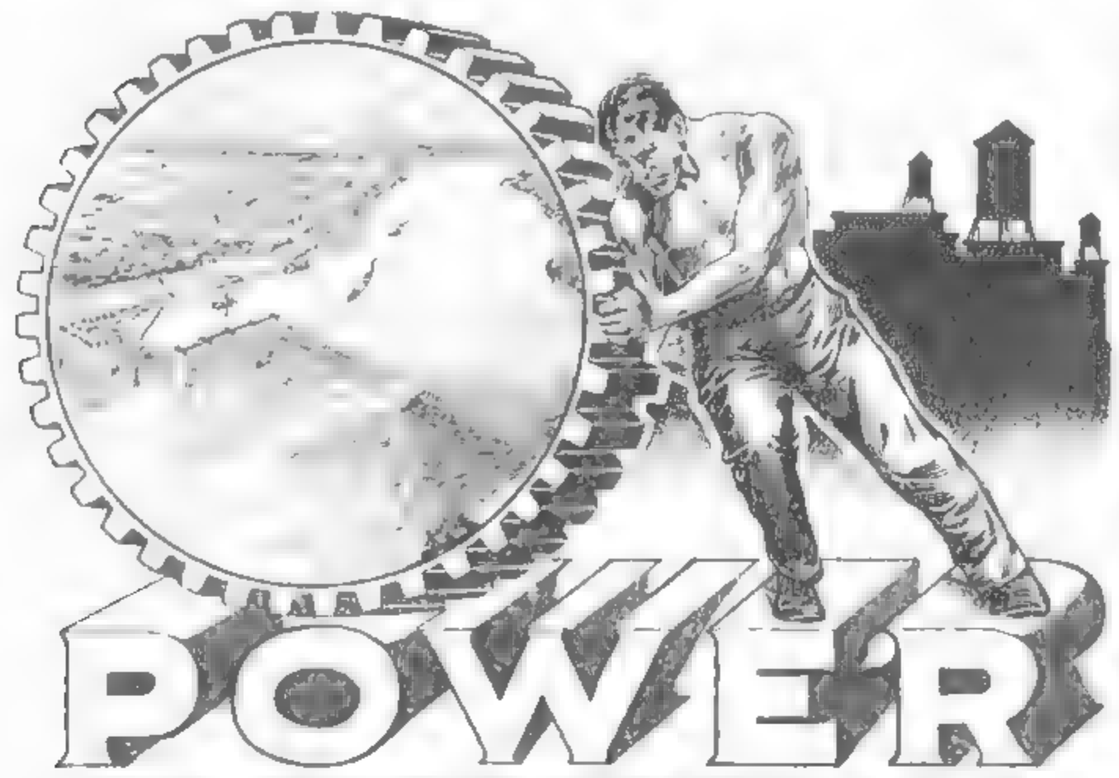


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that Tish had the wrong number and that the young man was merely amusing himself with our predicament, for when Tish asked him the usual procedure in such cases, he said to say "Eenie, meenie, minie, mo" three times at midnight, and then advertise in the "lost" column of any good newspaper.

At noon the doorbell rang, and I opened the door. Before me stood a nice-looking young man, very bald, but pleasant.

"Miss Carberry?" he asked.

"She's busy. I'll take any message," I said.

"I'm from the Chronicle," he said. "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"It depends on the questions."

"Oh, the questions are all right. It is true, I suppose, that Miss Ida Forsyth has spent the last two days here?"

"What?"

"Miss Forsyth," he explained patiently; "Miss Carberry is a relative, is she not? The early edition of the Star says that Miss Forsyth has been with Miss Carberry, ill."

Well, I took him back to Tish in the dining room, and we read the Star, which he had with him, and learned that Miss Forsyth had had an attack of temporary loss of memory, had wandered to Tish's apartment, Tish being an old friend of her mother's, that we had nursed her back to health and reason, and that she had now gone back, fully recovered, to help take care of her sister!

My name was there in cold type and so was Aggie's. It was astounding. We got rid of the reporter finally, and Tish sat down on the hatrack in the hall and read the article aloud to me slowly. Miss Forsyth said she was glad to be back, that we'd been most kind to her and that there was no mystery about her disappearance. That we had been so busy nursing her that we had not even seen the newspapers.

I do not know just when the idea came to us or which got it first. But if Aggie was right, and she had freed her astral body, only to lose it, was it not at least possible that the poor thing, finding itself homeless, had taken on the form of the missing girl—perhaps, indeed, had found her dead body and clothed itself with it?

I broke into a cold sweat.

As Tish said later, we deserved it all for playing with forces we knew nothing of. She said the most terrible thing to her was to think of the astral of a spinster of fifty suddenly turned loose in a young and beautiful body, a body that did not hang up its curves at night or go over its chin with tweezers every Sunday morning. If this were the case, Aggie's astral was lost to her for good. We both felt it.

At three o'clock Aggie smelled the chicken broth and came back to the kitchen where Tish and I were sitting in stricken silence. She said the feeling of something missing was stronger than ever. We coaxed her to have the broth and she took it, but her air of hopeless detachment never left her. Tish said it was heartbreaking, and it was.

Then at five o'clock Hannah Thompson came back!

She walked into the kitchen defiantly and asked Tish if she should go, or if she should take off her things and get the dinner. Tish looked at her severely.

"Can you give me your word as an honest woman that you have not done anything today that you are ashamed of?" she asked.

But Hannah only stared at her. Then, without any warning, she burst into tears and went into her room and slammed the door.

Aggie took the broth and four toasted crackers and went back to her couch, and soon Tish and I followed her. Aggie said she had read somewhere of a man whose astral body had been released during a séance, and by somebody jumping up, as Charlie Sands had done, the frail bond had been snapped and the astral left wandering. And that night the man's wife dreamed that she saw the poor lost astral body trying to get over a fence to escape the attacks of a savage bulldog.

When she wakened her husband was dead beside her, and there were marks of teeth on his legs!

### VII

THE early part of the evening passed somehow. Hannah cooked and served dinner sulkily, and refused to answer any questions as to where she had been during the day. Aggie ate a pork chop and a sweet potato at dinner, and seemed to feel more resigned although not cheerful.

We put her to bed after dinner, and she asked us to place Tom's picture under her pillow, which we did; and Tish dropped a tear on Mr. Wiggins' nose so that to this minute he has a Cyrano de Bergerac appearance, only a little to one side.

At seven-thirty Hannah answered the bell, and said that the druggist from next door wanted to speak to Tish in the parlor, and looking rather startled Tish went to see him. I followed.

He was a tall, cadaverous-looking man, with a sandy beard cut to a point, and he had a package under his arm. Tish said afterward that the moment she saw the package she grew dizzy.

"Good evening, Miss Carberry," said the druggist.

Tish bowed.

He took the package from under his arm and fingered it nervously.

"I—I want to ask you to say nothing of this to Mrs. Schmidt," he said, swallowing hard. "Fortunately I discovered it myself in my closet. Mrs.—er—Mrs. Schmidt is of a nervous temperament."

He held out the package to Tish and she eyed it sternly.

"I'm nervous myself," she said coldly. "Perhaps you'd better open it."

He hesitated, then he drew a long breath and snapped the string with a lean forefinger. The paper fell open, disclosing something white. Tish gasped as Mr. Schmidt solemnly shook out the folds, held it out and stared at it accusingly. It was one of Tish's nightgowns, with her full name on it in ink.

Mr. Schmidt eyed us both somberly.

"If Mrs. Schmidt had found it," he said, "it would have been horrible, ladies, horrible!"

"Good Heavens!" Tish said, and snatched the thing from him. "You don't suppose I took it in there and hung it up myself, do you?"

But Mr. Schmidt was fumbling in his overcoat pocket. In a moment he brought forth something and held it out to us, with his face slightly averted. It was a shell hairpin.

"Mrs. Schmidt found this," he said painfully. "She—she uses wire ones. The unfortunate thing is that she—er—left the city a day or two before I could follow, and she—she is of a nervous temperament."

Tish opened her mouth but no words came.

"I—I hope, if she inquires, Miss Carberry, that you will say positively, no matter what the facts are, that you were not in my—our—apartments during her absence."

He got out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then he turned to the door and opened it.

"I guess I'd better explain that that wasn't the right mattress for that bed. The other is away being renovated. If I'd known beforehand you'd have been more comfortable."

With that he went slowly out and we heard him tiptoeing down the hall past his own door. Tish and I were left with the nightgown between us; and with rage and humiliation Tish broke down, and I saw her cry for the first time since we helped Aggie lay Mr. Wiggins away—twenty-five years before.

As she said when she got her breath, to have lived a perfectly virtuous life for fifty years and then to have the corner druggist, who was privately known to serve whisky in soda water with as little compunction as he did castor oil—to have this man return to her an intimate piece of wearing apparel and accuse her of hanging it in his closet and compromising him. It was too much!

"But how did it get there?" I asked. "It's the one I made you for visiting day in the hospital the time you broke your arm."

Tish looked at me hopelessly.

"Lizzie," she said solemnly, "I haven't a word against Aggie; she's a perfectly good woman; but there isn't any question in my mind but that Adolph Degelman is making this place a rendezvous. And I won't have it. Either Aggie gives up Adolph or—I give up Aggie."

We went into Tish's room and she put the nightgown in a drawer and locked it; but before she did she cut the laundry mark off. She said, with truth, that she had no certainty that the thing would not go wandering again, and she would run no further risk of being compromised.

At ten o'clock, when we were ready for bed, Charlie Sands came. He had a basket


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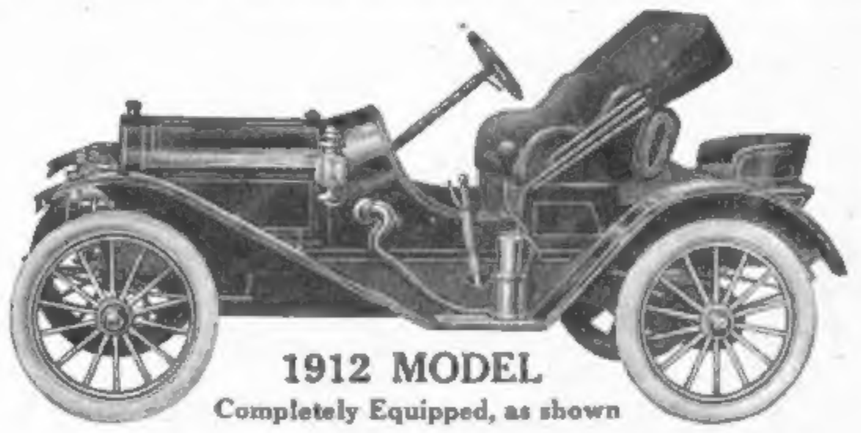

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A result made possible by a skilled organization held intact since its inception under the leadership of E. A. Nelson, who designed the original Hupmobile; by shop-generalship of the highest order, striving continuously to surpass its own previous ideals.

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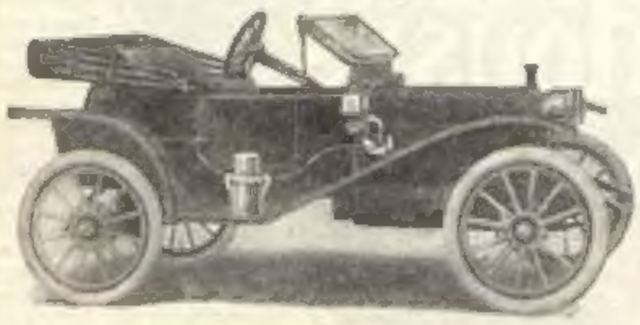

**Hupmobile Runabout—$750 f. o. b. Detroit**

Including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto.

**Hupmobile Coupé—**
Chassis same as Runabout—$1100 f. o. b. Detroit.

**Hupmobile Roadster—**
Chassis same as World-Touring Car—$950 f. o. b. Detroit.

***$2500 Features in the $900 Hupmobile***

Small-bore, long-stroke motor;
Cylinders cast en bloc;
Valves enclosed;
Three-bearing crankshaft;
Bronze bearings lined with Babbitt;
Transmission gears large enough for 40 H. P. car;
Full-floating rear axle of extreme strength;
Multiple disc clutch with 13-inch plates;
Imported Coventry chain to drive camshaft and magneto;
Hyatt and F. & S. Imported Annular High Duty roller bearings in the transmission;
Bower High Duty roller bearings on the wheels;
Standard Imported Bosch magneto.

**Hupmobile Exhibit, Coliseum, Space G-2, Chicago, Jan. 27–Feb. 3**


over his arm and he led the way to the parlor, turned on the lights, and pulling out the Checkerboard Table placed his basket on it.

"Where's the psychic?" he asked.

"In bed, poor soul," said Tish. "She's had a horrible experience. The—the thing that she materialized last night did not come back, Charlie."

"What's that?" he said, pausing in the act of taking the paper off the basket.

So then we told him about Aggie's astral body, and he sat looking at us in astonishment. We told him about the "gone" feeling in her side and about the man and the bulldog, and he seemed to get more puzzled all the time.

"When was all this?" he asked finally.

"When a thing materialized behind poor Aggie, threw the portière over her head and vanished into nothing in the hall," Tish explained. "It's perfectly true, although the man at the Theosophical Society thought I was joking."

"The Theosophical Society!" said Charlie Sands, and then he fell into a chair and began to emit one wild whoop after another, beating time with his legs on the floor. "Oh, suffering cats, the Theosophical Society!"

Well—not to keep the reader in suspense any longer—it was not Aggie's astral body at all. It was Miss Ida Forsyth, who was hiding in the druggist's apartment during his absence. It seems that he'd been on a visit with his wife and baby, and his wife's sister's children developed whooping cough, so they had to come home a week sooner than they expected. Which accounts for her appearing as she did.

We wakened Aggie and told her the good news, and she felt better at once. She asked if there was any baked custard left from dinner, and we got it for her, and she ate it in the parlor, clothed in a blanket, while Charlie Sands told his story.

"First of all," he said, "yours truly is some nifty detective. Clews! I've got 'em by the basketful."

"Why do you want clews?" asked Aggie from the custard.

But, instead of answering, he opened the basket and laid out on the table the stiffened body of a blue Persian cat. Beside it he put some pieces of broken glass, a half-burned letter, a photograph of a very pretty girl, a partly decayed peach and a leaf from a small notebook.

"Now, then," he said, "we'll call these exhibits A, B, C, and so forth. We'll start with the glass.

"Exhibit A—pieces of glass from a broken water-pitcher, *hoffentlich* still containing some crystals of cyanide of potassium."

"Cyanide!" said Aggie triumphantly. "S-I-A-N, of course."

"That's not the way to spell it," snapped Tish, and Aggie looked crestfallen.

"Exhibit B," said Charlie Sands, "one of a number of peaches placed in close proximity to the said pitcher of poison, to cover the peach odor, and both placed beside Miss Forsyth's bed by an unscrupulous brother-in-law."

"To kill her?" asked Aggie breathless.

"Well, I dare say he had thought of that," said Charlie Sands, "only she had a good combination of nose and brains. She sniffed the pitcher and then flung it out of the window.

"Exhibit C—one dead Persian cat, result of said flinging of pitcher and contents out of the window. The cat's name was Omar."

Aggie could no longer be restrained.

"Adolph told you all that before," she exulted, "and you wouldn't believe him. 'Omar,' 'cyanide,' 'peaches' and 'pain'—we got them all."

"Exactly," said Charlie Sands. "Good old sleuth!" He patted the Checkerboard Table, and positively the thing seemed to wriggle with pride under his hand.

"Exhibit D," he said, holding up the half-burned letter, "a little *billet-doux* to Mrs. St. John, acquainting her with the fact that in order to get Miss Forsyth's money her husband had tried to murder her sister by poisoning her. An injudicious epistle, written in the heat of rage, on receipt of which Mrs. St. John tried to shoot herself. The letter is signed 'Hannah Thompson.'"

We were all three on our feet in a moment, but he held up his hand for silence.

"Exhibit E—a photograph of Miss Forsyth—another peach!" He put it in his pocket after a lingering look at it.

"Exhibit F—leaf of my notebook in which I find the following entry: 'Barnes, night man on Leslie Street beat, saw woman in motor coat climb steps to Aunt Letitia's porch at four A. M. Tuesday morning. She sat on porch for half an hour, then was admitted by somebody from within. Thought at the time by Officer Barnes to have been my aunt Letitia.'"

We were speechless.

He waved his hand at the various exhibits; then he turned to us with his winning smile.

"Exhibit G is in bed by this time, I suppose. I refer to Hannah, the medium."

"Hannah!" said Aggie, sitting up suddenly. "Do you mean to insinuate ——"

But Tish had risen solemnly and was staring at him.

"Then it was Miss Forsyth who hung my nightgown in Mr. Schmidt's cupboard!" she said. "The—the minx!"

Well, of course you know the story—how Charlie Sands, who says he'd suspected from the start, followed the figure that materialized behind Aggie and saw it slip into Hannah's room; how he'd waited until dawn and surprised Hannah trying to smuggle out a young woman, presumably the figure, and had recognized Miss Forsyth. How the two broke down and told the story of Mr. St. John's villainy, and that the girl was going to try to get off by a ship that sailed that day.

But Charlie Sands persuaded her to go back to Melrose instead, with Hannah and himself, and to face St. John. So they had gone, and although Charlie Sands had enough evidence in the basket to send the man to prison for life they had let him get away, on his wife's account. And with that Miss Forsyth goes out of the story, although not out of our lives, for Charlie Sands is going to marry her.

Tish is quite anxious for the match, being of the opinion that the newspaper life is full of temptations. Aggie demurred, objecting that Tish's nephew would be brother-in-law to a man who was a murderer at heart. But Tish gave her one withering look.

"That's better than being controlled by a murderer," she snapped. And that takes me back to Adolph.

We do not believe in Charlie Sands' theory that Hannah is a true psychic, that she went into a trance at each of the two sittings and replied to questions while in that condition, the first night moving the table, the second night speaking.

He points out that the table only told us what Hannah already knew, and we are obliged to admit that one thing supports this theory. Hannah spells cyanide, S-I-A-N-I-D-E.

Charlie Sands explains the Omar incident in the same way, insisting that Miss Forsyth had seen the cat near the pool of poisoned water on the cement walk beneath her window, and had confided her anxiety to Hannah.

He quotes, in support of his theory, that Hannah was in a sound sleep at the end of each sitting and was difficult to rouse, and also that our "trumpet" voices might easily have been Hannah speaking through her bandage.

But people will go a long way to support their theories, and so we absolutely discredit his statement that as nothing was happening during the early part of the first séance at which he was present, he had himself manipulated the Checkerboard Table with his fingertips, causing it to perform various movements, and that until the question "Have you found out where Miss Forsyth is?" the phenomena were of his own creating.

But, on the other hand, what about the throbbing of the table that Aggie felt the first night when Hannah was not present? What about the tingling and pulling in her arms? What about the strange circumstance of her asking Adolph in her sleep to help her move the table, and our hearing a sound from the parlor as if it had been stealthily moved?

True, it may have been Hannah, but was it?

One sad fact remains out of our chaos of theories—Adolph has gone. No doubt his sensitive soul rebelled at the gibes of Charlie Sands, who persists to this moment in flippantly addressing the table as "Old Sleuth."

Adolph has gone, and without bringing Aggie any message from Mr. Wiggins. We meet sometimes at Tish's and sit round the Checkerboard Table. Sometimes it creaks a little and lately we have thought it vibrated at times. But Adolph, poor, sensitive, discredited spirit, has not come back.

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